

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
NRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



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# Voices of the Night.

Πόντια, πόντια νύξ,  
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,  
Ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι· μόλε μόλε κατὰ πτερος  
Ἀγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·  
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς  
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

## PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,

And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs  
between,

Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives

No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree

I lay upon the ground ;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me

Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound ;

A slumbrous sound, a sound that brings

The feelings of a dream,  
As of innumerable wings,  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,

Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage

Ere fancy has been quelled ;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,

Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,

Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings

The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,

And bishop's-caps have golden rings,

Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

## Voices of the Night.

The green trees whispered low and mild :

It was a sound of joy !

They were my playmates when a child,

And rocked me in their arms so wild :

Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
' Come, be a child once more ! '

And waved their long arms to and fro,

And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
O, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar,—

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere !  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombre pines ;  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And, where the sunshine darted through,  
Spread a vapour soft and blue,  
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again,  
Low lisps of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, O stay !

Ye were so sweet and wild !  
And distant voices seemed to say,

' It cannot be ! They pass away !  
Other themes demand thy lay ;  
Thou art no more a child !

' The land of Song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs ;  
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise,  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
Its clouds are angels' wings.

' Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,  
Not mountains capped with snow,  
Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below.

' There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds !  
A mighty river roars between,  
And whosoever looks therein  
Sees the heavens all black with sin,  
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

' Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;  
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;  
Pallid lips say, " It is past !"  
We can return no more ! "

' Look, then, into thine heart, and write !  
Yes, into Life's deep stream !  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn Voices of the Night,  
That can soothe thee, or affright,—  
Be these henceforth thy theme.'



HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἀσπασία, τριλλίστος.

I HEARD the trailing gaiments' of  
the Night  
Sweep through her marble  
halls!  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed  
with light  
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of  
might,  
Stoop o'er me from above;  
The calm, majestic presence of the  
Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and  
delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of  
the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the mid-  
night air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace  
flows there,—  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn  
to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips  
of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I  
breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged  
flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-  
for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG  
MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they  
seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout  
and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of  
time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE  
FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is  
Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a  
breath,  
And the flowers that grow be-  
tween.

'Shall I have naught that is fair?'  
saith he;  
'Have naught but the bearded  
grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers  
is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.'

He gazed at the flowers with tearful  
eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

'My Lord has need of these  
flowerets gay,'  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

'They shall all bloom in fields of  
light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments  
white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.'

And the mother gave, in tears and  
pain,

• The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all  
again

In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green  
earth,  
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too  
soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is  
given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
The star of love and dreams?  
O no! from that blue tent above,  
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me  
rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed  
hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light  
But the cold light of stars;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

## Voices of the Night.

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,

And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,

Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !



### FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint  
and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled  
Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue  
and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament  
do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read  
our history,  
As astologers and seers of old ;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful  
mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which  
they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as  
wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars  
above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets  
under us  
Stands the revelation of His  
love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world  
of ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth, these  
golden flowers.

## Voices of the Night.

And the Poet, faithful and far-  
seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers,  
a part

Of the self-same, universal being.  
Which is throbbing in his brain  
and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight  
shining,

Blossoms flaunting in the eye of  
day,

Tremulous leaves, with soft and  
silver lining,

Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gor-  
geous tissues,

Flaunting gaily in the golden  
light,

Large desires, with most uncertain  
issues,

Tender wishes, blossoming at  
night !

These in flowers and men are more  
than seeming ;

Workings are they of the self-  
same powers,

Which the Poet, in no idle dream-  
ing,

Seeth in himself and in the  
flowers.

Everywhere about us are they  
glowing,

Some like stars, to tell us Spring  
is born ;

Others, their blue eyes with tears  
o'erflowing,

Stand like Ruth amid the golden  
corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial  
bearing,

And in Summer's green-em-  
blazoned field,

But in arms of brave old Autumn's  
wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green  
alleys,

On the mountain-top, and by  
the brink

Of sequestered pools in woodland  
valleys,

Where the slaves of nature stoop  
to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of  
glory,

Not on graves of bird and beast  
alone,

But in old cathedrals, high and  
hoary,

On the tombs of heroes, carved  
in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose

crumbling towers,

Speaking of the Past unto the  
Present,

Tell us of the ancient Games of  
Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all sea-  
sons,

Flowers expand their light and  
soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive  
reasons,

How akin they are to human  
things.

And with childlike, credulous af-  
fection

We behold their tender buds ex-  
pand ;

Emblems of our own great resur-  
rection,

Emblems of the bright and better  
land.

**THE BELEAGUERED CITY.**

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,

Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale

Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,

With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea - fog landward bound,

The spectral camp was seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,

No drum, nor sentry's pace;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,

As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
The troubled army fled;

Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,

That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan

Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,

In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave;

No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell

Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,

The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled;

Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.



**MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.**

YES, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared;  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes

The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, 'Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray, pray!'

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers;  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

## Voices of the Night.

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and  
with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king, a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice !  
His joy ! his last ! O, the old man  
gray  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's  
breath,  
'Pray do not mock me so !  
Do not laugh at me !'

And now the sweet day is dead ;  
Cold in his arms it lies ;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
'Vex not his ghost !'

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
'The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away !  
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O Soul ! could thus decay,  
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier  
blast,  
There shall be a darker day ;  
And the stars, from heaven down-  
cast  
Like red leaves be swept away !  
Kyrie, eleyson !  
Christe, eleyson !

—♦♦—

### L'ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose  
After the Evening's close,  
And whispered to my restless heart  
repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear  
Of all who doubt and fear,  
And say to them, 'Be of good  
cheer !'

Ye sounds, so low and calm,  
That in the groves of balm  
Seemed to me like an angel's  
psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more  
With the perpetual roar  
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
But speaking from death's frost,  
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
Amid the chills and damps  
Of the vast plain where Death  
encamps !

# Earlier Poems.

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion. 'I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb.']

## AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood,  
where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming  
with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds  
foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance,  
and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with  
winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods,  
and coloured wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that  
moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the  
green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the  
hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reach-  
ing far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips  
her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trem-  
bling shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side  
by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are  
wed;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn  
brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

## AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and  
goes the year!  
The buds of spring, those beautiful  
harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times,  
enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garni-  
ture spread out;  
And when the silver habit of the  
clouds

Comes down upon the autumn sun,  
and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes  
up  
His bright inheritance of golden  
fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splen-  
did scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breath-  
ing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered  
trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest  
dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn  
woods,  
And dipping in warm light the  
pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a sum-  
mer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the  
vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and pas-  
sionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs  
up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash  
deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple  
yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old  
man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through  
the trees  
The golden robin moves. The pur-  
ple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar  
feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plain-  
tive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel,  
whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling  
blue-bird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated  
stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the  
busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world  
put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart,  
goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky,  
and looks  
On duties well performed, and days  
well spent !  
For him the wind, ay, and the  
yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him  
eloquent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn  
that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a  
tear.



### WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing  
chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows  
the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.  
O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert  
woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely  
play,  
And gladden these deep soli-  
tudes.  
Where, twisted round the barren  
oak,  
The summer vine in beauty  
clung,  
And summer winds the stillness  
broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.  
Where, from their frozen urns,  
mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.



Alas ! how changed from the fair  
scene,  
When birds sang out their mel-  
low lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods  
were green,  
And the song ceased not with  
the day !

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods ! within your  
crowd ;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse  
accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.  
Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your  
song ;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.



### HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF  
PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head ;  
And the censor burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The crimson banner, that with  
prayer  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nuns' sweet hymn was  
heard the while,  
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious  
aisle.

' Take thy banner ! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and  
brave ;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale.  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,

When the spear in conflict  
shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering  
breaks.

' Take thy banner ! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling  
wreath,  
Guard it, till our homes are free !  
Guard it ! God will prosper thee !  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee  
then.

' Take thy banner ! But when  
night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him ! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him ! he our love hath  
shared !  
Spare him ! as thou wouldst be  
spared !

' Take thy banner ! and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the sol-  
dier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should  
beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for  
thee.'

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and  
shroud !



### SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when  
heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's return-  
ing march,

And woods were brightened, and  
 soft gales  
 Went forth to kiss the sun-clad  
 vales.  
 The clouds were far beneath me ;  
 bathed in light,  
 They gathered mid-way round the  
 wooded height,  
 And, in their fading glory, shone  
 Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
 As many a pinnacle, with shifting  
 glance,  
 Through the gray mist thrust up its  
 shattered lance,  
 And rocking on the cliff was left  
 The dark pine blasted, bare, and  
 cleft.  
 The veil of cloud was lifted, and  
 below  
 Glowed the rich valley, and the  
 river's flow  
 Was darkened by the forest's  
 shade,  
 Or glistened in the white cascade ;  
 Where upward, in the mellow blush  
 of day,  
 The noisy bittern wheeled his  
 spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
 I saw the current whirl and flash,  
 And richly, by the blue lake's silver  
 beach,  
 The woods were bending with a  
 silent reach.  
 Then o'er the vale, with gentle  
 swell,  
 The music of the village bell  
 Came sweetly to the echo-giving  
 hills ;  
 And the wild horn, whose voice the  
 woodland fills,  
 Was ringing to the merry shout,  
 That faint and far the glen sent out,  
 Where, answering to the sudden  
 shot, thin smoke,  
 Through thick-leaved branches,  
 from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
 With sorrows, that thou wouldst  
 forget,  
 If thou wouldst read a lesson, that  
 will keep  
 Thy heart from fainting and thy  
 soul from sleep,  
 Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
 Dim the sweet look that Nature  
 wears.



### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these  
 woods,  
 That dwells where'er the gentle  
 south-wind blows ;  
 Where, underneath the white-  
 thorn, in the glade,  
 The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing  
 the soft air,  
 The leaves above their sunny palms  
 outspread.  
 With what a tender and impas-  
 sioned voice  
 It fills the nice and delicate ear of  
 thought,  
 When the fast ushering star of  
 morning comes  
 O'er-riding the gray hills with  
 golden scarf ;  
 Or when the cowed and dusky-  
 sandaled Eve,  
 In mourning weeds, from out the  
 western gate,  
 Departs with silent pace! That  
 spirit moves  
 In the green valley, where the  
 silver brook  
 From its full laver pours the white  
 cascade ;  
 And, babbling low amid the tangled  
 woods,  
 Slips down through moss-grown  
 stones with endless laughter.  
 And frequent, on the everlasting  
 hills,

## Earlier Poems.

Its feet go forth, when it doth  
wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the  
storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind.  
And heic, amid  
The silent majesty of these deep  
woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy  
thoughts from earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure,  
bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift.  
Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and  
quiet shades.  
For them there was an eloquent  
voice in all  
The sylvan pomp of woods, the  
golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river  
on its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and  
gentle winds,  
The swelling upland, where the  
sidelong sun  
Aslant the wooded slope at even-  
ing goes,  
Groves, through whose broken roof  
the sky looks in,  
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and  
sunny vale,  
The distant lake, fountains, and  
mighty trees,  
In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that  
doth fill  
The world ; and, in these wayward  
days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
As a bright image of the light and  
beauty  
That dwell in nature ; of the hea-  
venly forms  
We worship in our dreams, and  
the soft hues

That stain the wild bird's wing,  
and flush the clouds  
When the sun sets. Within her  
tender eye  
The heaven of April, with its  
changing light,  
And when it wears the blue of  
May, is hung,  
And on her lip the rich, red rose.  
Her hair  
Is like the summer tresses of the  
trees,  
When twilight makes them brown,  
and on her cheek  
Blushes the richness of an autumn  
sky,  
With ever-shifting beauty. Then  
her breath—  
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
As, from the morning's dewy  
flowers, it comes  
Full of their fragrance, that it is a  
joy  
To have it round us, and her silver  
voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
Heard in the still night, with its  
passionate cadence.



### BURIAL OF THE MINNI- SINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell ;  
And, where the maple's leaf was  
brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came  
down  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of  
white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone ;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening  
stirred

The tall, gray forest ; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in  
hand,

Came winding down beside the  
wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native  
bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of  
flowers,

And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head ;  
But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and  
beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the  
slain ;

Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and  
martial dress,

Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril  
spread,

And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came ; and oft that eye so  
proud

Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief ; they  
freed

Beside the grave his battle steed ;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart ! One piercing  
neigh

Arose, and, on the dead man's  
plain,

The rider grasps his steed again.

# Juvenile Poems.

WRITTEN BETWEEN 1824 AND 1826.

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## THANKSGIVING.

WHEN first in ancient time from  
Juba's tongue  
The tuneful anthem filled the morn-  
ing air,  
To sacred hymnings and Elysian  
song  
His music-breathing shell the  
minstrel woke.  
Devotion breathed aloud from  
every chord :  
The voice of praise was heard in  
every tone,  
And prayer, and thanks to Him the  
Eternal One,  
To Him, that with bright inspira-  
tion touched  
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly  
song,  
And warmed the soul with new  
vitality.  
A stirring encygy through Nature  
breathed :  
The voice of adoration from her  
broke,  
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and  
heard  
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what  
time  
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw  
on earth  
Its bloom or blighting, - when the  
Summer smiled,  
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre  
mourned.  
The Deity was there !— a nameless  
spirit  
Moved in the breasts of men to do  
Him homage ;

And when the morning smiled, or  
evening pale  
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy  
urn,  
They came beneath the broad o'er-  
arching trees,  
And in their tremulous shadow wor-  
shipped oft,  
Where pale the vine clung round  
their simple altars,  
And gray moss mantling hung.  
Above was heard  
The melody of winds, breathed out  
as the green trees  
Bowed to their quivering touch in  
living beauty,  
And birds sang forth their cheerful  
hymns. Below  
The bright and widely wandering  
rivulet  
Struggled and gushed amongst the  
tangled roots  
That choked its reedy fountain, and  
dark rocks  
Worn smooth by the constant cur-  
rent. Even there  
The listless wave, that stole with  
mellow voice  
Where reeds grew rank on the  
rushy-fringed brink,  
And the green sedge bent to the  
wandering wind,  
Sang with a cheerful song of sweet  
tranquillity.  
Men felt the heavenly influence,  
and it stole  
Like balm into their hearts, till all  
was peace ;  
And even the air they breathed,  
the light they saw,

Became religion; for the ethereal spirit  
 That to soft music wakes the chords  
 of feeling,  
 And mellowed everything to beauty,  
 moved  
 With cheering energy within their  
 breasts,  
 And made all holy there,—for all  
 was love.  
 The morning stars, that sweetly  
 sang together,  
 The moon, that hung at night in  
 the mid-sky,  
 Dayspring, and eventide, and all  
 the fair  
 And beautiful forms of nature, had  
 a voice  
 Of eloquent worship. Ocean with  
 its tides  
 Swelling and deep, where low the  
 infant storm  
 Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and  
 heavily beat  
 The pulses of the sea, sent forth a  
 voice  
 Of awful adoration to the spirit  
 That, wrapt in darkness, moved  
 upon its face.  
 And when the bow of evening  
 arched the east,  
 Or, in the moonlight pale, the  
 curling wave  
 Kissed with a sweet embrace the  
 sea-worn beach,  
 And soft the song of winds came  
 o'er the waters,  
 The mingled melody of wind and  
 wave.  
 Touched like a heavenly anthem  
 on the ear;  
 For it arose a tuneful hymn of wor-  
 ship.  
 And have *our* hearts grown cold?  
 Are there on earth  
 No pure reflections caught from  
 heavenly light?  
 Have our mute lips no hymn,—our  
 souls no song?

Let him that in the summer day of  
 youth  
 Keeps pure the holy fount of youth-  
 ful feeling,  
 And him that in the nightfall of his  
 years  
 Lies down in his last sleep, and  
 shuts in peace  
 His dim pale eyes on life's short  
 wayfaring,  
 Praise Him that rules the destiny of  
 man.



## AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

ROUND Autumn's mouldering  
 urn,  
 Loud mourns the chill and cheer-  
 less gale,  
 When nightfall shades the quiet  
 vale,  
 And stars in beauty burn.

'T is the year's eventide.  
 The wind,—like one that sighs in  
 pain  
 O'er joys that ne'er will bloom  
 again,  
 Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye  
 Rests on the faint blue mountain  
 long,  
 And for the fairy-land of song,  
 That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow;  
 In the mid-sky her urn glows  
 bright,  
 And in her sad and mellowing light  
 The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray  
 The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,  
 And o'er its tremulous chords are  
 flung  
 The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,  
Beneath the dark and motionless  
  beech,  
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall  
  reach  
My melancholy car.

The air breathes chill and free ;  
A Spirit in soft music calls  
From Autumn's gray and moss-  
  grown halls,  
And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,  
With moss and twisted ivy brown,  
Bends in its lifeless beauty down  
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice  
Echoes the sound of precious  
  things ;—  
Of early feeling's tuneful springs  
Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind  
  bears  
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,  
Are types of our mortality,  
And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,  
Wasting and hoar as time decays,  
Spring shall renew with cheerful  
  days,—  
But not my joys again.

—♦—

## ITALIAN SCENERY.

—NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont  
  Alto.  
Beneath its shade the beauteous  
  Arno sleeps  
In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark  
  trees  
Bend with a calm and quiet shadow  
  down  
Upon the beauty of that silent river.  
Still in the west, a melancholy smile  
Mantles the lips of day, and twilight  
  pale

Moves like a spectre in the dusky  
  sky ;  
While eve's sweet star on the fast-  
  fading year  
Smiles calmly :—Music steals at  
  intervals  
Across the water, with a tremulous  
  swell,  
From out the upland dingle of tall  
  firs,  
And a faint footfall sounds, where  
  dim and dark  
Hangs the gray willow from the  
  river's brink,  
O'ershadowing its current. Slowly  
  there  
The lover's gondola drops down  
  the stream,  
Silent,—save when its dipping oar  
  is heard,  
Or in its eddy sighs the rippling  
  wave.  
Mouldering and moss - grown  
  through the lapse of years,  
In motionless beauty stands the  
  giant oak,  
Whilst those that saw its green and  
  flourishing youth  
Are gone and are forgotten. Soft  
  the fount,  
Whose secret springs the star-light  
  pale discloses,  
Gushes in hollow music, and be-  
  yond  
The broader river sweeps its silent  
  way,  
Mingling a silver current with that  
  sea,  
Whose waters have no tides, com-  
  ing nor going.  
On noiseless wing along that fair  
  blue sea  
The halcyon flits,—and where the  
  wearied storm  
Left a loud moaning, all is peace  
  again.  
A calm is on the deep ! The  
  winds that came

O'er the dark sea-surge with a  
tremulous breathing,  
And mourned on the dark cliff  
where weeds grew rank,  
And to the autumnal death-dirge  
the deep sea  
Heaved its long billows,—with a  
cheerless song  
Have passed away to the cold earth  
again,  
Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently  
Up from the calm sea's dim and  
distant verge,  
Full and unveiled the moon's broad  
disk emerges.  
On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues  
Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's  
woods,  
The silver light is spreading. Far  
above,  
Encompassed with their thin, cold  
atmosphere,  
The Apennines uplift their snowy  
brows,  
Glowing with colder beauty, where  
unheard  
The eagle screams in the fathom-  
less ether,  
And stays his wearied wing.  
Here let us pause!  
The spirit of these solitudes—the  
soul  
That dwells within these steep and  
difficult places—  
Speaks a mysterious language to  
mine own,  
And brings unutterable musings.  
Earth  
Sleeps in the shades of nightfall,  
and the sea  
Spreads like a thin blue haze be-  
neath my feet,  
Whilst the gray columns and the  
mouldering tombs  
Of the Imperial City, hidden deep  
Beneath the mantle of their  
shadows, rest.  
My spirit looks on earth!—A  
heavenly voice

Comes silently: 'Dreamer, is earth  
thy dwelling!—  
Lo! nursed within that fair and  
fruitful bosom  
Which has sustained thy being,  
and within  
The colder breast of Ocean, lie the  
germs  
Of thine own dissolution! E'en  
the air,  
That fans the clear blue sky and  
gives thee strength—  
Up from the sullen lake of moulder-  
ing reeds,  
And the wide waste of forest,  
where the osier  
Thrives in the damp and motion-  
less atmosphere,—  
Shall bring the dire and wasting  
pestilence  
And blight thy cheek. Dream thou  
of higher things;—  
This world is not thy home!' And  
yet my eye  
Rests upon earth again! How  
beautiful,  
Where wild Velino heaves its sullen  
waves  
Down the high cliff of gray and  
shapeless granite,—  
Hung on the curling mist, the  
moonlight bow  
Arches the perilous river. A soft  
light  
Silvers the Albanian mountains,  
and the haze  
That rests upon their summits,  
mellows down  
The austere features of their  
beauty. Faint  
And dim-discovered glow the  
Sabine hills,  
And listening to the sea's monoto-  
nous shell,  
High on the cliffs of Terracina  
stands  
The castle of the royal Goth<sup>1</sup> in  
ruins.

Theodoric.



But night is in her wane.—day's  
early flush  
Glow's like a hectic on her fading  
cheek,  
Wasting its beauty. And the  
opening dawn  
With cheerful lustre lights the royal  
city,  
Where, with its proud tiara of dark  
towers,  
It sleeps upon its own romantic  
bay.

—+—

## THE LUNATIC GIRL.

MOST beautiful, most gentle! Yet  
how lost  
To all that gladdens the fair earth;  
the eye  
That watched her being; the  
maternal care  
That kept and nourished her; and  
the calm light  
That steals from our own thoughts,  
and softly rests  
On youth's green valleys and  
smooth-sliding waters!  
Alas! few suns of life, and fewer  
winds,  
Had withered or had wasted the  
fresh rose  
That bloomed upon her cheek;  
but one chill frost  
Came in that early Autumn, when  
ripe thought  
Is rich and beautiful, and blighted  
it;  
And the fair stalk grew languid  
day by day,  
And drooped, and drooped, and  
shed its many leaves.  
'Tis said that some have died of  
love, and some,  
That once from beauty's high  
romance had caught  
Love's passionate feelings and  
heart-wasting cares,

Have spurned life's threshold with  
a desperate foot:  
And others have gone mad,—and  
she was one!  
Her lover died at sea; and they  
had felt  
A coldness for each other when  
they parted;  
But love returned again, and to  
her ear  
Came tidings that the ship which  
bore her lover  
Had suddenly gone down at sea,  
and all were lost.  
I saw her in her native vale, when  
high  
The aspiring lark up from the  
reedy river  
Mounted on cheerful pinion; and  
she sat  
Casting smooth pebbles into a  
clear fountain,  
And marking how they sunk; and  
oft she sighed  
For him that perished thus in the  
vast deep.  
She had a sea-shell, that her lover  
brought  
From the far-distant ocean, and  
she pressed  
Its smooth cold lips unto her ear,  
and thought  
It whispered tidings of the dark  
blue sea;  
And sad she cried, 'The tides are  
out!—and now  
I see his corse upon the stormy  
beach!'  
Around her neck a string of rose-  
lipped shells,  
And coral, and white pearl, was  
loosely hung, [fan,  
And close beside her lay a delicate  
Made of the halcyon's blue wing;  
and when  
She looked upon it, it would calm  
her thoughts  
As that bird calms the ocean,—for  
it gave

Mournful, yet pleasant memory.  
 Once I marked  
 When through the mountain  
 hollows and green woods  
 That bent beneath its footsteps  
 the loud wind  
 Came with a voice as of the rest-  
 less deep,  
 She raised her head, and on her  
 pale cold cheek  
 A beauty of diviner seeming came:  
 And then she spread her hands,  
 and smiled, as if  
 She welcomed a long-absent friend,  
 —and then  
 Shrunk timorously back again,  
 and wept.  
 I turned away: a multitude of  
 thoughts,  
 Mournful and dark, were crowding  
 on my mind,  
 And as I left that lost and ruined  
 one,—  
 A living monument that still on  
 earth  
 There is warm love and deep  
 sincerity,—  
 She gazed upon the west, where  
 the blue sky  
 Held, like an ocean, in its wide  
 embrace  
 Those fairy islands of bright cloud  
 that lay  
 So calm and quietly in the thin  
 ether.  
 And then she pointed where, alone  
 and high,  
 One little cloud sailed onward, like  
 a lost  
 And wandering bark, and fainter  
 grew, and fainter,  
 And soon was swallowed up in the  
 blue depths.  
 And when it sunk away, she  
 turned again  
 With sad despondency and tears  
 to earth.  
 Three long and weary months,  
 —yet not a whisper

Of stern reproach for that cold  
 parting! Then  
 She sat no longer by her favourite  
 fountain!  
 She was at rest for ever.



### THE VENETIAN GON- DOLIER.

HERE rest the weary oar! soft  
 airs  
 Breathe out in the o'erarching  
 sky;  
 And Night—sweet Night—serenely  
 wears  
 A smile of peace; her noon is  
 nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,  
 And waves, embracing the  
 chaste shores,  
 Move o'er sea-shells and bright  
 sands,  
 Is heard the sound of dipping  
 oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark  
 springs,  
 Love's midnight hour draws  
 lingering near:  
 And list!—his tuneful viol strings  
 The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo! on the silver-mirrored deep,  
 On earth and her embosomed  
 lakes,  
 And where the silent rivers sweep,  
 From the thin cloud fair moon-  
 light breaks.

Soft music breathes around, and  
 dies  
 On the calm bosom of the sea;  
 Whilst in her cell the novice  
 sighs  
 Her vespers to her rosary.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,  
In tender charity for those  
That, helpless left to life's rude  
storms,  
Have never found this calm  
repose.

The bell swings to its midnight  
chime,  
Relieved against the deep blue  
sky!  
Haste!—dip the oar again!—'tis  
time  
To seek Genevra's balcony.



### DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

By yon still river, where the wave  
Is winding slow at evening's  
close,  
The beech upon a nameless grave  
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks  
down  
Upon the many-twinkling leaves,  
And twilight's mellow shades are  
brown,  
Where darkly the green turf  
upcaves.

The river glides in silence there,  
And hardly waves the sapling  
tree:  
Sweet flowers are springing, and  
the air  
Is full of balm,—but where is  
she?

They bade her wed a son of pride,  
And leave the hopes she  
cherished long;  
She loved but one,—and would  
not hide  
A love which knew no wrong.

And months went sadly on, and  
years;  
And she was wasting day by day:

At length she died; and many  
tears  
Were shed, that she should pass  
away.

Then came a gray old man, and  
knelt  
With bitter weeping by her  
tomb;  
And others mourned for him, who  
felt  
That he had sealed a daughter's  
doom,

The funeral train has long passed  
on,  
And time wiped dry the father's  
tear!  
Farewell, lost maiden! there is one  
That mourns thee yet,—and he  
is here.



### A SONG OF SAVOY.

As the dim twilight shrouds  
The mountains' purple crest,  
And Summer's white and folded  
clouds  
Are glowing in the west,  
Loud shouts come up the rocky  
dell,  
And voices hail the evening bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,  
And sighing comes the breeze:  
The silent river sweeps along  
Amid its bending trees,  
And the full moon shines faintly  
there,  
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs  
The tinkling cymbals sound;  
And as the wind the foliage stirs,  
I feel the dancers bound  
Where the green branches, arched  
above,  
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there that sought  
My young heart long ago !  
But he has left me,—though I  
thought

He ne'er could leave me so.  
Ah ! lovers' vows,—how frail are  
they !

And his were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not ? I call

In tears upon him yet ;

'Twere better ne'er to love at all,  
Than love, and then forget !

Why comes he not ? Alas ! I  
should

Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see,—he leaves the glade,

And beckons me away :

He comes to seek his mountain  
maid ;

I cannot chide his stay.

Glad sounds along the valley swell,  
And voices hail the evening bell.



### THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was  
gathered in,

And the sheaf of the gleaner grew  
white and thin,

And the ploughshare was in its fur-  
row left,

Where the stubble land had been  
lately cleft,

An Indian hunter, with unstrung  
bow,

Looked down where the valley lay  
stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all  
that day

Had been out on the hills, a peril-  
ous way,

But the foot of the deer was far  
and fleet,

And the wolf kept aloof from the  
hunter's feet.

And bitter feelings passed o'er him  
then,

As he stood by the populous haunts  
of men.

The winds of Autumn came over  
the woods

As the sun stole out from their  
solitudes ;

The moss was white on the maple's  
trunk,

And dead from its arms the pale  
vine shrunk,

And ripened the mellow fruit hung,  
and red

Were the trees' withered leaves  
around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow  
on the lawn,

And the sickle cut down the yellow  
corn ;

The mower sung loud by the  
meadow-side,

Where the mists of evening were  
spreading wide,

And the voice of the herdsman  
came up the lea,

And the dance went round by the  
greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from  
that scene,

Where the home of his fathers  
once had been,

And heard by the distant and  
measured stroke

That the woodman hewed down  
the giant oak,

And burning thoughts flashed over  
his mind

Of the white man's faith and love  
unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high  
and bright,

As her golden horn pierced the  
cloud of white ;

A footstep was heard in the rus-  
tling brake

Where the beech overshadowed  
the misty lake,  
And a mourning voice, and a  
plunge from shore.  
And the hunter was seen on the  
hills no more.

When years had passed on, by  
that still lake-side  
The fisher looked down through  
the silver tide,  
And there, on the smooth, yellow  
sand displayed,  
A skeleton wasted and white was  
laid,  
And 'twas seen, as the waters  
moved deep and slow,  
That the hand was still grasping a  
hunter's bow.



## JECKOYVA.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition  
says, perished alone on the mountain which  
now bears his name. Night overtook him  
whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was  
not heard of till after a long time, when his  
half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of  
a high rock, over which he must have fallen.  
Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills.

THEY made the warrior's grave  
beside  
The dashing of his native tide;  
And there was mourning in the  
glen—  
The strong wail of a thousand  
men—

O'er him thus fallen in his pride,  
Ere mist of age, or blight, or blast,  
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave  
beneath  
The bending of the wild elm's  
wreath,  
When the dark hunter's piercing  
eye

Had found that mountain rest on  
high,  
Where, scattered by the sharp  
wind's breath,  
Beneath the rugged cliff were  
thrown  
The strong belt and the mouldering  
bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when  
first  
The red sun on the mountain burst?  
Where, when the sultry noontime  
came  
On the green vales with scorching  
flame,  
And made the woodlands faint  
with thirst?  
'Twas where the wind is keen and  
loud,  
And the gray eagle breasts the  
cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when  
night  
Veiled in thick cloud the mountain  
height?  
None heard the loud and sudden  
crash,—  
None saw the fallen warrior dash  
Down the bare rock so high and  
white!  
But he that drooped not in the  
chase  
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the  
long day  
Of cold desertion passed away,  
And traces on that barren cleft  
Of struggling hard with death were  
left,—  
Deep marks and footprints in  
the clay!  
And they have laid this feathery  
helmet  
By the dark river and green elm.

THE SEA DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,  
My sleep upon its rocking tide ;  
And many an eye has followed me  
Where billows clasp the worn  
seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson  
blush,  
When ocean by the sun is kissed ;  
When fades the evening's purple  
flush,  
My dark wing cleaves the silver  
mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath  
The bright arch of the splendid  
deep,  
My ear has heard the sea-shell  
breathe  
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,  
And by the pearly diadem ;  
Where the pale sea-grape had o'er-  
grown  
The glorious dwellings made for  
them.

At night upon my storm-drenched  
wing,  
I poised above a helmless bark,  
And soon I saw the shattered thing  
Had passed away and left no  
mark.

And when the wind and storm  
were done,  
A ship, that had rode out the  
gale,  
Sunk down without a signal gun,  
And none was left to tell the  
tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,  
The cloud resign its golden  
crown,  
When to the ocean's beating heart  
The sailor's wasted corse went  
down.

Peace be to those whose graves  
are made  
Beneath the bright and silver  
sea !  
Peace, that their relics there were  
laid  
With no vain pride and pa-  
geantry.



MUSINGS.

I SAT by my window one night,  
And watched how the stars grew  
high,  
And the earth and skies were a  
splendid sight  
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon  
shone down  
With gentle and mellow ray,  
And beneath the crowded roofs  
of the town  
In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,  
And mainland and island too,  
Till a haze came over the lowland  
lea,  
And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn  
wood  
Its crimson scarf unrolled,  
And the trees like a splendid army  
stood  
In a panoply of gold !

I saw them waving their banners  
high,  
As their crests to the night wind  
bowed,  
And a distant sound on the air went  
by,  
Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window  
how fast  
The lights all around me fled,  
As the wearied man to his slumber  
passed,  
And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned  
With distant and steady light ;  
But that, too, went out,—and I  
turned  
Where my own lamp within  
shone bright !

Thus, thought I, our joys must  
die ;  
Yes, the brightest from earth we  
win ;  
Till each turns away, with a sigh,  
To the lamp that burns brightly  
within.



### SONG.

WHERE, from the eye of day,  
The dark and silent river  
Pursues through tangled woods a  
way  
O'er which the tall trees quiver,—

The silver mist, that breaks  
From out that woodland cover,  
Betrays the hidden path it takes,  
And hangs the current over !

So oft the thoughts that burst  
From hidden springs of feeling,  
Like silent streams, unseen at first,  
From our cold hearts are stealing.

But soon the clouds that veil  
The eye of Love, when glowing,  
Betray the long unwhispered tale  
Of thoughts in darkness flow-  
ing.

## TWO SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO.

### I.

#### ART AND NATURE.

*Causa la vista el artificio humano,  
etc.*

THE works of human artifice soon  
tire

The curious eye ; the fountain's  
sparkling rill,  
And gardens, when adorned by  
human skill,

Reproach the feeble hand, the vain  
desire.

But oh ! the free and wild magni-  
ficence

Of Nature in her lavish hours doth  
steal,

In admiration silent and intense,  
The soul of him who hath a soul to  
feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless  
way,

The verdant reach of meadows fair  
and green,

And the blue hills that bound the  
sylvan scene,—

These speak of grandeur that  
defies decay,—

Proclaim the Eternal Architect on  
high,

Who stamps on all his works his  
own eternity.

### II.

#### THE TWO HARVESTS.

*Yo vi romper aquestas vegas  
llanas, etc.*

BUT yesterday those few and hoary  
sheaves

Waved in the golden harvest ;  
from the plain

I saw the blade shoot upward,  
and the grain

Put forth the unripe ear and tender  
leaves.  
Then the glad upland smiled  
upon the view,  
And to the air the broad green  
leaves unrolled,  
A peerless emerald in each silken  
fold,  
And on its palm a pearl of morn-  
ing dew.  
And thus sprang up and ripened  
in brief space  
All that beneath the reaper's  
sickle died,  
All that smiled beauteous in the  
summer-tide.  
And what are we? a copy of that  
race,  
The later harvest of a longer  
year!  
And oh! how many fall before  
the ripened ear.

COLUMBUS.

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

STEER, bold mariner, on! albeit  
witlings deride thee,  
And the steersman drop idly his  
hand at the helm;  
Ever, ever to westward! There  
must the coast be discovered,  
If it but lie distinct, luminous lie in  
thy mind.  
Trust to the God that leads thee,  
and follow the sea that is  
silent;  
Did it not yet exist, now would it  
rise from the flood.  
Nature with Genius stands united  
in league everlasting;  
What is promised to one, surely the  
other performs.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN.

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet;  
Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;  
It flows for rich and poor the same.  
Then go thy way, remembering still  
The wayside well beneath the hill,  
The cup of water in His name.



# Translations.

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[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honourable mention of him as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as 'a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame.' He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.]

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, 'Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn. This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on,—calm, dignified, and majestic.]

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## COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and  
awake;

Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,  
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs;

The moments that are speeding  
fast

We heed not, but the past,—the  
past,  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present  
keeps,

Onward the constant current  
sweeps,

Till life is done;  
And, did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,  
That Hope and all her shadowy  
train

Will not decay;  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
Remembered like a tale that's told,  
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave!

Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
And tinkling rill.

There all are equal; side by side  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
The deathless few;  
Fiction entices and deceives,  
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant  
leaves,  
Lies poisonous dew.

## Translations.

To One alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth, the Good and  
Wise,  
To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common  
lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above ;  
So let us choose that narrow way,  
Which leads no traveller's foot  
astray  
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,  
Life is the running of the race,  
We reach the goal  
When, in the mansions of the blest,  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
This world would school each  
wandering thought  
To its high state.  
Faith wings the soul beyond the  
sky,  
Up to that better world on high,  
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour came ;  
Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears  
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
The shapes we chase,  
Amid a world of treachery !  
They vanish ere death shuts the  
eye,  
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances  
strange,  
Disastrous accident, and change,  
That come to all ;  
Even in the most exalted state,  
Relentless sweeps the stroke of  
fate ;  
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers  
seek  
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,  
The hues that play  
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
When hoary age approaches slow,  
Ah, where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
The glorious strength that youth  
imparts  
In life's first stage ;  
These shall become a heavy weight,  
When Time swings wide his out-  
ward gate  
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,  
In long array ;  
How, in the onward course of time,  
The landmarks of that race sublime  
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,  
Shall rise no more ;  
Others, by guilt and crime, main-  
tain  
The 'scutcheon, that, without a  
stain,  
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
With what untimely speed they  
glide,  
How soon depart !  
Bid not the shadowy phantoms  
stay,  
The vassals of a mistress they,  
Of fickle heart.

## Translations.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are  
found ;

Her swift revolving wheel turns  
round,

And they are gone !

No rest the inconstant goddess  
knows,

But changing, and without repose,  
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice  
save

Its gilded baubles, till the grave

Reclaimed its prey,

Let none on such poor hopes rely ;

Life, like an empty dream, flits by,

And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust

Are passions springing from the  
dust,

They fade and die ;

But, in the life beyond the tomb,

They seal the immortal spirit's  
doom

Eternally !

The pleasures and delights which  
mask

In treacherous smiles life's serious  
task,

What are they, all,

But the fleet coursers of the chase,

And death an ambush in the race,

Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,

Brook no delay, but onward speed

With loosened rein ;

And, when the fatal snare is near,

We strive to check our mad career,

But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age im-  
part,

And fashion with a cunning art

The human face,

As we can clothe the soul with  
light,

And make the glorious spirit bright

With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour  
Should we exert that magic power,  
What ardour show,  
To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,  
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the  
strong,

Famous in history and in song

Of olden time,

Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,

Their kingdoms lost, and desolate

Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the  
strong ?

Pontiff and priest, and sceptred  
throng ?

On these shall fall

As heavily the hand of Death,

As when it stays the shepherd's  
breath

Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,

Neither its glory nor its shame

Has met our eyes ;

Nor of Rome's great and glorious  
dead,

Though we have heard so oft, and  
read,

Their histories.

Little avails it now to know

Of ages passed so long ago,

Nor how they rolled ;

Our theme shall be of yesterday,

Which to oblivion sweeps away,

Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ?

Where

Each royal prince and noble heir

Of Aragon ?

Where are the courtly gallantries ?

The deeds of love and high emprise,

In battle done ?

## Translations.

Tourney and joust, that charmed  
the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,  
What were they but a pageant  
scene?

What but the garlands, gay and  
green,  
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames,  
and where

Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odours sweet?

Where are the gentle knights, that  
came

To kneel, and breathe love's ardent  
flame,

Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?

Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore?

Where is the mazy dance of old,  
The flowing robes, inwrought with  
gold,

The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre  
swayed,

Henry, whose royal court displayed  
Such power and pride;

O, in what winning smiles arrayed,  
The world its various pleasures laid  
His throne beside!

But O, how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a  
smile

But to betray!

She, that had been his friend before,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately  
walls,

The royal palaces, and halls  
All filled with gold;

Plate with armorial bearings  
wrought,  
Chambers with ample treasures  
fraught  
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness  
bright,  
And gallant lord, and stalwart  
knight,

In rich array,

Where shall we seek them now?

Alas!

Like the bright dewdrops on the  
grass,

They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious  
zeal

Usurped the sceptre of Castile,

Unskilled to reign;

What a gay, brilliant court had he,

When all the flower of chivalry  
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,  
That flamed from the hot forge of  
Death

Blasted his years;

Judgment of God! that flame by  
Thee,

When raging fierce and fearfully,  
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, the true  
And gallant Master, whom we  
knew

Most loved of all;

Breathe not a whisper of his pride,  
He on the gloomy scaffold died,  
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,  
His villages and villas fair,

His mighty power,

What were they all but grief and  
shame,

Tears and a broken heart, when  
came

The parting hour?

## Translations.

His other brothers, proud and high,  
Masters, who, in prosperity,  
Might rival kings;  
Who made the bravest and the  
best  
The bondsmen of their high behest,  
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,  
When high exalted and elate  
With power and pride?  
What, but a transient gleam of  
light,  
A flame, which, glaring at its  
height,  
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,  
Marquis and count of spotless fame,  
And baron brave,  
That might the sword of empire  
wield,  
All these, O Death, hast thou con-  
cealed  
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,  
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,  
When thou dost show,  
O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten  
high,  
Pennon and standard flaunting  
high,  
And flag displayed;  
High battlements intrenched  
around,  
Bastion, and moated wall, and  
mound,  
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and  
deep,  
All these cannot one victim keep,  
O Death, from thee,

When thou dost battle in thy  
wrath,  
And thy strong shafts pursue their  
path  
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou  
dost give  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with  
grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and  
fears,  
Or dark despair;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many  
a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of  
woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and  
shade,  
To whom all hearts their homage  
paid  
As Virtue's son,  
Roderic Manrique, he whose name  
Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
Spain's champion;

## Translations.

His signal deeds and prowess high  
Demand no pompous eulogy.  
Ye saw his deeds!

Why should their praise in verse be  
sung?

The name, that dwells on every  
tongue,  
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; how kind to  
all

The vassals of this ancient hall  
And feudal fief!

To foes how stern a foe was he!  
And to the valiant and the free  
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and  
wise:

What grace in youthful gaities;  
In all how sage!

Benignant to the serf and slave,  
He showed the base and falsely  
brave

A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car  
At battle's call;

His Scipio's virtue; his the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his  
A Titus' noble charities

And righteous laws;

The arm of Hector, and the might  
Of Tully, to maintain the right  
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,  
Aurelius' countenance divine,

Firm, gentle, still;

The eloquence of Adrian,  
And Theodosius' love to man,  
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander's vigorous sway  
And stern command;

The faith of Constantine; ay, more,  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,  
He heaped no pile of riches high,  
Nor massive plate;  
He fought the Moors, and, in their  
fall,

City and tower and castled wall  
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-  
ground,

Brave steeds and gallant riders  
found

A common grave;

And there the warrior's hand did  
gain

The rents, and the long vassal train,  
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed  
The honoured and exalted grade  
His worth had gained,  
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,  
Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,  
In the stern warfare, which of old  
'Twas his to share,  
Such noble leagues he made, that  
more

And fairer regions, than before,  
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,  
Which, with the hand of youth, he  
traced

On history's page;

But with fresh victories he drew  
Each fading character anew  
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great  
And veteran service to the state,  
By worth adored,  
He stood, in his high dignity,  
The proudest knight of chivalry,  
Knight of the Sword.

## Translations.

He found his cities and domains  
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
And cruel power ;  
But, by fierce battle and blockade,  
Soon his own banner was displayed  
From every tower.

By the tried valour of his hand,  
His monarch and his native land  
Were nobly served ;  
Let Portugal repeat the story,  
And proud Castile, who shared the  
glory  
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
His life upon the fatal throw  
Had been cast down ;  
When he had served, with patriot  
zeal,  
Beneath the banner of Castile,  
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valour  
strong,  
That neither history nor song  
Can count them all ;  
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
Death at his portal came to knock,  
With sudden call,

Saying, ' Good Cavalier, prepare  
To leave this world of toil and care  
With joyful mien ;  
Let thy strong heart of steel this  
day  
Put on its armour for the fray,  
The closing scene.

' Since thou hast been, in battle-  
strife,  
So prodigal of health and life,  
For earthly fame,  
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;  
Loud on the last stern battle-plain  
They call thy name.

' Think not the struggle that draws  
near  
Too terrible for man, nor fear  
To meet the foe ;

Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
Its life of glorious fame to leave  
On earth below .

' A life of honour and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth,  
'Tis but a name ;  
And yet its glory far exceeds  
That base and sensual life, which  
leads  
To want and shame.

' The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the  
high  
And proud estate ;  
The soul in dalliance laid, the  
spirit  
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit  
A joy so great.

' But the good monk, in cloistered  
cell,  
Shall gain it by his book and bell,  
His prayers and tears ;  
And the brave knight, whose arm  
endures  
Fierce battles, and against the  
Moors  
His standard rears.

' And thou, brave knight, whose  
hand has poured  
The life-blood of the Pagan horde  
O'er all the land,  
In heaven shalt thou receive, at  
length,  
The guerdon of thine earthly  
strength  
And dauntless hand.

' Cheered onward by this promise  
sure,  
Strong in the faith entire and pure  
Thou dost profess,  
Depart, thy hope is certainty,  
The third, the better life on high  
Shalt thou possess.'

'O Death, no more, no more delay;

My spirit longs to flee away,  
And be at rest;  
The will of Heaven my will shall be,

I bow to the divine decree,  
To God's behest.

'My soul is ready to depart,  
No thought rebels, the obedient heart

Breathes forth no sigh;  
The wish on earth to linger still  
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will

That we shall die.

'O thou, that for our sins didst take

A human form, and humbly make  
Thy home on earth;  
Thou, that to thy divinity  
A human nature didst ally  
By mortal birth,

'And in that form didst suffer here  
Torment, and agony, and fear,  
So patiently;  
By thy redeeming grace alone,  
And not for merits of my own,  
O, pardon me!'

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
Without one gathering mist or shade

Upon his mind;  
Encircled by his family,  
Watched by affection's gentle eye  
So soft and kind,

His soul to Him who gave it rose;  
God lead it to its long repose,  
Its glorious rest!  
And, though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
Bright, radiant, blest.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE  
VEGA.

SHEPHERD! who with thine amorous, sylvan song

Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,

Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,

On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;

For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;

I will obey thy voice, and wait to see

Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,

O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou

Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.

O, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,

Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see,

With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me!



## TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE  
VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that with unceasing care

Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,

Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,



And pass the gloomy nights of  
winter there?  
O strange delusion! that I did not  
greet  
Thy blest approach, and O, to  
Heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds  
upon thy feet.  
How oft my guardian angel gently  
cried,  
'Soul, from thy casement look,  
and thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and  
wait for thee!'  
And, O! how often to that voice  
of sorrow,  
'To-morrow we will open,' I  
replied,  
And when the morrow came I  
answered still, 'To-morrow.'



### THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRAN-  
CISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native  
land on high,  
Bright with a glory that shall  
never fade!  
Mansion of truth! without a  
veil or shade,  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's  
eye.  
There dwells the soul in its  
ethereal essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's  
feeble breath;  
But, sentinelled in heaven, its  
glorious presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet  
fears not, death.  
Beloved country! banished from  
thy shore,

A stranger in this prison-house  
of clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and  
sighs for thee!  
Heavenward the bright perfections  
I adore  
Direct, and the sure promise  
cheers the way,  
That, whither love aspires, there  
shall my dwelling be.



### THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRAN-  
CISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD! who seest, from yon  
starry height,  
Centred in one the future and  
the past,  
Fashioned in thine own image,  
see how fast  
The world obscures in me what  
once was bright!  
Eternal Sun! the warmth which  
thou hast given,  
To cheer life's flowery April, fast  
decays;  
Yet, in the hoary winter of my  
days,  
For ever green shall be my trust  
in Heaven.  
Celestial King! O let thy presence  
pass  
Before my spirit, and an image  
fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy  
from on high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who  
seeks it there,  
And owes its being to the gazer's  
eye.

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of  
bird and tree!  
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of  
the morn!  
The soul of April, unto whom  
are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps  
wild in thee!  
Although, where'er thy devious  
current strays,  
The lap of earth with gold and  
silver teems,  
To me thy clear proceeding  
brighter seems  
Than golden sands that charm  
each shepherd's gaze.  
How without guile thy bosom, all  
transparent  
As the pure crystal, lets the  
curious eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth,  
round pebbles count!  
How, without malice murmuring,  
glides thy current!  
O sweet simplicity of days gone  
by!  
Thou shun'st the haunts of man,  
to dwell in limpid fount!



THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the ap-  
proach of morning,  
Through the gross vapours, Mars  
grows fiery red  
Down in the west upon the  
ocean floor,  
Appeared to me,—may I again  
behold it!—

A light along the sea, so swiftly  
coming,  
Its motion by no flight of wing is  
equalled.  
And when therefrom I had with-  
drawn a little  
Mine eyes, that I might question  
my conductor,  
Again I saw it brighter grown  
and larger.  
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
I knew not what of white, and  
underneath,  
Little by little, there came forth  
another.  
My master yet had uttered not a  
word,  
While the first whiteness into  
wings unfolded;  
But, when he clearly recognised  
the pilot,  
He cried aloud: 'Quick, quick,  
and bow the knee!  
Behold the Angel of God! fold  
up thy hands!  
Henceforward shalt thou see  
such officers!  
See, how he scorns all human  
arguments,  
So that no oar he wants, nor  
other sail  
Than his own wings, between so  
distant shores!  
See, how he holds them, pointed  
straight to heaven,  
Fanning the air with the eternal  
pinions,  
That do not moult themselves  
like mortal hair!'  
And then, as nearer and more  
near us came  
The Bird of Heaven, more  
glorious he appeared,  
So that the eye could not sustain  
his presence,  
But down I cast it; and he came  
to shore  
With a small vessel, gliding  
swift and light,

So that the water swallowed  
naught thereof.  
Upon the stern stood the Celestial  
Pilot!  
Beatitude seemed written in  
his face!  
And more than a hundred spirits  
sat within.  
*'In exitu Israel de Ægypto!'*  
Thus sang they all together in  
one voice,  
With whatso in that Psalm is  
after written.  
Then made he sign of holy rood  
upon them,  
Whereat all cast themselves  
upon the shore,  
And he departed swiftly as he  
came.



### THE TERRESTRIAL. PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO,  
XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and  
round  
The heavenly forest, dense and  
living-green,  
Which tempered to the eyes the  
new-born day,  
Withouten more delay I left the  
bank,  
Crossing the level country slowly,  
slowly,  
Over the soil, that everywhere  
breathed fragrance.  
A gently-breathing air, that no  
mutation  
Had in itself, smote me upon the  
forehead,  
No heavier blow than of a  
pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches  
readily  
Did all of them bow downward  
towards that side  
Where its first shadow casts the  
Holy Mountain;  
Yet not from their upright direc-  
tion bent  
So that the little birds upon  
their tops  
Should cease the practice of  
their tuneful art;  
But, with full-throated joy, the  
hours of prime  
Singing received they in the  
midst of foliage  
That made monotonous burden  
to their rhymes,  
Even as from branch to branch it  
gathering swells  
Through the pine forests on the  
shore of Chiassi,  
When Æolus unlooses the  
Sirocco.  
Already my slow steps had led me  
on  
Into the ancient wood so far,  
that I  
Could see no more the place  
where I had entered.  
And lo! my further course cut off  
a river,  
Which, towards the left hand,  
with its little waves,  
Bent down the grass that on its  
margin sprang.  
All waters that on earth most  
limpid are,  
Would seem to have within  
themselves some mixture,  
Compared with that, which no-  
thing doth conceal,  
Although it moves on with a brown,  
brown current,  
Under the shade perpetual, that  
never  
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the  
moon.

## BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO,  
XXX, XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final  
summons,  
Shall rise up quickened, each  
one from his grave,  
Wearing again the garments of  
the flesh,  
So, upon that celestial chariot,  
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti*  
*senis*,  
Ministers and messengers of life  
eternal.  
They all were saying, '*Benedictus*  
*qui venis*,'  
And scattering flowers above  
and round about,  
'*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*'  
Oft have I seen, at the approach of  
day,  
The orient sky all stained with  
roseate hues,  
And the other heaven with light  
serene adorned,  
And the sun's face uprising, over-  
shadowed,  
So that, by temperate influence  
of vapours,  
The eye sustained his aspect for  
long while ;  
Thus in the bosom of a cloud of  
flowers,  
Which from those hands angelic  
were thrown up,  
And down descended inside and  
without,  
With crown of olive o'er a snow-  
white veil,  
Appeared a lady, under a green  
mantle,  
Vested in colours of the living  
flame.

Even as the snow, among the living  
rafters

Upon the back of Italy, con-  
geals,  
Blown on and beaten by Sla-  
vonian winds,  
And then, dissolving, filters through  
itself,  
Whene'er the land, that loses  
shadow, breathes,  
Like as a taper melts before a  
fire,  
Even such I was, without a sigh or  
tear,  
Before the song of those who  
chime for ever  
After the chiming of the eternal  
spheres ;  
But, when I heard in those sweet  
melodies  
Compassion for me, more than  
had they said,  
'O wherefore, lady, dost thou  
thus consume him ?'  
The ice, that was about my heart  
congealed,  
To air and water changed, and,  
in my anguish,  
Through lips and eyes came  
gushing from my breast.

Confusion and dismay, together  
mingled,  
Forced such a feeble 'Yes !' out  
of my mouth,  
To understand it one had need  
of sight.  
Even as a cross-bow breaks, when  
'tis discharged,  
Too tensely drawn the bow-string  
and the bow,  
And with less force the arrow hits  
the mark ;  
So I gave way beneath this heavy  
burden,  
Gushing forth into bitter tears  
and sighs,  
And the voice, fainting, flagged  
upon its passage.

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES  
D'ORLEANS.

XV CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring ! in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display !

For Winter maketh the light heart  
sad,

And thou, thou makest the sad  
heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his  
gloomy train,

The sleet, and the snow, and the  
wind, and the rain ;

And they shrink away, and they  
flee in fear,

When thy merry step draws  
near.

Winter giveth the fields and the  
trees, so old,

Their beards of icicles and snow ;  
And the rain, it raineth so fast and  
cold,

We must cower over the embers  
low ;

And, snugly housed from the wind  
and weather,

Mope like birds that are changing  
feather.

But the storm retires, and the sky  
grows clear,

When thy merry step draws  
near.

Winter maketh the sun in the  
gloomy sky

Wrap him round with a mantle  
of cloud ;

But, Heaven be praised, thy step  
is nigh ;

Thou tearest away the mournful  
shroud,

And the earth looks bright, and  
Winter surly,  
Who has toiled for naught both  
late and early,  
Is banished afar by the new-born  
year,  
When thy merry step draws near.



THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy  
father's face,  
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips  
have pressed !

Sleep, little one ; and closely,  
gently place

Thy drowsy eyelid on thy  
mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little  
friend,

Soft sleep shall come, that  
cometh not to me !

I watch to see thee, nourish thee,  
defend ;

'Tis sweet to watch for thee,  
alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits  
upon his brow ;

His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor  
dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's  
ruddy glow,

Would you not say he slept on  
Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy ! I tremble with  
affright !

Awake, and chase this fatal  
thought ! Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on  
the light !

Even at the price of thine, give  
me repose !

Sweet error! he but slept, I  
 breathe again;  
 Come, gentle dreams, the hour  
 of sleep beguile!  
 O, when shall he, for whom I sigh  
 in vain,  
 Beside me watch to see thy  
 waking smile?



### THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built  
 Ere thou wast born,  
 For thee was a mould meant  
 Ere thou of mother camest.  
 But it is not made ready,  
 Nor its depth measured,  
 Nor is it seen  
 How long it shall be.  
 Now I bring thee  
 Where thou shalt be;  
 Now I shall measure thee,  
 And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
 Highly timbered,  
 It is unhigh and low;  
 When thou art therein,  
 The heel-ways are low,  
 The side-ways unhigh.  
 The roof is built  
 Thy breast full nigh,  
 So thou shalt in mould  
 Dwell full cold,  
 Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
 And dark it is within;  
 There thou art fast detained  
 And Death hath the key.  
 Loathsome is that earth-house,  
 And grim within to dwell.  
 There thou shalt dwell,  
 And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
 And leavest thy friends;  
 Thou hast no friend,  
 Who will come to thee,  
 Who will ever see  
 How that house pleaseth thee;  
 Who will ever open  
 The door for thee,  
 And descend after thee;  
 For soon thou art loathsome  
 And hateful to see.



### KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES  
 EWALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the  
 lofty mast  
 In mist and smoke;  
 His sword was hammering so fast,  
 Through Gothic helm and brain it  
 passed;

Then sank each hostile hulk and  
 mast,  
 In mist and smoke.  
 'Fly!' shouted they, 'fly he who  
 can!  
 Who braves of Denmark's Chris-  
 tian  
 The stroke?'

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's  
 roar,  
 Now is the hour!  
 He hoisted his blood-red flag once  
 more,  
 And smote upon the foe full sore,  
 And shouted loud, through the  
 tempest's roar,  
 'Now is the hour!'  
 'Fly!' shouted they, 'for shelter  
 fly!  
 Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
 The power?'

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel  
rent

Thy murky sky !

Then champions to thine arms were  
sent ;

Terror and Death glared where he  
went ;

From the waves was heard a wail,  
that rent

Thy murky sky !

From Denmark, thunders Torden-  
skiol' ,

Let each to Heaven commend his  
soul,

And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !  
Dark-rolling wave !

Receive thy friend, who, scorning  
flight,

Goes to meet danger with despite,  
Proudly as thou the tempest's

might,

Dark-rolling wave !

And amid pleasures and alarms,  
And war and victory, be thine arms

My grave !



### THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
By an alehouse on the Rhine,

Four hale and hearty fellows,  
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their  
cups

Around the rustic board ;

Then sat they all so calm and still,  
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,

A Swabian raised his hand,

And cried, all hot and flushed with  
wine,

' Long live the Swabian land !

' The greatest kingdom upon earth  
Cannot with that compare ;  
With all the stout and hardy men  
And the nut-brown maidens  
there.'

' Ha ! ' cried a Saxon, laughing,  
And dashed his beard with wine ;

' I had rather live in Lapland,  
Than that Swabian land of thine !

' The goodliest land on all this  
earth,

It is the Saxon land !

There have I as many maidens  
As fingers on this hand !'

' Hold your tongues ! both Swabian  
and Saxon !'

A bold Bohemian cries ;

' If there's a heaven upon this earth,  
In Bohemia it lies.

' There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,

And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn.'

And then the landlord's daughter  
Up to Heaven raised her hand,

And said, ' Ye may no more con-  
tend,—

There lies the happiest land !'



### THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

' WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?  
Whither, with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou ?'

' I am the Wave of Life,  
Stained with my margin's dust ;  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly  
To the Sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time.'

# THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCK-  
MANN.

How they so softly rest,  
All they the holy ones,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near !  
How they so softly rest,  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep to corruption  
Slowly down-sinking !

And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still !  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies !  
And, by the cypresses  
Softly o'ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber !



# THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

'THE rivers rush into the sea,  
By castle and town they go ;  
The winds behind them merrily  
Their noisy trumpets blow.

'The clouds are passing far and  
high,  
We little birds in them play ;  
And everything, that can sing and  
fly,  
Goes with us, and far away.

'I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither,  
or whence,  
With thy fluttering golden  
band ?'—

'I greet thee, little bird ! To the  
wide sea  
I haste from the narrow land.

'Full and swollen is every sail ;  
I see no longer a hill,  
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,  
And it will not let me stand still.

'And wilt thou, little bird, go with us ?  
Thou mayest stand on the main-  
mast tall,  
For full to sinking is my house  
With merry companions all.'—

'I need not and seek not company,  
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;  
For the mainmast tall too heavy  
am I,  
Bonny boat, I have wings of my  
own.

'High over the sails, high over the  
mast,  
Who shall gainsay these joys ?  
When thy merry companions are  
still, at last,  
Thou shalt hear the sound of my  
voice.

'Who neither may rest, nor listen  
may,  
God bless them every one !  
I dart away, in the bright blue day,  
And the golden fields of the sun.

'Thus do I sing my weary song,  
Wherever the four winds blow ;  
And this same song, my whole life  
long,  
Neither Poet nor Printer may  
know.'



# WHITHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,  
Nor who the counsel gave ;  
But I must hasten downward,  
All with my pilgrim-stave ;



Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside ;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going ?  
Whither ? O brooklet, say !  
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur ?  
That can no murmur be ;  
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are  
singing  
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them  
murmur,  
And wander merrily near ;  
The wheels of a mill are going  
In every brooklet clear.

### BEWARE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
Take care !  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and  
brown,  
Take care !  
She gives a side-glance and looks  
down,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
Take care !  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom-as white as snow,  
Take care !  
She knows how much it is best to  
show,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair,  
Take care !  
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

### SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,  
When the bridal party  
To the church doth hie !  
Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,  
When, on Sabbath morning,  
Fields deserted lie !

Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;  
Tellet thou at evening,  
Bed-time draweth nigh !  
Bell ! thou soundest mournfully,  
Tellet thou the bitter  
Parting hath gone by !

Say ! how canst thou mourn ?  
How canst thou rejoice ?  
Thou art but metal dull !  
And yet all our sorrowings,  
And all our rejoicings,  
Thou dost feel them all !

God hath wonders many,  
Which we cannot fathom,  
Placed within thy form !  
When the heart is sinking,  
Thou alone canst raise it,  
Trembling in the storm !

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'HAST thou seen that lordly  
castle,  
That Castle by the Sea?  
Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.

'And fain it would stoop down-  
ward

To the mirrored wave below;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow.'

'Well have I seen that castle,  
That Castle by the Sea,  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly.'

'The winds and the waves of  
ocean,  
Had they a merry chime?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty  
chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel's  
rhyme?'

'The winds and the waves of  
ocean,  
They rested quietly,  
But I heard on the gale a sound of  
wail,  
And tears came to mine eye.'

'And sawest thou on the turrets  
The King and his royal bride?  
And the wave of their crimson  
mantles?  
And the golden crown of pride?'

'Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair?'

'Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride;  
They were moving slow, in weeds  
of woe,  
No maiden was by their side!'

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of  
Gladness,

When woods and fields put off all  
sadness.

Thus began the King and spake:  
'So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,  
A luxuriant Spring shall break.'

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly,  
From balcony the King looked  
on;

In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
Before the monarch's stalwart  
son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight.

'Sir Knight! your name and  
'scutcheon, say!'

'Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear;  
I am a Prince of mighty sway!'

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black  
with mists,

And the castle 'gan to rock;  
At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls  
glances;

Waves a mighty shadow in;  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around;  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

## Translations.

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To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every Knight and every Dame ;  
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,  
With mournful mind  
The ancient King reclined,  
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took :  
'Golden wine will make you whole !'  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank :  
'O, that draught was very cool !'

Each the father's breast embraces,  
Son and daughter ; and their faces  
Colourless grow utterly ;  
Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
He beholds his children die.

'Woe ! the blessed children both  
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;  
Take me, too, the joyless father !'  
Spake the grim Guest,  
From his hollow, cavernous breast :  
'Roses in the spring I gather !'

### SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land !  
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?  
Clouds in the evening sky more  
darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker  
on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, O thither,  
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection ! Tender morning  
visions  
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's  
pledge and band !  
Who in Life's battle firm doth  
stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate  
allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch  
doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land !

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## Ballads.

### THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

'SPEAK! speak! thou fearful  
guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armour drest,

Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,

Why dost thou haunt me?'

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
For this I sought thee.

'Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the gerfalcon;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

'Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow;

Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

'But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

'Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

'Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendour.

'I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

'Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

'While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

'She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and  
smiled,  
I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded?

'Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen!  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

'Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
When the wind failed us;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

'And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman's hail,  
Death without quarter!

Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!

'As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

'Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward.

'There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another!

'Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
O, death was grateful!

'Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool!* to the Northland! *skoal!*  
—Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE  
HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his  
little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of  
day,  
And her bosom white as the haw-  
thorn buds  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the  
helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering  
flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now  
South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,  
Had sailed the Spanish  
Main,  
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

'Last night the moon had a golden  
ring,  
And to-night no moon we see !'  
The skipper he blew a whiff from  
his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed  
he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the North-east,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like  
yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote  
again  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused, like a  
frighted steed,  
Then leaped her cable's  
length.

'Come hither ! come hither ! my  
little daughter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest  
gale  
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his sea-  
man's coat  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

'O father ! I hear the church-bells  
ring,  
O say, what may it be ?'  
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound  
coast !' —  
And he steered for the open  
sea.

'O father ! I hear the sound of  
guns,  
O say, what may it be ?'  
'Some ship in distress, that cannot  
live  
In such an angry sea !'

'O father ! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be ?'  
But the father answered never a  
word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and  
stark,  
With his face turned to the  
skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the  
gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her  
hands and prayed  
That saved she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who  
stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight  
dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and  
snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel  
swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's  
Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling  
surf  
On the rocks and the hard  
sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath  
her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the  
crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and  
fleecey waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks they gored her  
side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed  
in ice,  
With the masts went by the  
board;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove  
and sank,—  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-  
beach  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to a drifting  
mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her  
breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown  
sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hes-  
perus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like  
this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!



## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Of Edenhall the youthful Lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's  
call;  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revel-  
lers all,  
'Now bring me the Luck of Eden-  
hall!'

The butler hears the words with  
pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth  
again  
The drinking-glass of crystal tall:  
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: 'This glass to  
praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!'  
The graybeard with trembling  
hand obeys;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Eden-  
hall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves  
it light:  
'This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-  
Sprite;  
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth  
fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Eden-  
hall!*

'Twas right a goblet the fate  
should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
Deep draughts drink we right  
willingly;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the Luck of  
Edenhall!

First rings it deep, and full, and  
mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale;  
Then like the roar of a torrent  
wild;  
Then mutters at last like the  
thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

'For its keeper takes a race of  
might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
It has lasted longer than is right;  
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow  
than all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!'

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
And through the rift the wild  
flames start;  
The guests in dust are scattered all,  
With the breaking Luck of Eden-  
hall!

In storms the foe with fire and  
sword;  
He in the night had scaled the wall,  
Slain by the sword lies the youth-  
ful Lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal  
tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes  
alone,  
The graybeard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's buint skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Eden-  
hall.

'The stone wall,' saith he, 'doth  
fall aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and  
Pride;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the Luck of Eden-  
hall!'



## THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,  
Full seven miles broad and seven  
miles wide,  
But never, ah never, can meet with  
the man  
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside  
A Knight full well equipped;  
His steed was black, his helm was  
barred;  
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs  
Twelve little golden birds;  
Anon he spurred his steed with a  
clang,  
And there sat all the birds and  
sang.

He wore upon his mail  
Twelve little golden wheels;  
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,  
And round and round the wheels  
they flew.

He wore before his breast  
A lance that was poised in rest;  
And it was sharper than diamond-  
stone—  
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm  
A wreath of ruddy gold;  
And that gave him the Maidens  
Three—  
The youngest was fair to behold.



## Ballads.

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Sir Oluf questioned the Knight  
eftsoon

If he were come from Heaven  
down;

'Art thou Christ of Heaven?' quoth  
he,

'So will I yield me unto thee.'

'I am not Christ the Great,  
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;

I am an Unknown Knight,  
Three modest Maidens have me  
bedight.'

'Art thou a Knight elected,  
And have three Maidens thee  
bedight;

So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,  
For all the Maidens' honour!'

The first tilt they together rode  
They put their steeds to the  
test;

The second tilt they together  
rode

They proved their manhood  
best.

The third tilt they together rode,  
Neither of them would yield;

The fourth tilt they together  
rode

They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,  
And their blood runs unto death;

Now sit the Maidens in the high  
tower,

The youngest sorrows till death.

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# The Children of the Lord's Supper.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry, Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun Glanced like the tongues of fire beheld by Apostles aforetime. Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,

Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! With lips rosy-tinted Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest. Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbour Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection. Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed, (There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet, Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children, So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes, While all around at his feet an eternity slumbered in quiet. Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven, Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism. Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was

Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches. There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron. Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,

Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers. But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,

## The Children of the Lord's Supper.

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Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels  
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.  
Likewise the lustre of brass new-polished blinked from the ceiling,  
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled  
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.  
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,  
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.  
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,  
So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice  
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal  
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land  
Tuned to the choral of Luther. The song on its mighty pinions  
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,  
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.  
Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher  
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness  
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.  
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel  
Walked he among the crowds; but still a contemplative grandeur  
Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.  
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly  
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)  
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,  
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;  
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.  
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.  
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man  
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,  
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.  
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,  
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.  
Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel,  
Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,  
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming  
But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,  
Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,—  
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning  
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's  
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal  
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.  
Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,  
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.

## The Children of the Lord's Supper.

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Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,  
And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,  
Thorough, yet simple and clear—for sublimity always is simple,  
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.  
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches,  
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and warmed by the radiant sunshine  
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom  
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,  
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,  
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers  
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;—and straightway transfigured  
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.

Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment  
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher ; earthward de-  
scending

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent  
Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.  
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

'This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,  
This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye  
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.  
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom ;  
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendour  
Downward rains from the heaven ;—to-day on the threshold of childhood  
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,  
For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.  
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,  
Seed for the coming days ; without revocation departeth  
Now from your lips the confession ; bethink ye, before ye make answer !  
Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.  
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.  
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multitude hears you,  
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy  
Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge everlasting  
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside Him  
Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.  
Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created ?  
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united ?  
Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cherish  
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?  
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,  
Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,  
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness ?  
Will ye promise me this before God and man ?'—With a clear voice  
Answered the young men Yes !—and Yes ! with lips softly-breathing

## The Children of the Lord's Supper.

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Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the  
Teacher  
Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,  
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

'Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome ;  
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters !  
Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.  
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,  
Ruling them all as his Household,—forgiving in turn and chastising,  
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.  
Blest are the pure before God ! Upon purity and upon virtue  
Resteth the Christian Faith ; she herself from on high is descended.  
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sun of the doctrine  
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.  
O, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum  
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,  
O, how soon will ye come,—too soon !—and long to turn backward  
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illuminated, where Judgment  
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,  
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,  
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven !  
Seventy years have I lived already ; the Father eternal  
Gave me gladness and care ; but the loveliest hours of existence,  
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,  
Known them all again ;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.  
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,  
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's  
childhood.

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,  
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring billows  
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.  
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the desert  
Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself knoweth  
Naught of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful and humble,  
Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not reject her,  
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.—  
Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flieth incessant  
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.  
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit  
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward.  
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,  
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the  
flowerets,  
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd angels.  
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick for heaven  
Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are worship ;  
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.

## The Children of the Lord's Supper.

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Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,  
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,  
Then it is good to pray unto God ; for His sorrowing children  
Turns He ne'er from His door, but He heals and helps and consoles them.  
Yet it is better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,  
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune  
Kneels before the Eternal's throne ; and with hands interfolded,  
Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of blessings.  
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven ?  
What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has not received ?  
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs adoring  
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who  
Hung His masonry pendent on naught, when the world He created.  
Earth declareth His might, and the firmament utters His glory.  
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,  
Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke of midnight, millen-  
niums

Lay themselves down at His feet, and He sees them, but counts them as  
nothing.

Who shall stand in His presence ? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,  
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He speaks in His anger  
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.  
Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children ? This awful avenger,  
Ah ! is a merciful God ! God's voice was not in the earthquake,  
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.  
Love is the root of creation ; God's essence ; worlds without number  
Lie in His bosom like children ; He made them for this purpose only.  
Only to love and to be loved again, He breathed forth His spirit  
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its  
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.  
Quench, O quench not that flame ! It is the breath of your being.  
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother  
Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 'twas that you may be happy  
Gave He His only Son. When He bowed down His head in the death-  
hour

Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was completed.  
Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing  
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising  
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other  
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement !  
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.  
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;  
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection ;  
Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ;  
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.  
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy  
brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.

## *The Children of the Lord's Supper.*

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Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?  
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing  
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided  
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy  
brother?

Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter  
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness!  
Knowest thou Him who forgave with the crown of thorns on His  
temples?

Earnestly prayed for His foes, for His murderers? Say, dost thou know  
Him?

Ah! thou confessest His name, so follow likewise His example,  
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,  
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd  
Took the lost lamb in His arms, and bore it back to its mother.  
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.  
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals  
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,  
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.  
Hope,—so is called upon earth his recompense,—Hope, the befriending,  
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful  
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it  
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!  
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,  
Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,  
Him who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured,  
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.  
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,  
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.  
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,  
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation  
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh  
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours descending.  
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,  
Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.  
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous  
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,  
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than  
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide.  
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness  
Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who  
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until Death's  
hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?  
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only  
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading  
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,  
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its Father.

## The Children of the Lord's Supper.

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Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,  
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them ! I fear not before  
him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom  
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ; and face to face standing  
Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolluted by vapours ;  
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,  
Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all transfigured,  
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,  
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.  
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,  
Never forgets he the weary ;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter !  
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,  
Wander from holiness onward to holiness ; earth shall ye heed not ;  
Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you to heaven.  
God of the universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love everlasting,  
Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer to thy heaven.  
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,  
Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all like a father.  
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,  
Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word ; again may they know me,  
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,  
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,  
Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me !'

Weeping he spake in these words ; and now at the beck of the old man  
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.  
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly  
With him the children read ; at the close, with tremulous accents,  
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the day ; the following Sunday  
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.  
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his  
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while thoughts high  
and holy  
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful  
brightness.

'On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the grave-  
yard !

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,  
Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour is accom-  
plished.

Warm is the heart ;—I will ! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.  
What I began accomplish I now ; what failing therein is  
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.  
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven.  
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ?  
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.



## The Children of the Lord's Supper.

---

Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,  
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and trans-  
gressions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'Twas in the beginning  
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the  
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.  
Infinite is the fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise.

See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,  
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,  
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.  
Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms  
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,  
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,  
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.  
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,  
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all  
resplendent,

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.  
Downward to earth He came and, transfigured, thence reascended;  
Not from the heart in like wise, for there He still lives in the Spirit,  
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.  
Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.

Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting  
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.  
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed  
Lieh forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment  
Fruits of the earth ennoble to heavenly things, and removes all  
Sin and guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,  
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold  
flows

Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement  
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.  
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,  
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,  
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh  
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!  
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?  
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,  
'Yes!' with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,  
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:  
'O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,  
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!'  
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,  
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.  
O, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,  
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard  
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan  
to shiver.

## The Children of the Lord's Supper.

---

But in the children (I noted it well ; I knew it) there ran a  
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.  
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and  
    above it  
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen ; they saw there  
Radiant in glory the Father, and on His right hand the Redeemer.  
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold  
    clouds  
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and  
    their faces,  
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,  
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he  
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,  
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

# Miscellaneous Poems.

## THE VILLAGE BLACK-SMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

## ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity, —  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep  
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!

O drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,  
An angel touched its quivering strings;  
And whispers, in its song,  
'Where hast thou stayed so long?'



## THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,  
I wander through the world;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,  
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked,  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream,—  
away!

Too long did it remain!  
So long, that both by night and day

It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;  
To a grave so cold and deep  
The mother beautiful was brought;  
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe my eyes and see;  
And wander through the world  
once more,  
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—

Left me that vision mild;  
The brown is from the mother's hair,  
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening-red;  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead.



## IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.  
*Spanish Proverb.*

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west-wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ;—the buds, the  
leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding  
crest,  
And even the nest beneath the  
eaves ;—  
There are no birds in last year's  
nest !

All things rejoice in youth and  
love,  
The fulness of their first delight !  
And learn from the soft heavens  
above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple  
rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and  
Youth,  
To some good angel leave the  
rest ;  
For Time will teach thee soon the  
truth,  
There are no birds in last year's  
nest !

### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and  
dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never  
weary ;  
The vine still clings to the moulder-  
ing wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves  
fall,  
And the day is dark and  
dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and  
dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never  
weary ;

My thoughts still cling to the  
mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick  
in the blast,  
And the days are dark and  
dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease  
repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still  
shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and  
dreary.

### GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase,  
which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre !  
It is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within  
its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the  
sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed  
name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the  
grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered  
in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas ! no  
more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall  
rise again  
At the great harvest, when the  
archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the  
chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in  
immortal bloom  
In the fair gardens of that second  
birth,

And each bright blossom mingle  
its perfume  
With that of flowers which  
never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death,  
turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the  
seed we sow ;  
This is the field and Acre of our  
God,  
This is the place where human  
harvests grow !



### TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright  
and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !  
Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver ;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy  
stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands  
hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside  
thee,

And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name re-  
minds me

Of three friends, all true and  
tried ;

And that name, like magic, binds  
me

Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy re-  
members !

How like quivering flames they  
start,

When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River !  
That my spirit leans to thee ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.



### BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;  
He hears the crowd ;—he hears a  
breath

Say, ' It is Christ of Nazareth !'  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !*

The thronging multitudes increase ;  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;  
Until they say, ' He calleth thee !'  
*Θάρσει, ἔγχειται, φωνεῖ σε !*

Then saith the Christ, as silent  
stands

The crowd, ' What wilt thou at my  
hands ?'

And he replies, 'O give me light !  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's  
sight.'

And Jesus answers "Υπαγε"  
'Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
'Ιησού, ἐλέησόν με !  
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε !  
'Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !



### THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the  
brim ;  
And though my eyes with tears are  
dim,  
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands  
green,  
Conceal the goblet's shade or  
sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hip-  
pocrene,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash be-  
tween  
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious  
art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart  
When the deep fountains of the  
heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and  
crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun-im-  
browned  
Are in its waters steeped and  
drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous  
powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless  
mood ;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food ;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the coloured waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they  
give !

And he who has not learned to  
know  
How false its sparkling bubbles  
show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;  
Through all that dark and desper-  
ate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday  
night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light,—for strength to  
bear  
Our portion of the weight of care  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter  
leaf!

The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm,—the struggle,—the  
relief,

Then sleep we side by side.



### MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown  
eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath  
snares!

Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where  
slumbered

Birds and blossoms many-num-  
bered;—

Age, that bough with snows en-  
cumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that  
grows,

When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and  
ruth,

In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.



### EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling  
fast,

As through an Alpine village  
passed

A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and  
ice,

A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye be-  
neath

Flashed like a falchion from its  
sheath,

And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown  
tongue,

Excelsior!



In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and  
bright ;

Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior !

'Try not the Pass !' the old man  
said ;

'Dark lowers the tempest over-  
head,  
The roaring torrent is deep and  
wide !'

And loud that clarion voice re-  
plied,

Excelsior !

'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and  
rest

Thy weary head upon this breast !'  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior !

'Beware the pine-tree's withered  
branch !

Beware the awful avalanche !'  
This was the peasant's last Good-  
night.

A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled  
air,

Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange de-  
vice,

Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and  
gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior !



### MEZZO CAMMIN.

Written at Boppard, on the Rhine, August  
25, 1842, just before leaving for home.

HALF of my life is gone, and I have  
let

The years slip from me and have  
not fulfilled

The aspiration of my youth, to  
build

Some tower of song with lofty  
parapet.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor  
the fret

Of restless passions that would  
not be stilled,

But sorrow, and a care that  
almost killed,

Kept me from what I may ac-  
complish yet ;

Though, half-way up the hill, I see  
the Past

Lying beneath me with its sounds  
and sights,—

A city in the twilight dim and  
vast,

With smoking roofs, soft bells, and  
gleaming lights,—

And hear above me on \*the  
autumnal blast

The cataract of Death far thun-  
dering from the heights.

# Poems on Slavery.

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October, 1842. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

## TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
'Servant of God! well done!'

Well done! Thy words are great  
and bold;

At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and  
yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice that cried  
To John in Patmos, 'Write!'

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless  
Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!

## THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand;  
His breast was bare, his matted  
hair  
Was buried in the sand.

Again, in the mist and shadow of  
sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his  
dreams

The lordly Niger flowed;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed  
queen  
Among her children stand;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed  
his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand!—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his  
scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew;  
From morn till night he followed  
their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind  
grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyena scream,  
And the river-horse, as he crushed  
the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream ;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll  
of drums,  
Through the triumph of his  
dream.

The forests, with their myriad  
tongues,  
Shouted of liberty ;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried  
aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and  
smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day ;  
For Death had illumined the Land  
of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away !



THE GOOD PART THAT  
SHALL NOT BE TAKEN  
AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's  
side,  
In valleys green and cool ;  
And all her hope and all her pride  
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her  
girls  
With praise and mild rebukes ;  
Subduing e'en rude village churls  
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
Of One who came to save ;  
To cast the captive's chains aside  
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells  
When all men shall be free,  
And musical as silver bells  
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord  
In decent poverty,  
She makes her life one sweet record  
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all  
To break the iron bands  
Of those who waited in her hall  
And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern  
Sea  
Their outbound sails have sped,  
While she, in meek humility,  
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never  
cease,  
That clothe her with such grace ;  
Their blessing is the light of peace  
That shines upon her face.



THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL  
SWAMP.

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay ;  
He saw the fire of the midnight  
camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant Bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-  
worms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake ;  
Where waving mosses shroud the  
pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the  
poisonous vine  
Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could  
pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green  
morass  
He crouched in the rank and  
tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and  
lame;  
Great scars deformed his face ;  
On his forehead he bore the brand  
of shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled  
frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and  
fair,  
All things were glad and free ;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and  
there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing  
air  
With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of  
pain,  
From the morning of his birth ;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered  
grain,  
And struck him to the earth !

THE SLAVE SINGING AT  
MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of  
David !  
He, a Negro and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,  
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
In a voice so sweet and clear  
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
Such as reached the swart Egypt-  
ians,  
When upon the Red Sea coast  
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas in their prison  
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel  
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?  
And what earthquake's arm of  
might  
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

IN Ocean's wide domains,  
Half buried in the sands,  
Lie skeletons in chains,  
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
Deeper than plummet lies,  
Float ships, with all their crews,  
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
Freighted with human forms,  
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;  
They gleam from the abyss ;  
They cry from yawning waves,  
'We are the Witnesses !'

Within Earth's wide domains  
Are markets for men's lives ;  
Their necks are galled with chains,  
Their wrists are cramped with  
gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
In deserts makes its prey ;  
Murders, that with affright  
Scare school-boys from their  
play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;  
Anger, and lust, and pride ;  
The foulest, rankest weeds,  
That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;  
They glare from the abyss ;  
They cry from unknown graves,  
'We are the Witnesses !'

### THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail ;  
He waited for the rising moon  
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was  
tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers and  
spice  
Reached them from time to  
time,  
Like airs that breathe from Para-  
dise  
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of  
thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;  
The Slaver's thumb was on the  
latch,  
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, ' My ship at anchor rides  
In yonder broad lagoon ;  
I only wait the evening tides  
And the rising of the moon.'

Before them, with her face up-  
raised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large and full of  
light,  
Her arms and neck were bare ;  
No garment she wore save a kirtle  
bright,  
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a  
smile  
As holy, meek, and faint,  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint.

'The soil is barren,—the farm is  
old,'  
The thoughtful planter said ;  
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,  
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife  
With such accursed gains :  
For he knew whose passions gave  
her life,  
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too  
weak ;  
He took the glittering gold !  
Then pale as death grew the  
maiden's cheek,  
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
He led her by the hand,  
To be his slave and paramour  
In a strange and distant land !

## Poems on Slavery.

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### THE WARNING.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who  
tore

The lion in his path,—when,  
poor and blind,  
He saw the blessed light of heaven  
no more,

Shorn of his noble strength and  
forced to grind  
In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
His desperate hands, and in its  
overthrow

Destroyed himself, and with him  
those who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless  
woe ;

The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and  
jest of all,  
Expired, and thousands perished in  
the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in  
this land,

Shorn of his strength and bound  
in bonds of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise  
his hand,

And shake the pillars of this  
Commonweal,

Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and  
rubbish lies.

# The Spanish Student.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN }					<i>Students of Alcalá.</i>
HYPOLITO }					
THE COUNT OF LARA }					<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
DON CARLOS }					
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.					
A CARDINAL.					
BELTRAN CRUZADO . . . . .					<i>Count of the Gipsies.</i>
BARTOLOMÉ ROMÁN . . . . .					<i>A young Gipsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.					
PEDRO CRESPO . . . . .					<i>Alcalde</i>
PANCHO . . . . .					<i>Alguacil.</i>
FRANCISCO . . . . .					<i>Lara's Servant.</i>
CHISPA . . . . .					<i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
BALTASAR . . . . .					<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA . . . . .					<i>A Gipsy Girl.</i>
ANGÉLICA . . . . .					<i>A poor Girl.</i>
MARTINA . . . . .					<i>The Padre Cura's Niece.</i>
DOLORES . . . . .					<i>Preciosa's Maid.</i>
					<i>Gipsies, Musicians, &amp;c.</i>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking, and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

*Lara.* You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;  
How happened it?

*Don C.* I had engagements elsewhere.

Pray who was there?

*Lara.* Why, all the town and court.

The house was crowded; and the busy fans

Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies

Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi;

The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,

Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,

And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

*Don C.* What was the play?

*Lara.* It was a dull affair;  
One of those comedies in which you see,

As Lope says, the history of the world

Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,

Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,

Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,

'O, I am dead!' a lover in a closet,

An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,

A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,  
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,

Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

*Don C.* Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

## The Spanish Student.

*Lara.* And never better. Every  
footstep fell  
Aslightly as a sunbeam on the water.  
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

*Don C.* Almost beyond the privilege of woman !  
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.  
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—  
and her face

As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

*Lara.* May not a saint fall from  
her Paradise,

And be no more a saint ?

*Don C.* Why do you ask ?

*Lara.* Because I have heard it  
said this angel fell,  
And though she is a virgin out-  
wardly,

Within, she is a sinner ; like those  
panels

Of doors and altar-pieces the old  
monks

Painted in convents, with the Vir-  
gin Mary

On the outside, and on the inside  
Venus !

*Don C.* You do her wrong ;  
indeed, you do her wrong !

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

*Lara.* How credulous you are !

Why look you, friend,

There's not a virtuous woman in  
Madrid,

In this whole city ! And would  
you persuade me

That a mere dancing-girl, who  
shows herself,

Nightly, half naked, on the stage,  
for money,

And with voluptuous motions fires  
the blood

Of inconsiderate youth, is to be  
held

A model for her virtue ?

*Don C.* You forget  
She is a Gipsy girl.

*Lara.* And therefore won  
The easier.

*Don C.* Nay, not to be won at all !  
The only virtue that a Gipsy prizes  
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.  
Dearer than life she holds it. I  
remember

A Gipsy woman, a vile, shameless  
bawd,

Whose craft was to betray the  
young and fair ;

And yet this woman was above all  
bribes.

And when a noble lord, touched  
by her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her  
race,

Offered her gold to be what she  
made others,

She turned upon him with a look  
of scorn,

And smote him in the face !

*Lara.* And does that prove  
That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

*Don C.* It proves a nobleman  
may be repulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I  
believe

That woman, in her deepest degra-  
dation,

Holds something sacred, something  
undefiled,

Some pledge and keepsake of her  
higher nature,

And, like the diamond in the dark,  
retains

Some quenchless gleam of the  
celestial light !

*Lara.* Yet Preciosa would have  
taken the gold.

*Don C. (rising).* I do not think so.

*Lara.* I am sure of it.  
But why this haste ? Stay yet a  
little longer,

And fight the battles of your Dul-  
cinea.

*Don C.* 'Tis late. I must be-  
gone ; for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

*Lara.* Yes ; persuade me.



## The Spanish Student.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C. And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams, And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*]

Lara. Greater faith! I have the greatest faith; for I believe

Victorian is her lover. I believe That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter

Another, and another, and another, Chasing each other through her zodiac,

As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco, What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord. She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord; I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?

Fran. I saw him buy A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?

Fran. One so like it I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well. To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A street in Madrid.*

*Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

Chispa. Abrenuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cowkeeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

## The Spanish Student.

*First Mus.* Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

*Chispa.* Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

*First Mus.* Why so?

*Chispa.* Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run asfast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

*First Mus.* An Aragonese bagpipe.

*Chispa.* Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and then for leaving off?

*First Mus.* No, your honour.

*Chispa.* I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

*Second and Third Musicians.* We play the bandurria.

*Chispa.* A pleasing instrument. And thou?

*Fourth Mus.* The fife.

*Chispa.* I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

*Other Mus.* We are the singers, please your honour.

*Chispa.* You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—PRECIOSA's chamber.

*She stands at the open window.*

*Prec.* How slowly through the lilac-scented air

Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down

The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky;

And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade

The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.

And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,

Answer them from below!

### SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!

Far in yon azure deeps,

Hide, hide your golden light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!

Far down yon western steeps,

Sink, sink in silver light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodbine creeps,

Fold, fold thy pinions light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps

Watch! while in slumbers light

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

*Vict.* Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

*Prec.* I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!

Did no one see thee?

*Vict.* None, my love, but thou.

*Prec.* 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here

Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?

Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

*Vict.* Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.

Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,

When that dull distance shall no more divide us;

And I no more shall scale thy wall by night

To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

*Prec.* An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

*Vict.* And we shall sit together unmolested,

And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

*Prec.* That were a life to make time envious!

I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

*Vict.* Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so attired And garmented in beauty as to-night!

What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

*Prec.* Am I not always fair?

*Vict.* Ay, and so fair

That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

*Prec.* I heed them not;

When thou art present, I see none but thee!

*Vict.* There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes

Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

*Prec.* And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

*Vict.* Thou comest between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see! The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sara-bands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

*Prec.* In good sooth,

I dance with learned doctors of the schools

To-morrow morning.

*Vict.* And with whom, I pray?

*Prec.* A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

*Vict.* What mad jest

Is this?

*Prec.* It is no jest; indeed it is not.

*Vict.* Prithee, explain thyself.

*Prec.* Why, simply thus. Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

*Vict.* I have heard it whispered.

*Prec.* Now the Cardinal, Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold

With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop

Has sent for me—

*Vict.* That thou mayst dance before them!

Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe

The fire of youth into these gray old men!

'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

*Prec.* Saving one.

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,

## The Spanish Student.

And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

*Vict.* The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms ;  
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee

I gave my heart away !

*Prec.* Dost thou remember When first we met ?

*Vict.* It was at Córdoba,  
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting  
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

*Prec.* 'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,  
And then anon the great cathedral bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.  
We both of us fell down upon our knees.

Under the orange-boughs, and prayed together.  
I never had been happy till that moment.

*Vict.* Thou blessed angel !

*Prec.* And when thou wast gone  
I felt an aching here. I did not speak

To any one that day. But from that day

Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

*Vict.* Remember him no more.  
Let not his shadow  
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa !

I loved thee even then, though I was silent !

*Prec.* I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

*Vict.* That was the first sound in the song of love !

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings

Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,

And play the prelude of our fate.  
We hear

The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

*Prec.* That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings ?

*Vict.* So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.

As drops of rain fall into some dark well,

And from below comes a scarce audible sound,

So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,

And their mysterious echo reaches us.

*Prec.* I have felt it so, but found no words to say it !

I cannot reason ; I can only feel !  
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar ; and sometimes I think

We cannot walk together in this world !

The distance that divides us is too great !

Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars ;

I must not hold thee back.

*Vict.* Thou little sceptic !  
Dost thou still doubt ? What I most prize in woman

Is her affections, not her intellect !  
The intellect is finite ; but the affections

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Compare me with the great men of the earth ;

What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!

But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,—

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world,

Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,

Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,

But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp

As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

*Prec.* Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;

But not that I am worthy of that heaven.

How shall I more deserve it?

*Vict.* Loving more.

*Prec.* I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

*Vict.* Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands

Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,

And still do thirst for more.

*A Watchman (in the street).* Ave Maria

Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

*Vict.* Hear'st thou that cry?

*Prec.* It is a hateful sound, To scare thee from me!

*Vict.* As the hunter's horn Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds

The moor-fowl from his mate.

*Prec.* Pray, do not go!

*Vict.* I must away to Alcalá to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

*Prec.* Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

*Vict. (giving her a ring).* And to remind thee of my love, takethis,

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;

A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

*Prec.* It is an ancient saying, that the ruby

Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,

Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!

It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

*Vict.* What convent of bare-footed Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology?

*Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth).* Hush! hush!

Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

*Vict.* Good night! good night!

Thou art my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

*(He descends by the balcony.)*

*Prec.* Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

*Vict. (from the garden).* Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight

As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;

I am jealous of the perfumed air of night

That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

*Prec.* (throwing down her handkerchief). Thou silly child!

Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

*Vict.* And brings to me

Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as  
the soft wind

Wafts to the out-bound mariner the  
breath

Of the beloved land he leaves  
behind.

*Prec.* Make not thy voyage long.

*Vict.* To-morrow night

Shall see me safe returned. Thou  
art the star

To guide me to an anchorage.  
Good night!

My beauteous star! My star of  
love, good night!

*Prec.* Good night!

*Watchman* (at a distance). Ave  
Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road to  
Alcalá.* BALTASAR asleep on a  
bench. Enter CHISPA.

*Chispa.* And here we are, half-  
way to Alcalá, between cocks and  
midnight. Body o' me! what an  
inn this is! The lights out, and  
the landlord asleep. Holá! an-  
cient Baltasar!

*Bal.* (waking). Here I am.

*Chispa.* Yes, there you are, like  
a one-eyed Alcalde in a town with-  
out inhabitants. Bring a light, and  
let me have supper.

*Bal.* Where is your master?

*Chispa.* Do not trouble yourself  
about him. We have stopped a  
moment to breathe our horses;  
and, if he chooses to walk up and  
down in the open air, looking into  
the sky as one who hears it rain,  
that does not satisfy my hunger,  
you know. But be quick, for I am

in a hurry, and every man stretches  
his legs according to the length of  
his coverlet. What have we here?

*Bal.* (setting a light on the table).

Stewed rabbit.

*Chispa* (eating). Conscience of  
Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you  
mean!

*Bal.* And a pitcher of Pedro  
Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

*Chispa* (drinking). Ancient Bal-  
tasar, amigo! You know how to  
cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell  
you this is nothing but *Vino Tinto*  
of La Mancha, with a tang of the  
swine-skin.

*Bal.* I swear to you by Saint  
Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

*Chispa.* And I swear to you by  
Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it  
is no such thing. Moreover, your  
supper is like the *hidalgo's* dinner,  
very little meat and a great deal of  
tablecloth.

*Bal.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Chispa.* And more noise than  
nuts.

*Bal.* Ha! ha! ha! You must  
have your joke, Master Chispa.  
But shall I not ask Don Victorian  
in, to take a draught of the Pedro  
Ximenes?

*Chispa.* No; you might as well  
say, 'Don't-you-want-some?' to a  
dead man.

*Bal.* Why does he go so often to  
Madrid?

*Chispa.* For the same reason  
that he eats no supper. He is in  
love. Were you ever in love,  
Baltasar?

*Bal.* I was never out of it, good  
Chispa. It has been the torment  
of my life.

*Chispa.* What! are you on fire,  
too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall  
never be able to put you out.

*Vict.* (without). Chispa!

## The Spanish Student.

*Chispa.* Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

*Vict.* Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

*Chispa.* Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—VICTORIAN'S *chambers at Alcalá.* HYPOLITO *asleep in an armchair. He awakes slowly.*

*Hyp.* I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled

Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,

The only place in which one cannot find him

Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand.

Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument,

And make dull midnight merry with a song!

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in, I will shrive her from every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

*Vict.* Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

*Hyp.* What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

*Vict.* Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

*Hyp.* The same old tale Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, 'Come here, my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day.'

*Vict.* Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full

That I must speak.

*Hyp.* Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter

The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

*Vict.* Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,

Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gipsy girl we saw at Córdoba Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

*Hyp.* Thou meanest Preciosa.

*Vict.* Ay, the same. Thou knowest how her image

haunted me Long after we returned to Alcalá.

She's in Madrid.

*Hyp.* I know it.

*Vict.* And I'm in love.

*Hyp.* And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be In Alcalá.

*Vict.* O pardon me, my friend,  
If I so long have kept this secret  
from thee;

But silence is the charm that guards  
such treasures,

And, if a word be spoken ere the  
time,

They sink again, they were not  
meant for us.

*Hyp.* Alas! alas! I see thou art  
in love.

Love keeps the cold out better than  
a cloak.

It serves for food and raiment.  
Give a Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doña  
Luisa—

Thou knowest the proverb. But  
pray tell me, lover,

How speeds thy wooing? Is the  
maiden coy?

Write her a song, beginning with  
an *Ave*;

Sing as the monk sang to the  
Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare*

*Nec centenni commendare*

*Sciret Seraph studio!*

*Vict.* Pray, do not jest! This is  
no time for it!

I am in earnest!

*Hyp.* Seriously enamoured?  
What, ho! The Primus of great

Alcalá

Enamoured of a Gipsy? Tell me  
frankly,

How meanest thou?

*Vict.* I mean it honestly.

*Hyp.* Surely thou wilt not marry  
her!

*Vict.* Why not?

*Hyp.* She was betrothed to one  
Bartolomé,

If I remember rightly, a young  
Gipsy

Who danced with her at Córdoba.

*Vict.* They quarrelled,  
And so the matter ended.

*Hyp.* But in truth  
Thou wilt not marry her.

*Vict.* In truth I will.  
The angels sang in Heaven when  
she was born!

She is a precious jewel I have  
found

Among the filth and rubbish of the  
world.

I'll stoop for it; but when I wear  
it here,

Set on my forehead like the morn-  
ing star,

The world may wonder, but it will  
not laugh.

*Hyp.* If thou wear'st nothing  
else upon thy forehead,  
'Twill be indeed a wonder.

*Vict.* Out upon thee  
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray  
tell me,

Is there no virtue in the world?

*Hyp.* Not much.  
What, think'st thou, is she doing  
at this moment;

Now, while we speak of her?

*Vict.* She lies asleep,  
And from her parted lips her gentle  
breath

Comes like the fragrance from the  
lips of flowers.

Her tender limbs are still, and on  
her breast

The cross she prayed to, ere she  
fell asleep,

Rises and falls with the soft tide of  
dreams,

Like a light barge safe moored.

*Hyp.* Which means, in prose,  
She's sleeping with her mouth a  
little open!

*Vict.* O, would I had the old  
magician's glass

To see her as she lies in childlike  
sleep!



## The Spanish Student.

*Hyp.* And would'st thou venture?  
*Vict.* Ay, indeed I would!  
*Hyp.* Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected  
 How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?  
*Vict.* Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!  
 I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,  
 That could we, by some spell of magic, change  
 The world and its inhabitants to stone,  
 In the same attitudes they now are in,  
 What fearful glances downward might we cast  
 Into the hollow chasms of human life!  
 What groups should we behold about the death-bed,  
 Putting to shame the group of Niobe!  
 What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!  
 What stony tears in those congealed eyes!  
 What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!  
 What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!  
 What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!  
 What lovers with their marble lips together!  
*Hyp.* Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,  
 That is the very point I most should dread.  
 This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,  
 Might tell a tale were better left untold.  
 For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,  
 The Lady Violante, bathed in tears

Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,  
 Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,  
 Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,  
 Desertest for this Glauçè.  
*Vict.* Hold thy peace!  
 She cares not for me. She may wed another,  
 Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,  
 Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.  
*Hyp. (rising).* And so, good night! Good morning, I should say.

*(Clock strikes three.)*

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time  
 Knocks at the golden portals of the day!  
 And so, once more, good night!  
 We'll speak more largely  
 Of Preciosa when we meet again.  
 Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,  
 Shall show her to thee in his magic glass,  
 In all her loveliness. Good night!  
*[Exit.*  
*Vict.* Good night!  
 But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

*(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)*

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch  
 The changing colour of the waves that break  
 Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!  
 Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,

## The Spanish Student.

Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?

O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,

Juices of those immortal plants that bloom

Upon Olympus, making us immortal?

Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows,

Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,

And make the mind prolific in its fancies!

I have the wish, but want the will, to act!

Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words

Have come to light from the swift river of Time,

Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,

Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?

From the barred visor of Antiquity

Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,

As from a mirror! All the means of action—

The shapeless masses, the materials—

Lie everywhere about us. What we need

Is the celestial fire to change the flint

Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits

At evening in his smoky cot, and draws

With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.

The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,

And begs a shelter from the inclement night.

He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,

And, by the magic of his touch at once

Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,

And, in the eyes of the astonished clown

It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed

Rude popular traditions and old tales

Shine as immortal poems, at the touch

Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.

But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart

Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,

As from some woodland fount a spirit rises

And sinks again into its silent deeps

Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe!

'Tis this ideal that the soul of man, Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain,

Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;

Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters

Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many

Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,

But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!

Yet I, born under a propitious star, Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.

Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,

## The Spanish Student.

Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,  
Her gentle breathing! on my  
breast can feel  
The pressure of her head! God's  
benison  
Rest ever on it! Close those beau-  
teous eyes,

Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers  
that bloom at night  
With balmy lips breathe in her  
ears my name!

(*Gradually sinks asleep.*)

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—PRECIOSA'S *chamber.*  
*Morning.* PRECIOSA and AN-  
GELICA.

*Prec.* Why will you go so soon?  
Stay yet a while.  
The poor too often turn away un-  
heard  
From hearts they shut against  
them with a sound  
That will be heard in Heaven.  
Pray, tell me more  
Of your adversities. Keep nothing  
from me.

What is your landlord's name?

*Ang.* The Count of Lara.

*Prec.* The Count of Lara? O,  
beware that man!  
Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley  
with him!  
And rather die an outcast in the  
streets  
Than touch his gold.

*Ang.* You know him, then!

*Prec.* As much  
As any woman may, and yet be  
pure.  
As you would keep your name  
without a blemish,  
Beware of him!

*Ang.* Alas! what can I do?  
I cannot choose my friends. Each  
word of kindness,  
Come whence it may, is welcome  
to the poor.

*Prec.* Make me your friend. A  
girl so young and fair  
Should have no friends but those  
of her own sex.

What is your name?

*Ang.* Angelica.

*Prec.* That name  
Was given you, that you might be  
an angel

To her who bore you! When  
your infant smile

Made her home Paradise, you  
were her angel.

O, be an angel still! She needs  
that smile.

So long as you are innocent, fear  
nothing.

No one can harm you! I am a  
poor girl,

Whom chance has taken from the  
public streets.

I have no other shield than mine  
own virtue.

That is the charm which has pro-  
tected me!

Amid a thousand perils I have  
worn it

Here on my heart! It is my guar-  
dian angel.

*Ang. (rising).* I thank you for  
this counsel, dearest lady.

*Prec.* Thank me by following it.

*Ang.* Indeed I will.

*Prec.* Pray, do not go. I have  
much more to say.

*Ang.* My mother is alone. I  
dare not leave her.

*Prec.* Some other time, then,  
when we meet again.

You must not go away with words  
alone. (*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

*Ang.* I thank you, lady.

## The Spanish Student.

*Prec.* No thanks. To-morrow  
come to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the  
last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be  
yours,

If that can save you from the Count  
of Lara.

*Ang.* O, my dear lady! how  
shall I be grateful

For so much kindness?

*Prec.* I deserve no thanks;  
Thank Heaven, not me.

*Ang.* Both Heaven and you.

*Prec.* Farewell.  
Remember that you come again  
to-morrow.

*Ang.* I will. And may the  
Blessed Virgin guard you,  
And all good angels. [*Exit.*

*Prec.* May they guard thee too,  
And all the poor; for they have  
need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my  
basquiña,

My richest maja dress,—my danc-  
ing dress,

And my most precious jewels!  
Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me!  
I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

*Cruz.* Ave Maria!

*Prec.* O God! my evil genius!  
What seekest thou here to-day?

*Cruz.* Thyself,—my child.

*Prec.* What is thy will with me?

*Cruz.* Gold! gold!

*Prec.* I gave thee yesterday; I  
have no more.

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné,—  
give me his gold!

*Prec.* I gave the last in charity  
to-day.

*Cruz.* That is a foolish lie.

*Prec.* It is the truth.

*Cruz.* Curses upon thee! Thou  
art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and  
not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?  
*Prec.* To one

Who needs it more.

*Cruz.* No one can need it more.

*Prec.* Thou art not poor.

*Cruz.* What, I, who lurk about  
In dismal suburbs and unwhole-  
some lanes;

I, who am housed worse than the  
galley slave;

I, who am fed worse than the ken-  
nelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags—Bel-  
tran Cruzado,—

Not poor!

*Prec.* Thou hast a stout heart  
and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what  
wouldst thou more?

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné!  
give me his gold!

*Prec.* Beltran Cruzado! hear  
me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I  
had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all  
times,

Never denied thee; never had a  
wish

But to fulfil thine own. Now go  
in peace!

Be merciful, be patient, and ere long  
Thou shalt have more.

*Cruz.* And if I have it not,  
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in  
rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty  
food,

And live in idleness; but go with  
me,

Dance the Romalis in the public  
streets,

And wander wild again o'er field  
and fell;

For here we stay not long.

*Prec.* What! march again?

*Cruz.* Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!

Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,

The feeling of the breeze upon my face,

The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,

And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.

Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

*Prec.* God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

*Cruz.* Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román—

*Prec.* (with emotion). O, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life,

If my humility and meek submission

In all things hitherto, can move in thee

One feeling of compassion; if thou art

Indeed my father, and canst trace in me

One look of her who bore me, or one tone

That doth remind thee of her, let it plead

In my behalf, who am a feeble girl, Too feeble to resist, and do not force me

To wed that man! I am afraid of him!

I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee

To use no violence, nor do in haste What cannot be undone!

*Cruz.* O child, child, child! Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird

Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.

I will not leave thee here in the great city

To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready

To go with us; and until then remember

A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*

*Prec.* Woe is me! I have a strange misgiving in my heart!

But that one deed of charity I'll do, Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.

SCENE II.—*A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

*Arch.* Knowing how near it touched the public morals,

And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten

By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,

Beseeching that his Holiness would aid

In curing the gross surfeit of the time,

By seasonable stop put here in Spain

To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.

All this you know.

*Card.* Know and approve.

*Arch.* And further, That, by a mandate from his Holiness,

The first have been suppressed.

*Card.* I trust for ever.

It was a cruel sport.

*Arch.* A barbarous pastime,  
Disgraceful to the land that calls  
itself  
Most Catholic and Christian.

*Card.* Yet the people  
Murmur at this ; and, if the public  
dances  
Should be condemned upon too  
slight occasion,  
Worse ills might follow than the  
ills we cure.

As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry  
Among the Roman populace of old,  
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.  
Hence I would act advisedly here-  
in ;

And therefore have induced your  
Grace to see  
These national dances, ere we  
interdict them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

*Serv.* The dancing-girl, and with  
her the musicians  
Your Grace was pleased to order,  
wait without.

*Arch.* Bid them come in. Now  
shall your eyes behold  
In what angelic, yet voluptuous  
shape  
The Devil came to tempt Saint  
Anthony.

(*Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle  
thrown over her head. She  
advances slowly, in modest, half-  
timid attitude.*)

*Card.* (*aside*). O, what a fair  
and ministering angel  
Was lost to Heaven when this sweet  
woman fell !

*Prec.* (*kneeling before the ARCH-  
BISHOP*). I have obeyed the  
order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,  
I proffer this excuse, and here  
beseech  
Your holy benediction.

*Arch.* May God bless thee,  
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

*Card.* (*aside*). Her acts are  
modest, and her words discreet !  
I did not look for this ! Come  
hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa ?

*Prec.* Thus I am called.

*Card.* That is a Gipsy name.  
Who is thy father ?

*Prec.* Beltran Cruzado, Count of  
the Calés.

*Arch.* I have a dim remem-  
brance of that man ;  
He was a bold and reckless char-  
acter,

A sun-burnt Ishmael !

*Card.* Dost thou remember  
Thy earlier days ?

*Prec.* Yes ; by the Darro's side  
My childhood passed. I can re-  
member still

The river, and the mountains  
capped with snow ;  
The villages, where, yet a little  
child,

I told the traveller's fortune in the  
street :

The smuggler's horse, the brigand  
and the shepherd ;

The march across the moor ; the  
halt at noon ;

The red fire of the evening camp,  
that lighted

The forest where we slept ; and,  
further back,

As in a dream or in some former  
life,

Gardens and palace walls.

*Arch.* 'Tis the Alhambra,  
Under whose towers the Gipsy  
camp was pitched.

But the time wears ; and we would  
see thee dance.

*Prec.* Your Grace shall be  
obeyed.

(*She lays aside her mantilla. The  
music of the cachucha is played,*

*and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)*

SCENE III.—*The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening.* DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.

Don C. *Holá!* good evening, Don Hypolito.

Hyp. And a good evening to my friend Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.

I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C. I do;

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

Hyp. Some half-dozen ounces, Which, with due interest—

Don C. (*giving his purse*). What, am I a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury? Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse,

Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;

Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom, And with thy golden mouth remind me often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me, Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances

Of her dark roving eyes, as herdsmen catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill To be in love?

Hyp. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal; A creature of his own imagination;

A child of air; an echo of his heart; And, like a lily on a river floating,

She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common thing with poets. But who is

This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,

Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—

Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.

Who is it? Tell me.

Hyp. Well, it is a woman! But, look you, from the coffer of his heart

He brings forth precious jewels to  
adorn her,  
As pious priests adorn some  
favourite saint  
With gems and gold, until at length  
she gleams  
One blaze of glory. Without these,  
you know,  
And the priest's benediction, 'tis  
a doll.

*Don C.* Well, well! who is this  
doll?

*Hyp.* Why, who do you  
think?

*Don C.* His cousin Violante.

*Hyp.* Guess again.  
To ease his labouring heart, in the  
last storm  
He threw her overboard, with all  
her ingots.

*Don C.* I cannot guess; so tell  
me who it is.

*Hyp.* Not I.

*Don C.* Why not?

*Hyp. (mysteriously).* Why?  
Because Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of  
Salamanca!

*Don C.* Jestng aside, who is  
it?

*Hyp.* Preciosa.

*Don C.* Impossible! The Count  
of Lara tells me  
She is not virtuous.

*Hyp.* Did I say she was?  
The Roman Emperor Claudius had  
a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I  
think;

Valeria Messalina was her name.  
But hist! I see him yonder through  
the trees,

Walking as in a dream.

*Don C.* He comes this way.

*Hyp.* It has been truly said by  
some wise man,

That money, grief, and love cannot  
be hidden.

(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)

*Vict.* Where'er thy step has  
passed is holy ground!  
These groves are sacred! I behold  
thee walking  
Under these shadowy trees, where  
we have walked  
At evening, and I feel thy presence  
now;

Feel that the place has taken a  
charm from thee,  
And is for ever hallowed.

*Hyp.* Mark him well!  
See how he strides away with  
lordly air,

Like that odd guest of stone, that  
grim Commander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the  
play.

*Don C.* What ho! Victorian!

*Hyp.* Wilt thou sup with us?

*Vict.* Holá! amigos! Faith, I  
did not see you.

How fares Don Carlos?

*Don C.* At your service ever.

*Vict.* How is that young and  
green-eyed Gaditana

That you both wot of?

*Don C.* Ay, soft, emerald eyes!  
She has gone back to Cadiz.

*Hyp.* Ay de mí!

*Vict.* You are much to blame for  
letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender  
eyes

Just that soft shade of green we  
sometimes see

In evening skies.

*Hyp.* But, speaking of green  
eyes,

Are thine green?

*Vict.* Not a whit. Why so?

*Hyp.* I think

The slightest shade of green would  
be becoming,

For thou art jealous.

*Vict.* No, I am not jealous



## The Spanish Student.

*Hyp.* Thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Why?

*Hyp.* Because thou art in love,  
And they who are in love are  
always jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Marry, is that all?  
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell,  
Don Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous?

*Hyp.* Ay, in truth  
I fear there is reason. Be upon  
thy guard.

I hear it whispered that the Count  
of Lara

Lays siege to the same citadel.

*Vict.* Indeed!  
Then he will have his labour for his  
pains.

*Hyp.* He does not think so, and  
Don Carlos tells me  
He boasts of his success.

*Vict.* How's this, Don Carlos?

*Don C.* Some hints of it I heard  
from his own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's  
virtue,

As a gay man might speak.

*Vict.* Death and damnation!  
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his  
mouth,

And throw it to my dog! But no,  
no, no!

This cannot be. You jest, indeed  
you jest.

Trifle with me no more. For other-  
wise

We are no longer friends. And so,  
farewell! [*Exit.*]

*Hyp.* Now what a coil is here!  
The Avenging Child

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his  
death,

And the great Moor Calaynos,  
when he rode

To Paris for the ears of Oliver,  
Were nothing to him! O hot-  
headed youth!

But come; we will not follow.

Let us join

The crowd that pours into the  
Prado. There

We shall find merrier company; I  
see

The Marialonzos and the Alma-  
vivas,

And fifty fans, that beckon me  
already. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*PRECIOSA'S chamber.*

*She is sitting, with a book in her  
hand, near a table, on which are  
flowers. A bird singing in its  
cage. The COUNT OF LARA  
enters behind unperceived.*

*Prec. (reads).*

All are sleeping, weary heart!

Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.

I know not what it is makes me so  
restless!

*(The bird sings.)*

Thou little prisoner with thy motley  
coat,

That from thy vaulted, wiry  
dungeon singest,

Like thee I am a captive, and, like  
thee,

I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping weary heart!

Thou, thou only sleepless art!

All this throbbing, all this aching,

Evermore shall keep thee waking,

For a heart in sorrow breaking

Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and  
methinks

More hearts are breaking in this  
world of ours

Than one would say. In distant  
villages

And solitudes remote, where winds  
have wafted

The barbed seeds of love, or birds  
of passage

Scattered them in their flight, do  
they take root,  
And grow in silence, and in silence  
perish.

Who hears the falling of the forest  
leaf?

Or who takes note of every flower  
that dies?

Heigho! I wish Victorian would  
come.

Dolores!

(Turns to lay down her book, and  
perceives the COUNT.)

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found  
no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold—

Prec. (turning her back upon  
him). You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,

First hear me! I beseech you, let  
me speak!

'Tis for your good I come.

Prec. (turning toward him with  
indignation). Begone! be-  
gone!

You are the Count of Lara, but  
your deeds

Would make the statues of your  
ancestors

Blush on their tombs! Is it  
Castilian honour,

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in  
here

Upon a friendless girl, to do her  
wrong?

O shame! shame! shame! that  
you, a nobleman,

Should be so little noble in your  
thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my  
love,

And think to buy my honour with  
your gold!

I have no words to tell you how I  
scorn you!

Begone! The sight of you is hate-  
ful to me!

Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm  
you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!

Therefore beware! You are de-  
ceived in me.

In this false world we do not  
always know

Who are our friends and who our  
enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need  
friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at  
court

Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this

I owe the honour of the present  
visit,

You might have spared the coming.  
Having spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to  
myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly  
part to tell you

What strange reports are current  
here in town.

For my own self, I do not credit  
them;

But there are many who, not  
knowing you,

Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need

That you should take upon yourself  
the duty

Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues

Are ever busy with your name.

Prec. Alas!

I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,

## The Spanish Student.

Exposed to insults and unfeeling  
jests.

They wound me, yet I cannot shield  
myself.

I give no cause for these reports.  
I live

Retired; am visited by none.

*Lara.* By none?

O, then, indeed, you are much  
wronged!

*Prec.* How mean you?

*Lara.* Nay, nay; I will not  
wound your gentle soul

By the report of idle tales.

*Prec.* Speak out!

What are these idle tales? You  
need not spare me.

*Lara.* I will deal frankly with  
you. Pardon me;

This window, as I think, looks  
toward the street,

And this into the Prado, does it not?

In yon high house, beyond the  
garden wall,—

You see the roof there just above  
the trees,—

There lives a friend, who told me  
yesterday,

That on a certain night,—be not  
offended

If I too plainly speak,—he saw a  
man

Climb to your chamber window.  
You are silent!

I would not blame you, being young  
and fair—

*(He tries to embrace her. She  
starts back, and draws a dagger  
from her bosom.)*

*Prec.* Beware! beware! I am a  
Gipsy girl!

Lay not your hand upon me. One  
step nearer

And I will strike!

*Lara.* Pray you, put up that  
dagger.

Fear not.

*Prec.* I do not fear. I have  
a heart

In whose strength I can trust.

*Lara.* Listen to me.

I come here as your friend,—I am  
your friend,—

And by a single word can put a stop  
To all those idle tales, and make

your name  
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my

knees,  
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I

swear,  
I love you even to madness, and

that love  
Has driven me to break the rules

of custom,  
And force myself unasked into your

presence.

*(VICTORIAN enters behind.)*

*Prec.* Rise, Count of Lara! That  
is not the place

For such as you are. It becomes  
you not

To kneel before me. I am strangely  
moved

To see one of your rank thus low  
and humbled;

For your sake I will put aside all  
anger,

All unkind feeling, all dislike, and  
speak

In gentleness, as most becomes a  
woman,

And as my heart now prompts me.  
I no more

Will hate you, for all hate is, pain-  
ful to me.

But if, without offending modesty  
And that reserve which is a woman's

glory,  
I may speak freely, I will teach my

heart  
To love you.

*Lara.* O sweet angel!  
*Prec.* Ay, in truth,

Far better than you love yourself  
or me.

*Lara.* Give me some sign of  
this,—the slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

*Prec.* Nay, come no nearer.  
The words I utter are its sign and  
token.

Misunderstand me not! Be not  
deceived!

The love wherewith I love you is  
not such

As you would offer me. For you  
come here

To take from me the only thing I  
have,

My honour. You are wealthy, you  
have friends

And kindred, and a thousand plea-  
sant hopes

That fill your heart with happiness;  
but I

Am poor, and friendless, having  
but one treasure,

And you would take that from me,  
and for what?

To flatter your own vanity, and  
make me

What you would most despise. O  
sir, such love,

That seeks to harm me, cannot be  
true love.

Indeed it cannot. But my love for you  
is of a different kind. It seeks  
your good.

It is a holier feeling. It rebukes  
Your earthly passion, your unchaste  
desires,

And bids you look into your heart,  
and see

How you do wrong that better  
nature in you,

And grieve your soul with sin.

*Lara.* I swear to you,  
I would not harm you; I would  
only love you.

I would not take your honour, but  
restore it,

And in return I ask but some slight  
mark

Of your affection. If indeed you  
love me,

As you confess you do, O let me thus  
With this embrace—

*Vict. (rushing forward).* Hold!  
hold! This is too much.

What means this outrage?

*Lara.* First, what right have  
you

To question thus a nobleman of  
Spain?

*Vict.* I too am noble, and you  
are no more!

Out of my sight!

*Lara.* Are you the master here?

*Vict.* Ay, here and elsewhere,  
when the wrong of others

Gives me the right!

*Prec. (to LARA).* Go! I beseech  
you, go!

*Vict.* I shall have business with  
you, Count, anon!

*Lara.* You cannot come too  
soon! [*Exit.*

*Prec.* Victorian!  
O, we have been betrayed!

*Vict.* Ha! ha! betrayed!  
'Tis I have been betrayed, not

we!—not we!

*Prec.* Dost thou imagine—

*Vict.* I imagine nothing;  
I see how 'tis thou whilest the  
time away

When I am gone!

*Prec.* O speak not in that tone!  
It wounds me deeply.

*Vict.* 'Twas not meant to flatter.

*Prec.* Too well thou knowest the  
presence of that man

Is hateful to me!

*Vict.* Yet I saw thee stand  
And listen to him, when he told his  
love.

*Prec.* I did not heed his words.

*Vict.* Indeed thou didst,  
And answeredst them with love.

## The Spanish Student.

*Prec.* Hadst thou heard all—  
*Vict.* I heard enough.

*Prec.* Be not so angry with me.  
*Vict.* I am not angry; I am very calm.

*Prec.* If thou wilt let me speak—

*Vict.* Nay, say no more.  
I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gipsy marriages!  
Where is the ring I gave thee?

*Prec.* In my casket.

*Vict.* There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:  
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

*Prec.* I call the Heavens to witness—

*Vict.* Nay, nay, nay!  
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!

They are forsworn!

*Prec.* Victorian! dear Victorian!

*Vict.* I gave up all for thee;  
myself, my fame,  
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!

And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!

Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,

And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,

Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

*(He casts her from him and rushes out.)*

*Prec.* And this from thee!

*(Scene closes.)*

SCENE V.—*The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

*Lara.* There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,  
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!

I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me!

The fire that I have kindled—

*(Enter FRANCISCO.)*

Well, Francisco,  
What tidings from Don Juan?

*Fran.* Good, my lord;  
He will be present.

*Lara.* And the Duke of Lermos?

*Fran.* Was not at home.

*Lara.* How with the rest?

*Fran.* I've found  
The men you wanted. They will all be there,

And at the given signal raise a whirlwind

Of such discordant noises, that the dance

Must cease for lack of music.

*Lara.* Bravely done.  
Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet

*Preciosa,*  
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close

Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*

*Vict.* O shame! O shame!  
Why do I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,

And voices, and familiar sights and sounds

Cry 'Hide thyself!' O what a thin partition

Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge

## The Spanish Student.

Of evil deeds that have been done  
in darkness!

Disgrace has many tongues. My  
fears are windows,  
Through which all eyes seem  
gazing. Every face  
Expresses some suspicion of my  
shame,  
And in derision seems to smile at  
me!

*Hyp.* Did I not caution thee?

Did I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her  
virtue?

*Vict.* And yet, Hypolito, we  
may be wrong,

We may be over-hasty in con-  
demning!

The Count of Lara is a cursed  
villain.

*Hyp.* And therefore is she  
cursed, loving him.

*Vict.* She does not love him!

'Tis for gold! for gold!

*Hyp.* Ay, but remember, in the  
public streets

He shows a golden ring the Gipsy  
gave him,

A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

*Vict.* She had that ring from  
me! God! she is false!

But I will be revenged! The hour  
is passed.

Where stays the coward?

*Hyp.* Nay, he is no coward;  
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a  
coward.

I've seen him play with swords; it  
is his pastime.

And therefore be not over-con-  
fident,

He'll task thy skill anon. Look,  
here he comes.

(*Enter LARA followed by FRAN-  
CISCO.*)

*Lara.* Good evening, gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Good evening, Count.

*Lara.* I trust I have not kept  
you long in waiting.

*Vict.* Not long, and yet too  
long. Are you prepared?

*Lara.* I am.

*Hyp.* It grieves me much  
to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there  
no way

Left open to accord this difference,  
But you must make one with your  
swords?

*Vict.* No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,  
Stand not between me and my foe.

Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let  
these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard,  
Sir Count!

(*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms  
the COUNT.*)

Your life is mine; and what shall  
now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its  
account?

*Lara.* Strike! strike!

*Vict.* You are disarmed.

I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up  
your sword.

(*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his  
sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.*)

*Hyp.* Enough! Let it end here!

The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man,  
and Victorian

A generous one, as ever. Now be  
friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak  
frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight  
a thing

To move you to extremes.

*Lara.* I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,  
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

*Vict.* Nay, something more than that.

*Lara.* I understand you. Therein I did not mean to cross your path.  
To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,  
Never would I have sought to win her from you.

The truth stands now revealed; she has been false

To both of us.

*Vict.* Ay, false as hell itself!

*Lara.* In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;  
And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

*Vict.* Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out  
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

*Lara.* You shall know all. Here is my page, who was the messenger

Between us. Question him. Was it not so,

Francisco?

*Fran.* Ay, my lord.

*Lara.* If further proof  
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

*Vict.* Pray let me see that ring!  
It is the same!

(*Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.*)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!

Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused!

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,

Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell!

*Hyp.* Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*]

*Lara.* Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won! [*Exit with FRANCISCO.*]

SCENE VII.—*A lane in the suburbs.*  
*Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

*Cruz.* And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

*Bart.* In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

*Cruz.* And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

*Bart.* There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little

friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

*Cruz.* Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

*Bart.* First tell me what keeps thee here?

*Cruz.* Preciosa.

*Bart.* And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise!

*Cruz.* The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

*Bart.* I hear she has a Busné lover.

*Cruz.* That is nothing.

*Bart.* I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

*Cruz.* Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

*Bart.* Meanwhile, show me her house.

*Cruz.* Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

*Bart.* No matter. Show me the house. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE VIII.—*The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of 'Brava!' and '¡Fuera!' She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

---

SCENE IX.—*The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

*Lara.* So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!

You have stood by me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

*Don J.* Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began,

And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!

Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom

Tumultuous as the sea!

*Don L.* I pitied her.

*Lara.* Her pride is humbled; and this very night

I mean to visit her.

*Don J.* Will you serenade her?

*Lara.* No music! no more music!

*Don L.* Why not music? It softens many hearts.

*Lara.* Not in the humour She now is in. Music would madden her.

*Don J.* Try golden cymbals.

*Don L.* Yes, try Don Dinero; A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

*Lara.* To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa.

(*They rise and drink.*)

*All.* Preciosa!

*Lara (holding up his glass).*

Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen

My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion



Caught from my lips, with red and  
fiery tongue,  
Her precious name ! O never more  
henceforth  
Shall mortal lips press thine ; and  
never more  
A mortal name be whispered in  
thine ear.  
Go ! keep my secret !

*(Drinks and dashes the goblet  
down.)*

Don J.                      Itē ! missa est !

*(Scene closes.)*

SCENE X.—*Street and garden wall.*  
*Night. Enter CRUZADO and  
BARTOLOMÉ.*

Cruz. This is the garden wall,  
and above it, yonder, is her house.  
The window in which thou seest  
the light is her window. But we  
will not go in now.

Bart. Why not ?

Cruz. Because she is not at  
home.

Bart. No matter ; we can wait.  
But how is this ? The gate is  
bolted. *(Sound of guitars and  
voices in a neighbouring street.)*  
Hark ! There comes her lover with  
his infernal serenade ! Hark !

SONG.

Good night ! Good night, beloved !  
I come to watch o'er thee !  
To be near thee,—to be near thee,  
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
Thy lips are crimson flowers !  
Good night ! Good night, beloved,  
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this  
way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG *(coming nearer).*

Ah ! thou moon that shinest  
Argent-clear above !  
All night long enlighten  
My sweet lady-love !  
Moon that shinest,  
All night long enlighten !

Bart. Woe be to him, if he  
comes this way !

Cruz. Be quiet, they are  
passing down the street.

SONG *(dying away).*

The nuns in the cloister  
Sang to each other ;  
For so many sisters  
Is there not one brother !  
Ay, for the partridge, mother !  
The cat has run away with the  
partridge !  
Puss ! puss ! puss !

Bart. Follow that ! follow that !  
Come with me. Puss ! puss !

*(Exeunt. On the opposite side  
enter the COUNT OF LARA and  
gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.)*

Lara. The gate is fast. Over  
the wall, Francisco,  
And draw the bolt. There, so, and  
so, and over.

Now, gentlemen, come in, and help  
me scale

Yon balcony. How now ? Her  
light still burns.

Move warily. Make fast the gate,  
Francisco.

*(Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and  
BARTOLOMÉ.)*

Bart. They went in at the gate.  
Haik ! I hear them in the garden.  
*(Tries the gate.)* Bolted again !  
Vive Cristo ! Follow me over the  
wall. *(They climb the wall.)*

## The Spanish Student.

SCENE XI.—*PRECIOSA'S bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an armchair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.*

*Dol.* She sleeps at last!

*(Opens the window, and listens.)*

All silent in the street,  
And in the garden. Hark!

*Prec. (in her sleep).* I must go hence!

Give me my cloak!

*Dol.* He comes! I hear his footsteps.

*Prec.* Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;  
I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever

That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.

I am too weak to dance.

*(Signal from the garden.)*

*Dol. (from the window).* Who's there?

*Voice (from below).* A friend.  
*Dol.* I will undo the door.

Wait till I come.

*Prec.* I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye. I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

*(She wakes.)*

How late is it, Dolores?

*Dol.* It is midnight.

*Prec.* We must be patient.  
Smooth this pillow for me.

*(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)*

*Voice.* Muera!

*Another Voice.* O villains! villains!

*Lara.* So! have at you!

*Voice.* Take that!

*Lara.* O, I am wounded!

*Dol. (shutting the window).*  
Jesu Maria!

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!  
Enemy  
Of all that mankind may not rue!  
Most untrue  
To him who keeps most faith with thee.  
Woe is me!

The falcon has the eyes of the dove.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

*Vict.* Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes

Arcadian;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house  
about

With tapestries, that make its walls  
dilate

In never-ending vistas of delight.

*Hyp.* Thinking to walk in those  
Arcadian pastures,

Thou hast run thy noble head  
against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits  
Give us clearly to comprehend  
Whither tend  
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!  
They are cheats,  
Thorns below and flowers above.  
Ah, Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

*Vict.* A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

*Hyp.* It suits thy case.

*Vict.* Indeed, I think it does.  
What wise man wrote it?

*Hyp.* Lopez Maldonado.

*Vict.* In truth, a pretty song.

*Hyp.* With much truth in it.  
I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

*Vict.* I will forget her! All dear recollections  
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,  
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!

I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my name,

And she will say, 'He was indeed my friend!'

O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,

And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever

To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

*Hyp.* Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

*Vict.* Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword

That pierces me; for, like Excalibur,

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that grasps it,

And waves it in the air; and wailing voices

Are heard along the shore.

*Hyp.* And yet at last  
Down sank Excalibur to rise no more.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.  
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,

To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of lusty health

To talk of dying.

*Vict.* Yet I fain would die!  
To go through life, unloving and unloved;

To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul

We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,

And struggle after something we have not

And cannot have; the effort to be strong;

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,

While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;

All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone!

Would I were with them!

*Hyf.* We shall all be soon.

*Vict.* It cannot be too soon; for  
I am weary  
Of the bewildering masquerade of  
Life,  
Where strangers walk as friends,  
and friends as strangers;  
Where whispers overheard betray  
false hearts;  
And through the mazes of the  
crowd we chase  
Some form of loveliness, that  
smiles, and beckons,  
And cheats us with fair words,  
only to leave us  
A mockery and a jest; maddened,  
—confused,—

Not knowing friend from foe.

*Hyf.* Why seek to know?  
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy  
youth!

Take each fair mask for what it  
gives itself,  
Nor strive to look beneath it.

*Vict.* I confess,  
That were the wiser part. But  
Hope no longer  
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched

man,  
Much like a poor and shipwrecked  
mariner,  
Who, struggling to climb up into  
the boat,

Has both his bruised and bleeding  
hands cut off,  
And sinks again into the weltering  
sea

Helpless and hopeless!

*Hyf.* Yet thou shalt not perish.  
The strength of thine own arm is  
thy salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted  
clouds, there shines  
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust  
thy star!

*(Sound of a village bell in the  
distance.)*

*Vict.* Ave Maria! I hear the  
sacristan

Ringing the chimes from yonder  
village belfry!

A solemn sound, that echoes far  
and wide

Over the red roofs of the cottages,  
And bids the labouring hind a-field,  
the shepherd,

Guarding his flock, the lonely  
muleteer,

And all the crowd in village streets,  
stand still,

And breathe a prayer unto the  
blessed Virgin!

*Hyf.* Amen! amen! Not half  
a league from hence

The village lies.

*Vict.* This path will lead us to it,  
Over the wheat-fields, where the  
shadows sail

Across the running sea, now green,  
now blue,

And, like an idle mariner on the  
main,

Whistles the quail. Come, let us  
hasten on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Public square in the  
village of Guadarrama. The Ave  
Maria still tolling. A crowd  
of villagers, with their hats in  
their hands, as if in prayer. In  
front, a group of Gipsies. The  
bell rings a merrier peal. A  
Gipsy dance. Enter PANCHO,  
followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

*Pancho.* Make room, ye vaga-  
bonds and Gipsy thieves!  
Make room for the Alcalde and for  
me!

*Pedro C.* Keep silence all! I  
have an edict here  
From our most gracious lord, the  
King of Spain,  
Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,

Which I shall publish in the  
market-place.

Open your ears and listen !

*(Enter the PADRE CURA at the  
door of his cottage.)*

Padre Cura,  
Good day! and, pray you, hear  
this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God  
be with you! Pray, what is it?

Pedro C. An act of banishment  
against the Gipsies!

*(Agitation and murmurs in the  
crowd.)*

Pancho. Silence!

Pedro C. *(reads)*. 'I hereby  
order and command,  
That the Egyptian and Chaldean  
strangers,

Known by the name of Gipsies,  
shall henceforth

Be banished from the realm, as  
vagabonds

And beggars; and if, after seventy  
days,

Any be found within our kingdom's  
bounds,

They shall receive a hundred lashes  
each;

The second time, shall have their  
ears cut off;

The third, be slaves for life to him  
who takes them,

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I,  
the King.'

Vile miscreants and creatures un-  
baptized!

You hear the law! Obey and dis-  
appear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days  
you are not gone,  
Dead or alive I make you all my  
slaves.

*(The Gipsies go out in confusion,  
showing signs of fear and dis-  
content. PANCHO follows.)*

Padre C. A righteous law! A  
very righteous law!

Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

*(They seat themselves on a bench at  
the PADRE CURA's door. Sound  
of guitars heard at a distance,  
approaching during the dialogue  
which follows.)*

A very righteous judgment, as you  
say.

Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you  
know all things,—

How came these Gipsies into  
Spain?

Padre C. Why, look you;  
They came with Hercules from  
Palestine,

And hence are thieves and va-  
grants, Sir Alcalde,

As the Simoniacs from Simon  
Magus.

And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda  
says,

There are a hundred marks to prove  
a Moor

Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the  
Gipsies.

They never marry, never go to  
mass,

Never baptize their children, nor  
keep Lent,

Nor see the inside of a church,—  
nor—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good,  
substantial reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-five.  
They should be burnt, I see it plain

enough,—  
They should be burnt.

*(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO  
playing.)*

Padre C. And pray, whom have  
we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By  
Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

## The Spanish Student.

*Hyp.* Good evening, gentlemen!  
Is this Guadarrama?

*Padre C.* Yes, Guadarrama, and  
good evening to you.

*Hyp.* We seek the Padre Cura  
of the village;  
And, judging from your dress and  
reverend mien,  
You must be he.

*Padre C.* I am. Pray, what's  
your pleasure?

*Hyp.* We are poor students,  
travelling in vacation.  
You know this mark?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his  
hat-band.*)

*Padre C. (joyfully).* Ay, know  
it, and have worn it.

*Pedro C. (aside).* Soup-eaters!  
by the mass! The worst of  
vagrants!

And there's no law against them.  
Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*]

*Padre C.* Your servant, Pedro  
Crespo.

*Hyp.* Padre Cura,  
From the first moment I beheld  
your face,  
I said within myself, 'This is the  
man!'

There is a certain something in  
your looks,  
A certain scholar-like and studious  
something,—

You understand,—which cannot be  
mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned  
man,

In fine, as one of us.

*Vict. (aside).* What impudence!

*Hyp.* As we approached, I said  
to my companion,  
'That is the Padre Cura; mark my  
words!'

Meaning your Grace. 'The other  
man,' said I,

'Who sits so awkwardly upon the  
bench,

Must be the sacristan.'

*Padre C.* Ah! said you so?  
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the  
alcalde!

*Hyp.* Indeed! you much as-  
tonish me! His air  
Was not so full of dignity and grace  
As an alcalde's should be.

*Padre C.* That is true.  
He's out of humour with some  
vagrant Gipsies,  
Who have their camp here in the  
neighbourhood.

There's nothing so undignified as  
anger.

*Hyp.* The Padre Cura will ex-  
cuse our boldness,  
If, from his well-known hospitality,  
We crave a lodging for the night.

*Padre C.* I pray you!  
You do me honour! I am but too  
happy

To have such guests beneath my  
humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion  
To speak with scholars; and

*Emollit mores,*

*Nec sinit esse feros,* Cicero says.

*Hyp.* 'Tis Ovid, is it not?

*Padre C.* No, Cicero.

*Hyp.* Your Grace is right. You  
are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think  
it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

*Padre C.* Pass this way.  
He was a very great man, was  
Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no cere-  
mony. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the PADRE  
CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE  
and HYPOLITO.*

*Padre C.* So then, Señor, you  
come from Alcalá.

## The Spanish Student.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

*Hyp.* And left behind an honoured name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

*Padre C.* Gerónimo De Santillana, at your Honour's service.

*Hyp.* Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

*Padre C.* From the Marquis, Not from the poet.

*Hyp.* Why, they were the same. Let me embrace you! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá, And our professor, when we are unruly, Will shake his hoary head, and say, 'Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!

*Padre C.* I did not think my name remembered there.

*Hyp.* More than remembered; it is idolized.

*Padre C.* Of what professor speak you?

*Hyp.* Timoneda.

*Padre C.* I don't remember any Timoneda.

*Hyp.* A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

*Padre C.* Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days, Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!

I had not buried then so many hopes!

I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turned my back on what was then before me;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

*Hyp.* Cueva? Cueva?

*Padre C.* Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

*Hyp.* I should not like to try my strength with you.

*Padre C.* Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

*Hyp.* You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emolli't mores.* (Aside.)

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

*Mart.* Servant, sir.

*Padre C.* This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

*Mart.* 'Twill be ready soon.

*Padre C.* And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me.

[Exit.]

*Hyp.* Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!

To-day there have been Gipsies in the village.

Is it not so?

*Mart.* There have been Gipsies here.

*Hyp.* Yes, and have told your fortune.

## The Spanish Student.

*Mart. (embarrassed).* Told my fortune?

*Hyp.* Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was it not?

*Mart. (surprised).* How know you that?

*Hyp.* O, I know more than that.

What a soft little hand! And then they said,

A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall

And rich, should come one day to marry you,

And you should be a lady. Was it not?

He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

*(Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.)*

*Vict.* The muleteer has come.

*Hyp.* So soon?

*Vict.* I found him sitting at supper by the tavern door,

And, from a pitcher that he held aloft

His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

*Hyp.* What news from Court?

*Vict.* He brought this letter only.

*(Reads.)*

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let That lying tongue deceive me!

Preciosa,

Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

*Hyp.* What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,

And thy hand tremble?

*Vict.* O, most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

*Hyp.* That is no news, forsooth.

*Vict.* He strove in vain To steal from me the jewel of my soul,

The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,

He swore to be revenged; and set on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.

She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,

Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,

She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,

Housing with Gipsies!

*Hyp.* To renew again The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains

Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.

*Redit et Virgo!*

*Vict.* Dear Hypolito, How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!

I will go seek for her; and with my tears

Wash out the wrong I've done her!

*Hyp.* O beware!

Act not that folly o'er again.

*Vict.* Ay, folly, Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,

I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!

Still fondly love her!

*(Enter the PADRE CURA.)*

*Hyp.* Tell us, Padre Cura, Who are these Gipsies in the neighbourhood?



## The Spanish Student.

*Padre C.* Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

*Vict.* Kind Heaven,  
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

*Hyp.* And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,  
Called Preciosa?

*Padre C.* Ay, a pretty girl. The gentleman seems moved.

*Hyp.* Yes, moved with hunger, He is half famished with this long day's journey.

*Padre C.* Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.*

*Chispa.* Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I too should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gipsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(*Enter DON CARLOS.*)

*Don C.* Are not the horses ready yet?

*Chispa.* I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses!

horses! horses! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.*)

*Mosg.* Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

*Chispa.* Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

*Mosg.* You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

*Chispa.* Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

*Mosg.* No; she has a beard.

*Chispa.* Go to! go to!

*Mosg.* Are you from Madrid?

*Chispa.* Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

*Mosg.* What's the news at Court?

*Chispa.* Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip. (*Strikes him round the legs.*)

*Mosg.* Oh! oh! you hurt me!

*Don C.* Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to MOSQUITO.*) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gipsies passed this way of late?

*Mosg.* Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

*Don C.* And where?

*Mosg.* Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama.

[*Exit.*]

*Don C.* Now this is lucky! We will visit the Gipsy camp.

*Chispa.* Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

*Don C.* Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

*Chispa.* And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

## The Spanish Student.

*Don C.* I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

*Chispa.* Among the Squires?

*Don C.* No; among the Gipsies, blockhead!

*Chispa.* I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Gipsy camp in the forest. Night. Gipsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

*Gipsies (at the forge sing).*

On the top of a mountain I stand,  
With a crown of red gold in my hand,  
Wild Moors come trooping over the  
lea,

O how from their fury shall I flee, flee,  
flee?

O how from their fury shall I flee?

*First Gipsy (playing).* Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

*Gipsies (at the forge sing).*

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,  
And thus his ditty ran;  
God send the Gipsy lassie here,  
And not the Gipsy man.

*First Gipsy (playing).* There you are in your morocco!

*Second Gipsy.* One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

*First Gipsy.* Have at you, Chirelin.

*Gipsies (at the forge sing).*

At midnight, when the moon began  
To show her silver flame,  
There came to him no Gipsy man,  
The Gipsy lassie came.

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

*Cruz.* Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

*Gipsies.* Ay!

*Cruz. (to the left).* And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

*Gipsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

*Gipsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

*Gipsies.* Ay! ay!

*Cruz.* Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.*)

*Prec.* How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees  
The red light of the forge! Wild,  
beckoning shadows  
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon  
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,  
Then flitting into darkness! So within me

Strange hopes and fears do beckon  
to each other,  
My brightest hopes giving dark  
fears a being  
As the light does the shadow. Woe  
is me!  
How still it is about me, and how  
lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ *rushes in.*)

*Bart.* Ho! Preciosa!

*Prec.* O Bartolomé!  
Thou here?

*Bart.* Lo! I am here.

*Prec.* Whence comest thou?

*Bart.* From the rough ridges of  
the wild Sierra,  
From caverns in the rocks, from  
hunger, thirst,  
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the  
sheepfold

Come I for thee, my lamb.

*Prec.* O touch me not!  
The Count of Lara's blood is on  
thy hands!

The Count of Lara's curse is on  
thy soul!

Do not come near me! Pray, be-  
gone from here!

Thou art in danger! They have  
set a price

Upon thy head!

*Bart.* Ay, and I've wandered  
long

Among the mountains; and for  
many days

Have seen no human face, save  
the rough swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my  
sole companions.

I shouted to them from the rocks  
thy name,

And the loud echo sent it back to  
me,

Till I grew mad. I could not stay  
from thee,

And I am here! Betray me, if thou  
wilt.

*Prec.* Betray thee? I betray  
thee?

*Bart.* Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus  
brave death!

Fly with me o'er the borders of  
this realm!

Fly with me!

*Prec.* Speak of that no more.  
I cannot.

I'm thine no longer.

*Bart.* O, recall the time  
When we were children! how we  
played together,

How we grew up together; how  
we plighted

Our hearts unto each other, even  
in childhood!

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has  
come.

I'm hunted from the kingdom, like  
a wolf!

Fulfil thy promise.

*Prec.* 'Twas my father's promise,  
Not mine. I never gave my heart  
to thee,

Nor promised thee my hand!

*Bart.* False tongue of woman!  
And heart more false!

*Prec.* Nay, listen unto me.  
I will speak frankly. I have never  
loved thee;

I cannot love thee. This is not  
my fault,

It is my destiny. Thou art a man  
Restless and violent. What wouldst

thou with me,  
A feeble girl, who have not long to  
live,

Whose heart is broken? Seek  
another wife,

Better than I, and fairer; and let not  
Thy rash and headlong moods

estrangle her from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless  
passion.

I never sought thy love; never did  
ought

## The Spanish Student.

To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,  
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,  
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.

Beware, beware of that.

*Bart.* For thy dear sake I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

*Prec.* Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

*Bart.* Come, come with me.

*Prec.* Hark! I hear footsteps.

*Bart.* I entreat thee, come!

*Prec.* Away! It is in vain.

*Bart.* Wilt thou not come?

*Prec.* Never!

*Bart.* Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [*Exit.*]

*Prec.* All holy angels keep me in this hour!

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!

Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!

Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!

Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,

And be at rest for ever! O dull heart,

Be of good cheer When thou shalt cease to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.*)

*Vict.* 'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands  
Under the tent-like trees!

*Hyp.* A woodland nymph!

*Vict.* I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

*Hyp.* Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

*Vict.* (*disguising his voice*). Hist! Gipsy!

*Prec.* (*aside, with emotion*). That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak again!

Who is it calls?

*Vict.* A friend.

*Prec.* (*aside*). 'Tis he! 'Tis he! I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true?

*Vict.* A true friend to the true; Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

*Prec.* Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

*Vict.* (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*). There is the cross.

*Prec.* Is't silver?

*Vict.* No, 'tis gold.

*Prec.* There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,

And for yourself alone.

*Vict.* Fie! the old story! Tell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale!

*Prec.* You are passionate;

And this same passionate humour in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;

## The Spanish Student.

The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

*Vict.* I never loved a maid;  
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

*Prec.* How know you that?

*Vict.* A little bird in the air  
Whispered the secret.

*Prec.* There, take back your gold!

Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!

There is no blessing in its charity!  
Make her your wife, for you have been abused;

And you shall mend your fortunes,  
mending hers.

*Vict. (aside).* How like an angel's  
speaks the tongue of woman,  
When pleading in another's cause  
her own!

That is a pretty ring upon your finger.

Pray give it me.

*(Tries to take the ring.)*

*Prec.* No; never from my hand  
Shall that be taken!

*Vict.* Why, 'tis but a ring.  
I'll give it back to you; or, if I  
keep it,

Will give you gold to buy you  
twenty such.

*Prec.* Why would you have this  
ring?

*Vict.* A traveller's fancy,  
A whim, and nothing more. I  
would fain keep it

As a memento of the Gipsy camp  
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-  
teller

Who sent me back to wed a  
widowed maid.

Pray, let me have the ring.

*Prec.* No, never! never!

I will not part with it, even when  
I die;

But bid my nurse fold my pale  
fingers thus,

That it may not fall from them.

'Tis a token

Of a beloved friend who is no  
more.

*Vict.* How? dead?

*Prec.* Yes; dead to me; and  
worse than dead.

He is estranged! And yet I keep  
this ring.

I will rise with it from my grave  
hereafter,

To prove to him that I was never  
false.

*Vict. (aside).* Be still, my swell-  
ing heart! one moment, still!

Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.  
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis  
mine,

And that you stole it.

*Prec.* O, you will not dare  
To utter such a falsehood!

*Vict.* I not dare?  
Look in my face, and say if there  
is aught

I have not dared, I would not dare  
for thee!

*(She rushes into his arms.)*

*Prec.* 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes;  
yes; my heart's elected! Yes;  
My dearest dear Victorian! my  
soul's heaven!

Where hast thou been so long?  
Why didst thou leave me?

*Vict.* Ask me not now, my  
dearest Preciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been  
parted!

*Prec.* Hadst thou not come—

*Vict.* I pray thee, do not chide  
me!

*Prec.* I should have perished  
here among these Gipsies.

*Vict.* Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,

Thou being absent? O, believe it not!

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

*Prec.* I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

*Vict.* I'm the veriest fool That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.

It was the Count of Lara—

*Prec.* That bad man Has worked me harm enough.

Hast thou not heard—

*Vict.* I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;

For every tone, like some sweet incantation,

Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,

Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(*They walk aside.*)

*Hyp.* All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,

All passionate love scenes in the best romances,

All chaste embraces on the public stage,

All soft adventures, which the liberal stars

Have winked at, as the natural course of things,

Have been surpassed here by my friend the student,

And this sweet Gipsy lass, fair Preciosa!

*Prec.* Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

*Hyp.* Not to-night;

For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,

And send me back to marry maids forlorn,

My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

*Chispa (within).* What ho! the Gipsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

*Vict.* What now?

Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

*Chispa.* Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,

My worthy masters.

*Vict.* Speak; what brings thee here?

*Chispa (to PRECIOSA).* Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,

But your true father has returned to Spain

Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gipsy.

*Vict.* Strange as a Moorish tale!

*Chispa.* And we have all been drinking at the tavern to your health,

As wells drink in November, when it rains.

*Vict.* Where is the gentler

*Chispa.* As the old song says,  
His body is in Segovia,  
His soul is in Madrid.

*Prec.* Is this a dream? O, if it  
be a dream,  
Let me sleep on, and do not wake  
me yet!  
Repeat thy story! Say I'm not  
deceived!  
Say that I do not dream! I am  
awake;  
This is the Gipsy camp; this is  
Victorian,  
And this his friend, Hypolito!  
Speak! speak!  
Let me not wake and find it all a  
dream!

*Vict.* It is a dream, sweet child!  
a waking dream,  
A blissful certainty, a vision  
bright  
Of that rare happiness, which even  
on earth  
Heaven gives to those it loves.  
Now art thou rich,  
As thou wast ever beautiful and  
good;  
And I am now the beggar.

*Prec.* (giving him her hand). I  
have still  
A hand to give.

*Chispa* (aside). And I have two  
to take.

I've heard my grandmother say,  
that Heaven gives almonds  
To those who have no teeth. That's  
nuts to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall  
I find almonds?

*Vict.* What more of this strange  
story?

*Chispa.* Nothing more.  
Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at  
the village  
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the  
Alcalde,  
The proofs of what I tell you.  
The old hag

Who stole you in your childhood  
has confessed;  
And probably they'll hang her for  
the crime,  
To make the celebration more  
complete.

*Vict.* No; let it be a day of  
general joy;  
Fortune comes well to all, that  
comes not late.

Now let us join Don Carlos.

*Hyp.* So farewell  
The student's wandering life!  
Sweet serenades  
Sung under ladies' windows in the  
night,  
And all that makes vacation beau-  
tiful!

To you, ye cloistered shades of  
Alcalá,

To you, ye radiant visions of ro-  
mance,

Written in books, but here sur-  
passed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,  
And leaves the Gipsy with the  
Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.—*A pass in the  
Guadarrama mountains. Early  
morning. A muleteer crosses the  
stage, sitting sideways on his  
mule, and lighting a paper cigar  
with flint and steel.*

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake and open thy door,  
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.  
Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But come with thy naked feet;  
We shall have to pass through the dewy  
grass,  
And waters wide and fleet.

(*Disappears down the pass. Enter  
a Monk. A shepherd appears on  
the rocks above.*)

## The Spanish Student.

*Monk.* Ave Maria, gratia plena.  
Olá! good man!

*Shep.* Olá!

*Monk.* Is this the road to Segovia?

*Shep.* It is, your reverence.

*Monk.* How far is it?

*Shep.* I do not know.

*Monk.* What is that yonder in the valley?

*Shep.* San Ildefonso.

*Monk.* A long way to breakfast.

*Shep.* Ay, marry.

*Monk.* Are there robbers in these mountains?

*Shep.* Yes, and worse than that.

*Monk.* What?

*Shep.* Wolves.

*Monk.* Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

*Shep.* What wilt thou give me?

*Monk.* An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

*(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)*

### SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,  
And I march me hurried, worried;  
Onward, caballito mio,  
With the white star in thy forehead!  
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,  
And I hear their rifles crack!  
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!  
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

*(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed.)*

*Vict.* This is the highest point.

Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us

Kneeling, like hooded friars, the  
misty mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun!  
O glorious sight!

*Prec.* Most beautiful indeed!

*Hyp.* Most wonderful!

*Vict.* And in the vale below,  
Where yonder steeples flash like  
lifted halberds,  
San Ildefonso, from its noisy bel-  
fries,

Sends up a salutation to the morn,  
As if an army smote their brazen  
shields,

And shouted victory!

*Prec.* And which way lies  
Segovia?

*Vict.* At a great distance yonder.  
Dost thou not see it?

*Prec.* No. I do not see it.

*Vict.* The merest flaw that dents  
the horizon's edge.

There, yonder!

*Hyp.* 'Tis a notable old town,  
Boasting an ancient Roman aque-  
duct,  
And an Alcázar, builded by the  
Moors,  
Wherein, you may remember, poor  
Gil Blas

Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many  
a time

Out of its grated windows have I  
looked

Hundreds of feet plumb down to  
the Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the  
valley creeping,

Glides at its foot.

*Prec.* O yes! I see it now,  
Yet rather with my heart than  
with mine eyes,  
So faint it is. And all my thoughts  
sail thither,

Freighted with prayers and hopes  
and forward urged

Against all stress of accident, as  
in



## The Spanish Student.

The Eastern tale, against the wind  
and tide

Great ships were drawn to the  
Magnetic Mountains,  
And there were wrecked, and per-  
ished in the sea! (*She weeps.*)

*Vict.* O gentle spirit! Thou  
didst bear unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of  
fate!

But the first ray of sunshine that  
falls on thee

Melts thee to tears! O, let thy  
weary heart

Lean upon mine! and it shall faint  
no more,

Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be  
comforted

And filled with my affection.

*Prec.* Stay no longer!

My father waits. Methinks I see  
him there,

Now looking from the window, and  
now watching

Each sound of wheels or footfall in  
the street,

And saying, 'Hark! she comes!'  
O father! father!

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA  
remains behind.*)

*Chispa.* I have a father, too,  
but he is a dead one. Alas and

alack-a-day! Poor was I born,  
and poor do I remain. I neither  
win nor lose. Thus I wag through  
the world, half the time on foot,  
and the other half walking; and  
always as merry as a thunder-  
storm in the night. And so we  
plough along, as the fly said to  
the ox. Who knows what may  
happen? Patience, and shuffle the  
cards! I am not yet so bald that  
you can see my brains; and per-  
haps, after all, I shall some day go  
to Rome, and come back Saint  
Peter. Benedicite! [*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTO-  
LOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit,  
with a carbine in his hand.*)

*Bart.* They passed this way!

I hear their horses' hoofs!

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet  
caramillo,

This serenade shall be the Gipsy's  
last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet  
caramillo!

Well whistled!—I have missed  
her!—O my God!

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ  
falls.*)

# The Belfry of Bruges.

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## CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangour  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had  
ended,

Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night ;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering  
vision,

Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gipsy-bands of dreams and  
fancies,

Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling ;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these  
chimes

Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His concerts, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities !  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas !  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished  
long ;

Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ring-  
ing,  
And wakes, and finds his slum-  
brous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the  
night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

## *The Belfry of Bruges.*

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### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,  
With their strange unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old ;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,  
'I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land !'

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and, before I was aware,  
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated square.

## Miscellaneous Poems.

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### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church  
with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass ;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they ;  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

'Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born !'  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me ;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;  
Thou art no longer here :  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
Like pine-trees dark and high,  
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us hangs  
Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRING-FIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor  
to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the  
burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no  
anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange  
alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how  
wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches  
those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal  
Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful  
symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce  
chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless  
groan,  
Which, through the ages that have  
gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our  
own.

On helm and harness rings the  
Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars  
the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal  
clamour,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the  
Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from  
his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with  
dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teo-  
callis  
Beat the wild war-drums made  
of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and  
burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for  
mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of  
pillage;  
The wail of famine in belea-  
guered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway  
wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clash-  
ing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of  
thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant  
noises,  
With such accursed instruments  
as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and  
kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial har-  
monies?

Were half the power that fills the  
world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed  
on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind  
from error,  
There were no need of arsenals  
or forts:

The warrior's name would be a  
name abhorred!  
And every nation that should  
lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its  
forehead  
Would wear for evermore the  
curse of Cain!

## Miscellaneous Poems.

Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ; And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say, ' Peace ! '	Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies ! But beautiful as songs of the im- mortals, The holy melodies of love arise.
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### NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them  
throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

## Miscellaneous Poems.

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Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;  
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal  
lanes,  
Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy  
bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.

# THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

THIERRY, *Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

IN his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying ;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that from the neighbouring kloster  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits ;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused awhile and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

'Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger !  
King like David, priest like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free !

And the lightning showed the  
sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering  
baron,  
'Miserere, Domine !'

In that hour of deep contrition  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and  
fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than  
passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched  
creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, 'Amen !'

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.



RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing  
spout !

Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber  
looks  
At the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the  
rain.

From the neighbouring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Ingulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted  
hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen  
stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapours that arise  
From the well-watered and smok-  
ing soil  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly  
told,—  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs  
profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;

## Miscellaneous Poems.

And sees them, when the rain is  
done,  
On the bridge of colours seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to  
birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven  
to earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable  
wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of  
Time.



### TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy  
mother's knee,  
With merry-making eyes and  
jocund smiles,  
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
Whose figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and  
face,  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !  
The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin ;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud com-  
mand  
Thou shakest in thy little hand  
The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
Making a merry tune !

Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild mon-  
soon  
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !

Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore,  
As shapeless ore,  
Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
Of darksome mines,  
In some obscure and sunless place  
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and  
escape,  
The tall ships passed the stormy  
cape ;  
For thee in foreign lands remote,  
Beneath a burning tropic clime,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the  
wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling clutched the frail arbute,  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of the miser  
Time.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar !  
And, at the sound,  
Thou turnest round  
With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one who, in a foreign land,  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and sur-  
prise !

And, restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.  
The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison walls to thee.  
No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles,  
Delight thee, nor the playthings  
on the floor,

## Miscellaneous Poems.

That won thy little beating heart  
before;  
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls.  
The sound of thy merry voice  
Makes the old walls  
Jubilant, and they rejoice  
With the joy of thy young heart,  
O'er the light of whose gladness  
No shadows of sadness  
From the sombre background of  
memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country, dwelt.  
And yonder meadows broad and  
damp  
The fires of the besieging camp  
Encircled with a burning belt.  
Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread;  
Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts  
to thee?  
Out, out! into the open air!  
Thy only dream is liberty,  
Thou carest little how or where.  
I see thee eager at thy play,  
Now shouting to the apples on the  
tree,  
With cheeks as round and red as  
they;  
And now among the yellow stalks,  
Among the flowering shrubs and  
plants,  
As restless as the bee.  
Along the garden walks  
The tracks of thy small carriage-  
wheels I trace;  
And see at every turn how they  
efface

Whole villages of sand-roofed  
tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret  
homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes  
of ants.  
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
Dost persecute and overwhelm  
These hapless Troglodytes of thy  
realm!

What! tired already! with those  
suppliant looks,  
And voice more beautiful than a  
poet's books,  
Or murmuring sound of water as  
it flows,  
Thou comest back to parley with  
repose!  
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
With its o'erhanging golden  
canopy  
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal  
hues,  
And shining with the argent light  
of dews,  
Shall for a season be our place of  
rest.  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent  
nest,  
From which the laughing birds  
have taken wing,  
By thee abandoned, hangs thy  
vacant swing.  
Dream-like the waters of the river  
gleam;  
A sailless vessel drops adown the  
stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and  
deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides  
of sleep.  
O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison!

Here at the portal thou dost  
stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered  
land.

I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate!  
Into those realms of love and  
hate,

Into that darkness blank and  
drear,

By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous  
thought,

Freighted with hope and fear;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile  
bark,

Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or  
hope

Dare I to cast thy horoscope!  
Like the new moon thy life ap-  
pears;

A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years;  
And yet upon its outer rim,  
A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect  
sphere;

A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble adumbration,  
Of the great world of light that lies  
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish  
fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of  
toil,—

To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labour, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power,—  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labour there shall come forth  
rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the labourer's side;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous  
moor.

Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward; for thou shalt  
learn

The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility;  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's  
door,

And hearing the hammers, as they  
smote

The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones that  
hung

Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded  
lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;  
I will no longer strive to ope  
The mystic volume, where appear  
The herald Hope, forerunning  
Fear,

And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
Thy destiny remains untold;  
For, like Aestes' shaft of old,  
The swift thought kindles as it  
flies,

And burns to ashes in the skies.

# THE OCCULTATION OF ORION<sup>1</sup>.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
The balance in the hand of Time.  
O'er East and West its beam im-  
pende ;

And day, with all its hours of light,  
Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
While, opposite, the scale of night  
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,  
In that bright vision I beheld  
Greater and deeper mysteries.  
I saw, with its celestial keys,  
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
Rising through all its sevenfold  
bars,

From earth unto the fixed stars.  
And through the dewy atmosphere  
Not only could I see, but hear,  
Its wondrous and harmonious  
strings,

In sweet vibration, sphere by  
sphere,  
From Dian's circle light and near,  
Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
Where, chanting through his beard  
of snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
And down the sunless realms of  
space

Reverberates the thunder of his  
bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
This music sounded like a march,  
And with its chorus seemed to be  
Preluding some great tragedy.  
Sirius was rising in the east ;  
And slow ascending one by one  
The kindling constellations shone.

<sup>1</sup> Astronomically speaking, this title is in-  
correct, as I apply to a constellation what can  
properly be applied to some of its stars only.  
But my observation is made from the hill of  
song, and not from that of science, and will,  
I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the  
present purpose.

Begirt with many a blazing star  
Stood the great giant Algebar,  
Orion, hunter of the beast !  
His sword hung gleaming by his  
side,

And on his arm the lion's hide  
Scattered across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint ;  
And beautiful as some fair saint,  
Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay.  
As if she heard the voice of God,  
Unharm'd with naked feet she  
trod

Upon the hot and burning stars,  
As on the glowing coals and bars,  
That were to prove her strength,  
and try  
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
And triumph in her sweet pale  
face,

She reached the station of Orion.  
Aghast he stood in strange alarm !  
And suddenly from his outstretched  
arm

Down fell the red skin of the lion  
Into the river at his feet.  
His mighty club no longer beat  
The forehead of the bull ; but he  
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
When, blinded by CEnopion,  
He sought the blacksmith at his  
forge,

And, climbing up the mountain  
gorge,  
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence over-  
head,

An angel with a trumpet said,  
' For evermore, for evermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er ! '  
And, like an instrument that flings  
Its music on another's strings,  
The trumpet of the angel cast  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,

And on from sphere to sphere the  
words  
Re-echoed down the burning  
chords,—  
'For evermore, for evermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er!'

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the  
hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city  
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from  
the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them  
away,

As, sweeping and eddying through  
them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at mid-  
night  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing  
tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and rest-  
less,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could  
bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odour of brine from the  
ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sor-  
row,  
Have crossed the bridge since  
then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and rest-  
less,  
And the old subdued and slow!

And for ever and for ever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes,

The moon and its broken reflec-  
tion  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas;  
Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken !  
Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's  
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.  
What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints ?  
How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the  
prairies ?  
How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the  
mountains ?  
Ah ! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge  
Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pavements,  
Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions  
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,  
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash !  
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple  
Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer  
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.  
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses !  
There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,  
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha  
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts ?  
Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,  
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,  
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man ?  
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,  
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,  
Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's  
Merciless current ! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires  
Gleam through the night ; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the day-  
break

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race ;  
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches !  
Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the  
east-wind,  
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams !

# Songs and Sonnets.

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## SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
And from wrecks of ships, and  
drifting

Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main ;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness,  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth ;

From the flashing surf, whose  
vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the  
Endeavour  
That for ever  
Wrestle with the tides of Fate ;  
From the wreck of Hopes far-  
scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart ;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

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## THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the dark-  
ness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the  
mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes  
o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist :



A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain.  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavour;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured  
volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with  
music,  
And the cares that infest the  
day  
Shall fold their tents, like the  
Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

## AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending ;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing  
And toiling within  
Like a funeral bell.



## TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,  
Welcome to a foreign fireside,  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world  
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with  
thee,  
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee.

## Songs and Sonnets.

There are marks of age,  
There are thumb-marks on thy  
margin,  
Made by hands that clasped thee  
rudely,  
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As the leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
Days' departed, half-forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and  
friendship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sang them in their smoky bar-  
racks;—  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale me-  
chanics,  
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;  
They, alas! have left thee friend-  
less!  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chim-  
neys,  
So thy twittering songs shall  
nestle  
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel.



### WALTER VON DER VOGEL- WEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of  
ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würtzburg's minster  
towers.

And he gave the monks his  
treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest:  
They should feed the birds at  
noontide  
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying 'From these wandering  
minstrels  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and  
long.'

Thus the bard of love departed;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tomb-  
stone,  
On the poet's sculptured face.

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wart-  
burg,  
Which the bard had fought  
before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, 'Why this waste of  
food?  
Be it changed to loaves hencefor-  
ward  
For our fasting brotherhood.'

Then in vain o'er tower and  
turret,  
From the walls and woodland  
nests,  
When the minster bells rang  
noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic  
spire  
Screamed the feathered Minne-  
singers  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscrip-  
tions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.



### DRINKING SONG.

#### INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and  
listen!  
From the pitcher, placed between  
us,

How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
Led by his inebriate Satyrs;  
On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus  
follow;

Ivy crowns that brow superlial  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and  
thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves, or  
Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the  
nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the  
farmer

Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for  
armour.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigour,  
Much this mystic throng ex-  
presses :

Bacchus was the type of vigour,  
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken ;  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the moun-  
tains  
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;  
Youth perpetual dwells in foun-  
tains,—  
Not in flasks, and casks, and  
cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with  
Rhenish,  
From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic  
fables ;  
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and  
listen  
As it passes thus between us,  
How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balan-  
cier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots  
seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux.  
'Toujours' jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !'

JACQUES BRIDAINE

SOMEWHAT back from the village  
street

Stands the old-fashioned country-  
seat.

Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows  
throw ;

And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to  
all,—

'For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !'

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its  
hands

From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his  
c'oak,

Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who  
pass,—

'For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !'

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's  
fall,

It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-  
door,—

'For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !'

Through days of sorrow and of  
mirth,

Through days of death and days of  
birth,

Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it  
has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things  
saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of  
awe,—

‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney  
roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never  
ceased,—

‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

There groups of merry children  
played,  
There youths and maidens dream-  
ing strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece  
told,—

‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

From that chamber, clothed in  
white,  
The bride came forth on her wed-  
ding night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of  
snow;  
And in the hush that followed the  
prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the  
stair,—

‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are  
dead;

And when I ask, with throbs of  
pain,

‘Ah! when shall they all meet  
again?’

As in the days long since gone  
by,  
The ancient timepiece makes re-  
ply,—

‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’

Never here, for ever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disap-  
pear,—

For ever there, but never here!  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—

‘For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!’



### THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and  
strong  
That it can follow the flight of  
song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to  
end,  
I found again in the heart of a  
friend.

SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo ! in the painted oriel of the West,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
The evening star, the star of love and rest !  
And then anon she doth herself divest  
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,  
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.  
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus !  
My morning and my evening star of love !  
My best and gentlest lady ! even thus,  
As that fair planet in the sky above,  
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,  
And from thy darkened window fades the light.



AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain !  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves ;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended ;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !



DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom  
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,  
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.  
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume !  
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,  
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,  
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;  
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,  
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, ' Peace ! '



### THE CROSS OF SNOW.

IN the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—  
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head  
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
Here in this room she died ; and soul more white  
Never through martyrdom of fire was led  
To its repose ; nor can in books be read  
The legend of a life more benedight.  
There is a mountain in the distant West  
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes  
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.



# Translations.

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## THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree!  
how faithful are thy branches!  
Green not alone in summer  
time,  
But in the winter's frost and  
rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!  
how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how  
faithless is thy bosom!  
To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity!  
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how  
faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale,  
thou tak'st for thine example!  
So long as summer laughs she  
sings,

But in the autumn spreads her  
wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale,  
thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow  
brook, is mirror of thy false-  
hood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry  
again.

The meadow brook, the meadow  
brook, is mirror of thy false-  
hood!

## ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON  
DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of  
old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and  
my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once  
again  
To me has surrendered in joy and  
in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my  
good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my  
blood!

Then come the wild weather, come  
sleet or come snow,  
We will stand by each other, how-  
ever it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and  
sorrow, and pain  
Shall be to our true love as links to  
the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so  
straight and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the  
more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow  
mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows,  
through manifold wrong.



Shouldst thou be torn from me to  
wander alone  
In a desolate land where the sun is  
scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and  
where the sea flows,  
Through ice, and through iron,  
through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my  
sun,  
The threads of our two lives are  
woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou  
hast obeyed,  
Whatever forbidden thou hast not  
gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love  
stand,  
Where there is not one heart, and  
one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and  
trouble, and strife;  
Like a dog and a cat live such man  
and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our  
love;  
Thou art my lambkin, my chick,  
and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine  
may be seen;  
I am king of the household, and  
thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's  
sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one  
soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut  
where we dwell;  
While wrangling soon changes a  
home to a hell.

## THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS  
MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are  
standing  
The cathedral door above;  
Yet I saw but one among them  
Who had soothed my soul with  
love.

In his mantle, wound about him  
As their robes the sowers  
wind,  
Bore he swallows and their fledg-  
lings,  
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and child-  
like,  
High in wind and tempest wild;  
O, were I like him exalted,  
I would be like him, a child!

And my songs—green leaves and  
blossoms—  
To the doors of heaven would  
bear,  
Calling even in storm and tempest,  
Round me still these birds of  
air.



## THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS  
MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour  
Heavenward lifts his eyelids  
calm,  
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trem-  
bling  
In his pierced and bleeding  
palm.

And by all the world forsaken,  
Sees he how with zealous care  
At the ruthless nail of iron  
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never  
tiring,  
With its beak it doth not cease,  
From the cross 't would free the  
Saviour,  
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mild-  
ness :  
'Blest be thou of all the good !  
Bear, as token of this moment,  
Marks of blood and holy rood !'

And that bird is called the cross-  
bill ;  
Covered all with blood so clear,  
In the groves of pine it singeth  
Songs, like legends, strange to  
hear.



### THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEIN-  
RICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars ;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;  
Yet greater is my heart,  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart ;  
My heart, and the sea, and the  
heaven  
Are melting away with love !

### POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF  
FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

#### MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?  
Who has it not wants hardihood,  
Who has it has much trouble and  
care,  
Who once has had it has despair.

#### THE BEST MEDICINES.

JOY and Temperance and Repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

#### SIN.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

#### POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A BLIND man is a poor man, and  
blind a poor man is ;  
For the former seeth no man, and  
the latter no man sees.

#### LAW OF LIFE.

LIVE I, so live I,  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my Neighbour honestly.  
Die I, so die I.

#### CREEDS.

LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic,  
all these creeds and doctrines  
three  
Extant are ; but still the doubt is,  
where Christianity may be.

#### THE RESTLESS HEART.

A MILLSTONE and the human heart  
are driven ever round ;  
If they have nothing else to grind,  
they must themselves be  
ground.

## Translations.

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### CHRISTIAN LOVE.

WHILOM Love was like a fire, and  
warmth and comfort it bespoke;  
But, alas! it now is quenched, and  
only bites us, like the smoke.

### ART AND TACT.

INTELLIGENCE and courtesy not  
always are combined;  
Often in a wooden house a golden  
room we find.

### RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind  
slowly, yet they grind exceed-  
ing small;  
Though with patience he stands  
waiting, with exactness grinds  
he all.

### TRUTH

WHEN by night the frogs are  
croaking, kindle but a torch's  
fire,  
Ha! how soon they all are silent!  
Thus Truth silences the liar.

### RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine  
should sound not well in  
strangers' ears,  
They have only to bethink them  
that it happens so with theirs;  
For so long as words, like mortals,  
call a fatherland their own,  
They will be most highly valued  
where they are best, and  
longest known.

# Evangeline.

## A TALE OF ACADIE.

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THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the  
    hunter ?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed !  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean ;  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest ;  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

### PART THE FIRST.

#### I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the  
maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-  
leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and her ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the  
farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the  
harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.  
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion ;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !  
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men ;  
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters

Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,  
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.  
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him  
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,  
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.  
Bursting on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows,  
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,  
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.  
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,  
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.  
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,  
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow  
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings :  
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow !  
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.  
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,  
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.  
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.  
'Sunshine of Saint Eulalie' was she called ; for that was the sunshine  
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples .  
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,  
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,  
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.  
Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.  
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey.  
Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted  
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.  
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !  
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the landscape  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.  
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,  
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him ;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.  
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending  
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.  
Paving the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,  
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.  
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,  
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.  
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,  
Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,  
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;  
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,  
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves  
howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.  
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,  
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,  
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,  
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.  
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence  
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,  
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;  
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer  
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-  
wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.



Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,  
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.  
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,  
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.  
'Welcome!' the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the  
threshold,

'Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle  
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;  
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;  
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling  
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams  
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes.'  
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith, |  
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—  
'Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!  
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with  
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.  
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.'  
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,  
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—  
'Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors  
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.  
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded  
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate  
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime  
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.'  
Then made answer the farmer:—'Perhaps some friendlier purpose  
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England  
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children.'  
'Not so thinketh the folk in the village,' said, warmly, the blacksmith,  
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—  
'Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.  
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,  
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.  
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;  
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower.'  
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—  
'Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,  
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.  
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow  
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.  
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village  
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about  
them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.  
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.  
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?'  
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,  
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,  
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;  
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung  
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.  
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.  
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.  
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;  
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,  
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,  
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;  
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,  
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,  
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.  
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,  
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,  
'Father Leblanc,' he exclaimed, 'thou hast heard the talk in the village,  
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand.'  
Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,—  
'Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;  
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.  
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention  
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?'  
'God's name!' shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;  
'Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?  
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!'

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—  
‘Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice  
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,  
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.’  
This was the old man’s favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it  
When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them.  
‘Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,  
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,  
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided  
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.  
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the  
mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman’s palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
Lo ! o’er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.’  
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-  
Pré :

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.  
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
Three times the old man’s fee in solid pieces of silver ;  
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,  
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,  
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men  
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,  
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.  
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.  
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway  
Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in the household.  
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.  
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door, of her chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press  
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.  
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,  
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight  
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of  
the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.  
Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with  
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !  
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,  
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.  
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight  
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.  
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass  
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,  
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar !

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.  
Pleasantly glamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.  
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighbouring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,  
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,  
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.  
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced.  
Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups at the house-

doors  
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.  
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;  
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.  
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :  
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;  
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness  
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Striped of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;  
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.  
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,  
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waist-

coats.  
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white  
Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler  
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.  
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,  
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.  
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.  
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !  
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-

stones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.  
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangour  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.  
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,  
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

'You are convened this day,' he said, 'by his Majesty's orders. Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness, Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ; Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people ! Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !' As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows, Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-

roofs,  
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures ;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.  
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.  
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he shouted,  
/ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them  
allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our  
harvests !'

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people ;  
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mournful  
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.  
'What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized you ?  
Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !  
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations ?  
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?  
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?  
Lo ! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you !  
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !

Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O Father, forgive them !"  
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
Let us repeat it now, and say, "O Father, forgive them !"  
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people  
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them !'

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,  
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion  
translated

Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table ;  
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers ;  
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the  
dairy ;

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.  
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset  
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.  
Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience !  
Then, all-forgotten of self, she wandered into the village,  
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,  
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.  
All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the windows  
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,  
'Gabriel !' cried she aloud with tremulous voice ; but no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.  
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.  
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted,  
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.  
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the echoing thunder  
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created !  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven ;  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,  
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and there on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.  
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;  
All day long the wains came labouring down from the village.  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.  
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession  
Followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acadian farmers.  
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.  
Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together their voices,  
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—  
'Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience !'  
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside,

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them  
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—  
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,  
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.  
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,  
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered—



‘Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another  
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!’  
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father  
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!  
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his  
footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.  
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,  
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.  
Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.  
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion  
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their  
children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.  
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.  
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight  
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluxing ocean  
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach  
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.  
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,  
Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,  
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.  
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,  
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.  
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;  
Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders;  
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—  
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.  
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,  
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,  
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.  
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita’s desolate sea-shore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,  
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,  
Even as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.  
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,  
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.  
'*Benedicite!*' murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.  
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents  
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,  
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.  
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,  
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them  
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.  
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

~~Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon  
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,  
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.  
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.  
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of  
a martyr.~~

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on ship-board.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,  
'We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré !'  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,  
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments  
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden  
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;  
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,  
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore  
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.  
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—  
‘Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.’  
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,  
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.  
’Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;  
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-  
east  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.  
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.  
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.  
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.  
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,  
As the emigrant’s way o’er the Western desert is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
She would commence again her endless search and endeavour ;  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tomb-  
stones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.  
Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.  
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known  
him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.  
'Gabriel Lajeunesse !' said they ; 'O yes ! we have seen him.  
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies ;  
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.'  
'Gabriel Lajeunesse !' said others ; 'O yes ! we have seen him.  
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.'  
Then would they say, 'Dear child ! why dream and wait for him longer ?  
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others  
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ?  
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee  
Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and be happy !  
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses.'  
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, 'I cannot !  
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.  
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,  
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.'  
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,  
Said, with a smile, 'O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh within thee !  
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment ;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
Patience ; accomplish thy labour ; accomplish thy work of affection !  
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.  
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,  
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven !  
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and waited.  
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, 'Despair  
not !'

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—  
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;  
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:  
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water  
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;  
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,  
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.  
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of  
Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water.  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them ;  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.  
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.  
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly  
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.  
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.  
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,  
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle,  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches :  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;  
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,  
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades ; and before them  
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.  
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,  
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.  
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,  
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,  
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.  
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine  
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,  
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,  
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision *Evangeline* saw as she slumbered beneath it.  
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven  
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.  
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.  
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.  
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness  
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.  
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.  
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island ;  
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,  
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,  
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers ;  
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.  
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.  
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,  
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden  
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, 'O Father Felician !  
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.  
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?  
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ?'  
Then, with a blush, she added, 'Alas for my credulous fancy !  
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.'  
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—  
'Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without meaning.  
Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.  
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.  
Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,  
On the banks of the *Têche*, are the towns of *St. Maur* and *St. Martin*.  
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,  
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.  
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;  
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens  
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
They who dwell there have named it the *Eden of Louisiana*.'

\* With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.  
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;  
Twinkling vapours arose ; and sky and water and forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.  
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water  
Filled was *Evangeline's* heart with inexpressible sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.  
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Ope-  
lousas,  
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling ;—  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose  
branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.  
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.



Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero  
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.  
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing  
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness  
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.  
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.  
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden  
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.  
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward  
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder.  
When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the blacksmith.  
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer  
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,  
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.  
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings  
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
Broke the silence and said, 'If you came by the Atchafalaya,  
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?'  
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.  
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,  
'Gone? is Gabriel gone?' and, concealing her face on his shoulder,  
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.  
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—  
'Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.  
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.  
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,  
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him  
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;  
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.  
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.'

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
'Long live Michael,' they cried, 'our brave Acadian minstrel !'  
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway  
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man  
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,  
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.  
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith,  
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour ;  
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,  
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take  
them ;  
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.  
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,  
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil  
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.  
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,  
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within doors,  
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.  
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman  
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.  
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,  
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—  
'Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and  
homeless,  
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !  
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;  
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.  
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the  
water.  
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows  
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.  
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;  
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber  
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.  
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,  
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,  
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.'  
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,  
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,  
So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,  
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half way to his nostrils.  
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—  
'Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell !'  
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching  
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.  
It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,  
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.  
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours :  
Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as strangers,  
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.  
But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding  
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,  
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening  
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,  
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman  
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.  
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the  
moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,  
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight  
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, 'Upharsin.'  
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,  
Wandered alone, and she cried, 'O Gabriel ! O my beloved !  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee ?  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me ?  
Ah ! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie !  
Ah ! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me !

Ah ! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,  
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers !  
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee ?'  
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded  
Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,  
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
'Patience !' whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness :  
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, 'To-morrow !'

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flowers of the garden  
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses  
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.  
'Farewell !' said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold ;  
'See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,  
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was  
coming.'  
'Farewell !' answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended  
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.  
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,  
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,  
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.  
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,  
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but vague and uncertain  
Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country ;  
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,  
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

#### IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska ;  
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,  
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck ;  
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel ;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-trails  
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders ;  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,  
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest  
welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them  
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.  
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-

light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their  
blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis ;  
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,  
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,  
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,  
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.  
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.  
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of night ; and she felt for a moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed ; and the Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along, 'On the western slope of these mountains  
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus ;  
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him.'  
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,  
'Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us !'  
Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur of the mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen  
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.  
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear  
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—  
'Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,  
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!'  
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;  
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.  
'Far to the north he has gone,' continued the priest; 'but in autumn,  
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.'  
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,  
'Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.'  
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,  
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,  
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—  
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing  
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,  
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming  
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.  
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,  
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.  
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.  
'Patience!' the priest would say; 'have faith, and thy prayer will be  
answered!  
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,  
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;  
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted  
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.  
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter  
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe.'

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came  
not:  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.  
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted  
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.  
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,  
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.  
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,  
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.  
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,  
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places  
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ;—  
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;  
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.  
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,  
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.  
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger ;  
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.  
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,



So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured }  
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent: }  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,—  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.  
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.  
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs  
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,  
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;  
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—  
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,  
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.  
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—  
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket  
Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to echo  
Softly the words of the Lord:—‘The poor ye always have with you.’  
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there  
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,  
Such as the artist paints o’er the brows of saints and apostles,  
Or such as hangs by night o’er a city seen at a distance.  
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent,  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.  
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden ;  
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.  
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ  
Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.  
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;  
Something within her said, ' At length thy trials are ended ' ;  
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.  
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence  
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,  
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.  
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence  
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.  
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,  
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever.  
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time ;  
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder  
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her  
fingers,  
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.  
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.  
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;  
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;  
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.  
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,  
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.  
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
' Gabriel ! O my beloved ! ' and died away into silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have  
spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now,—the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, ‘ Father, I thank thee ! ’

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Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,—  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman’s cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline’s story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

# The Seaside and the Fireside.

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## DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight  
gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as  
it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from  
which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and  
turns and hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my  
friends !

I hear your voices, softened by  
the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as  
each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort,  
and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or  
told,  
Has ever given delight or con-  
solation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thou-  
sandfold  
By every friendly sign and salu-  
tation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye  
have shown !  
Thanks for each kindly word,  
each silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming  
most alone,  
Friends are around us, though  
no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land  
to land ;  
Kind letters, that betray the  
heart's deep history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a  
hand,—  
One touch of fire,—and all the  
rest is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently  
among  
Our household treasures take  
familiar places,  
And are to us as if a living  
tongue  
Spake from the printed leaves or  
pictured faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall be-  
hold,  
With eye of sense, your outward  
form and semblance ;  
Therefore to me ye never will grow  
old,  
But live for ever young in my  
remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor  
pass away !  
Your gentle voices will flow on  
for ever,  
When life grows bare and tarnished  
with decay,  
As through a leafless landscape  
flows a river.

## By the Seaside.

Not chance of birth or place has  
made us friends,  
Being oftentimes of different  
tongues and nations,  
But the endeavour for the selfsame  
ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears,  
and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your sea-  
side walk,  
Saddened, and mostly silent,  
with emotion ;

Not interrupting with intrusive  
talk  
The grand, majestic symphonies  
of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome  
guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the  
lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among  
the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and  
uninvited !

## BY THE SEASIDE.

### THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

'BUILD me straight, O worthy  
Master !  
Staunch and strong, a goodly  
vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle !'

The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard ;  
For his heart was in his work, and  
the heart  
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the  
tide  
Play round the bows of ships  
That steadily at anchor ride.  
And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, 'Ere long we will  
launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and  
staunch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea !'

And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,

A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature ;  
That with a hand more swift and  
sure  
The greater labour might be  
brought  
To answer to his inward thought.  
And as he laboured, his mind ran  
o'er  
The various ships that were built  
of yore,  
And above them all, and strangest  
of all,  
Towered the Great Harry, crank  
and tall,  
Whose picture was hanging on the  
wall,  
With bows and stern raised high  
in air,  
And balconies hanging here and  
there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those  
that frown  
From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
And he said with a smile, 'Our  
ship, I wis,  
Shall be of another form than this !'

## The Seaside and the Fireside.

It was of another form, indeed ;  
Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
A beautiful and gallant craft ;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress  
    of the blast,  
Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows over-  
    whelm ;  
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow  
    degrees,  
That she might be docile to the  
    helm,  
And that the currents of parted  
    seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her  
    course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
    wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around ;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and  
    oak,  
And scattered here and there, with  
    these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar  
    knees ;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring  
    Roanoke !  
Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in  
    motion !  
There's not a ship that sails the  
    ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or  
    small,  
And help to build the wooden  
    wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great, airy argosy,  
Framed and launched in a single  
    day.

That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every  
    one,  
Ere the work of man was yet  
    begun.

Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
Listened, to catch his slightest  
    meaning.

Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth !  
The old man, in whose busy brain  
Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er again ;—  
The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity,  
The heir of his house, and his  
    daughter's hand,  
When he had built and launched  
    from land  
What the elder head had planned.

' Thus,' said he, ' will we build this  
    ship !  
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
And follow well this plan of mine.  
Choose the timbers with greatest  
    care ;  
Of all that is unsound beware ;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.  
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
And the UNION be her name !  
For the day that gives her to the  
    sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee !'

The Master's word  
Enraptured the young man heard ;  
And as he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of  
pride,  
Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised  
bride.

The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh  
and fair

With the breath of morn and the  
soft sea air.

Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach ;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy  
sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command !  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-  
yard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side ;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening  
fell,

The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and  
strong,

Was lying ready, and stretched  
along

The blocks, well placed upon the  
slip.

Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labour well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied  
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was  
o'er,

The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still.  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September  
gales,

Of pirates coasting the Spanish  
Main,

And ships that never came back  
again,

The chance and change of a sailor's  
life,

Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay, and nothing  
can bind,

And the magic charm of foreign  
lands,

With shadows of palms, and  
shining sands,

Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy  
Lascar

As he lies alone and asleep on the  
turf.

And the trembling maiden held  
her breath

At the tales of that awful, pitiless  
sea,

With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto  
Death,

That divides and yet unites man-  
kind !

And whenever the old man paused,  
a gleam

From the bowl of his pipe would  
awhile illumine

The silent group in the twilight  
gloom,

And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the  
dark,

## The Seaside and the Fireside.

That the head of the maiden lay at  
rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's  
breast !

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and  
true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-  
knee,

Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view !  
And around the bows and along  
the side

The heavy hammers and mallets  
plied,

Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !

And around it columns of smoke,  
up-wreathing,

Rose from the boiling, bubbling,  
scething

Caldron, that glowed,

And overflowed

With the black tar, heated for the  
sheathing.

And amid the clamours

Of clattering hammers,

He who listened heard now and  
then

The song of the Master and his  
men :—

'Build me straight, O worthy  
Master,

Staunch and strong, a goodly  
vessel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,

And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle !'

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have  
control

Over the movement of the whole ;  
And near it the anchor, whose  
giant hand

Would reach down and grapple  
with the land,

And immovable and fast

Hold the great ship against the  
bellowing blast !

And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic  
mould,

Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's  
daughter !

On many a dreary and misty night,  
'Twill be seen by the rays of the  
signal light,

Speeding along through the rain  
and the dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
The pilot of some phantom bark,

Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright !

Behold, at last,

Each tall and tapering mast

Is swung into its place ;

Shrouds and stays

Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,

In the deer-haunted forests of  
Maine,

When upon mountain and plain

Lay the snow,

They fell,—those lordly pines !

Those grand, majestic pines !

'Mid shouts and cheers

The jaded steers,

Panting beneath the goad,

Dragged down the weary, winding  
road

Those captive kings so straight and  
tall,

To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And, naked and bare,

To feel the stress and the strain

Of the wind and the reeling main,

Whose roar



## By the Seaside.

Would remind them for evermore  
Of their native forests they should  
not see again.

And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the mast-head,  
White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and  
stars.

Ah! when the wanderer, lonely,  
friendless,

In foreign harbours shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'Twill be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories  
sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be  
launched!

With fleecy clouds the sky is  
blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendours dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the  
sight.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncon-  
trolled,

Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his  
breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers  
gay,

In honour of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering,  
blending,

Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
The service read,  
The joyous bridegroom bows his  
head;

And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to  
run.

The worthy pastor—  
The shepherd of that wandering  
flock,

That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock—  
Spake, with accents mild and clear  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
He knew the chart

Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible  
force,

The will from its moorings and its  
course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said  
he:—

'Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are  
we.

## The Seaside and the Fireside.

Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's  
bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise  
And climb the crystal wall of the  
skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer  
brink.  
Ah! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and  
shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of  
ocean.  
Ah! if our souls but poise and  
swing  
Like the compass in its brazen  
ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have  
to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely  
reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose  
shining beach  
The sights we see, and the sounds  
we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of  
fear!'

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on  
blow,  
Knocking away the shores and  
spurs.  
And see! she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she  
seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,

And, spurning with her foot the  
ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and  
loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
'Take her, O bridegroom, old and  
gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her  
charms!'

How beautiful she is! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that  
press

Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave, right on-  
ward steer!

The moistened eye, the trembling  
lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be!  
For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and  
great!

Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy  
keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs  
of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail,  
and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers  
beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy  
hope !  
Fear not each sudden sound and  
shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale !  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with  
thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,  
our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with  
thee !

CHRYSAOR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,  
As the day grows fainter and  
dimmer,  
Lonely and lovely, a single star  
Lights the air with a dusky  
glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far  
Falls the trail of its golden  
splendour,  
And the gleam of that single star  
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,  
Showed thus glorious and thus  
emulous,  
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,  
For ever tender, soft, and tremu-  
lous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
Trailed the gleam of his falchion  
brightly ;  
Is it a God, or is it a star  
That, entranced, I gaze on  
nightly !

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea !  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.  
Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore !  
Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
And the sailor's mystic song.  
Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
Where the sand as silver shines,  
With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ;—  
Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land ;—  
How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear,  
Till his soul was full of longing,  
And he cried, with impulse  
strong,—  
'Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,  
Teach me, too, that wondrous  
song !'  
'Wouldst thou,'—so the helmsman  
answered,—  
'Learn the secret of the sea ?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery !'  
In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each landward-blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies ;  
Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

**TWILIGHT.**

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the  
window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness,  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and  
wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and  
bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the  
mother,  
Drive the colour from her cheek?



**SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.**

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death ;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
Glisten in the sun ;  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain ;  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
Three days or more seaward he  
bore,  
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night ;  
And never more, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the  
light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand ;  
'Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,'  
He said, 'by water as by land !'

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds ;  
Every mast, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing  
clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold !  
As of a rock was the shock ;  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark  
They drift in close embrace,  
With mist and rain o'er the open  
main ;  
Yet there seems no change of  
place.

Southward, for ever southward,  
They drift through dark and day ;  
And like a dream, in the Gulf-  
Stream  
Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the  
sea,  
And on its outer point, some  
miles away,  
The Lighthouse lifts its massive  
masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud  
by day.

Even at this distance I can see the  
tides,  
Upheaving, break unheard along  
its base,  
A speechless wrath, that rises and  
subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of  
the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo !  
how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the  
twilight air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance  
of its light  
With strange, unearthly splen-  
dour in the glare !

Not one alone ; from each pro-  
jecting cape  
And perilous reef along the  
ocean's verge,  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic  
shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the rest-  
less surge.

Like the great giant Christopher  
it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempes-  
tuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks  
and sands,  
The night-o'ertaken mariner to  
save.

And the great ships sail outward  
and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the  
billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes  
and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness,  
and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the  
blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light un-  
veils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish  
while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a  
child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it  
fade and sink ;  
And when, returning from adven-  
tures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's  
brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the  
same  
Year after year, through all the  
silent night  
Burns on for evermore that quench-  
less flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable  
light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
The rocks and sea-sand with the  
kiss of peace ;  
It sees the wild winds lift it in their  
grasp,  
And hold it up, and shake it like  
a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ;  
the storm  
Smites it with all the scourges of  
the rain,  
And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the  
hurricane.

## The Seaside and the Fireside.

The sea-bird wheeling round it,  
with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary  
cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light  
within,  
Dashes himself against the glare,  
and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon  
the rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire  
of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed  
the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words  
of love.

‘Sail on!’ it says, ‘sail on, ye  
stately ships!  
And with your floating bridge  
the ocean span;  
Be mine to guard this light from  
all eclipse,  
Be yours to bring man nearer  
unto man!’



### THE FIRE OF DRIFT- WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLE-  
HEAD.

WE sat within the farmhouse old,  
Whose windows, looking o’er the  
bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and  
cold,  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent  
town,  
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,  
The wooden houses, quaint and  
brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought  
and said,  
Of what had been, and might have  
been,  
And who was changed, and who  
was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of  
friends,  
When first they feel, with secret  
pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have sepa-  
rate ends,  
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the  
heart,  
That words are powerless to  
express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could  
but mark;  
The leaves of memory seemed to  
make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then  
expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and  
failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the  
main,  
Of ships dismantled, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their  
frames,  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,  
The gusty blast, the bickering  
flames,  
All mingled vaguely in our  
speech ;  
Until they made themselves a  
part  
Of fancies floating through the  
brain,—

The long-lost ventures of the  
heart,  
That send no answers back  
again.  
O flames that glowed ! O hearts  
that yearned !  
They were indeed too much akin,  
The drift-wood fire without that  
burned,  
The thoughts that burned and  
glowed within.

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

### RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched  
and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-  
fended,  
But has one vacant chair !  
The air is full of farewells to the  
dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her  
children crying,  
Will not be comforted !  
Let us be patient ! These severe  
afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial bene-  
dictions  
Assume this dark disguise.  
We see but dimly through the  
mists and vapours ;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal  
tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.  
There is no Death ! What seems  
so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, the child of our  
affection,  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our  
poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.  
In that great cloister's stillness and  
seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from  
sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.  
Day after day we think what she is  
doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps  
pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.  
Thus do we walk with her, and  
keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance,  
though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.  
Not as a child shall we again behold  
her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold  
her,  
She will not be a child ;

## The Seaside and the Fireside.

But a fair maiden, in her Father's  
mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's  
expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous  
with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning  
like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage  
the feeling

We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not con-  
cealing,  
The grief that must have way.



### THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time ;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;  
Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the  
rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we  
build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;  
Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest  
care  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen ;  
Make the house, where Gods may  
dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base ;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.



### SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the  
hot clime  
Of Arab deserts brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy  
of Time,  
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it  
been  
About those deserts blown !  
How many strange vicissitudes has  
seen,  
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ish-  
maelite  
Trampled and passed it o'er,  
When into Egypt from the patri-  
arch's sight  
His favourite son they bore.



Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt  
and bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread;  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into  
the air  
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of  
Nazareth  
Held close in her caress,  
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love  
and faith  
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's  
palms  
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Ar-  
menian psalms  
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's  
gate  
With westward steps depart;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of  
Fate,  
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may  
have passed!  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand  
at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls  
expand;  
Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shifting  
sand,  
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining  
blast,  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting  
sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow  
run,  
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls  
again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable  
plain;  
The half-hour's sand is run!



### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall  
From the lindens tall,  
That lift aloft their massive wall  
Against the southern sky;

And from the realms  
Of the shadowy elms  
A tide-like darkness overwhelms  
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,  
And everywhere  
A warm, soft vapour fills the air,  
And distant sounds seem near;

And above, in the light  
Of the star-lit night,  
Swift birds of passage wing their  
flight  
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
Of their pinions fleet,  
As from the land of snow and sleet  
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky,  
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe  
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains,  
    and wrongs,  
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry  
Of souls, that high  
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,  
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight  
Through realms of light  
It falls into our world of night,  
With the murmuring sound of  
    rhyme.



### THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravelled pathway  
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air ;  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
Was standing by the door ;  
He looked for his little playmates,  
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
They played not in the hall ;  
But shadow, and silence, and sad-  
    ness  
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet, familiar tone ;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

### KING WITLAF'S DRINKING- HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
Ere yet his last he breathed,  
To the merry monks of Croyland  
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their  
    revels,  
And drank from the golden bowl,  
They might remember the donor,  
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,  
And bade the goblet pass ;  
In their beards the red wine  
    glistened  
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,  
They drank to Christ the Lord,  
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,  
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and  
    Martyrs  
Of the dismal days of yore,  
And as soon as the horn was empty  
They remembered one Saint  
    more.

And the reader droned from the  
    pulpit,  
Like the murmur of many bees,  
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,  
And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells of the convent,  
From their prison in the tower,  
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the  
    chimney,  
And the Abbot bowed his head,  
And the flamelets flapped and  
    flickered,  
But the Abbot was stark and  
    dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers  
He clutched the golden bowl,  
In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.  
But not for this their revels  
The jovial monks forbore,  
For they cried, 'Fill high the  
goblet!  
We must drink to one Saint  
more!'



**GASPAR BECERRA.**

By his evening fire the artist  
Pondered o'er his secret shame;  
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
Still he mused, and dreamed of  
fame.  
'Twas an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill;  
But, alas! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still.  
From a distant Eastern island  
Had the precious wood been  
brought;  
Day and night the anxious master  
At his toil untiring wrought;  
Till, discouraged and desponding,  
Sat he now in shadows deep,  
And the day's humiliation  
Found oblivion in sleep.  
Then a voice cried, 'Rise, O  
master!  
From the burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that stirs within  
thee!'  
And the startled artist woke,—  
Woke, and from the smoking embers  
Seized and quenched the glowing  
wood;  
And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.  
O thou sculptor, painter, poet!  
Take this lesson to thy heart:  
That is best which lieth nearest;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

**PEGASUS IN POUND.**

ONCE into a quiet village,  
Without haste and without heed,  
In the golden prime of morning,  
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and  
sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering  
leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ring-  
ing  
From its belfry gaunt and grim;  
'Twas the daily call to labour,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapour veiled;  
Not the less he breathed the odours  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the schoolboys he was found;  
And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,  
Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
Wandered down the street pro-  
claiming  
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and  
old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
Winged steed, with mane of  
gold.

Thus the day passed, and the  
evening  
Fell, with vapours cold and dim;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for  
him.

## The Seaside and the Fireside.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
Looked he through the wooden  
bars,  
Saw the moon rise o'er the land-  
scape,  
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,  
And, from out a neighbouring  
farmyard  
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding far his pinions,  
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
Woke to all its toil and care,  
Lo ! the strange steed had departed,  
And they knew not when nor  
where.

But they found, upon the green-  
sward  
Where his struggling hoofs had  
trod,

Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing  
Gladdens the whole region round,  
Strengthening all who drink its  
waters,  
While it soothes them with its  
sound.



### TEGNER'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,  
' Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead !'  
And through the misty air  
Passed like the mournful cry  
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse  
Of the dead sun  
Borne through the Northern sky.  
Blasts from Niffelheim  
Lifted the sheeted mists  
Around him as he passed.

And the voice for ever cried,  
' Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead !'  
And died away  
Through the dreary night,  
In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,  
God of the summer sun,  
Fairest of all the Gods !  
Light from his forehead beamed,  
Runes were upon his tongue,  
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air  
Bound were by magic spell  
Never to do him harm ;  
Even the plants and stones ;  
All save the mistletoe,  
The sacred mistletoe !

Hœder, the blind old God,  
Whose feet are shod with silence,  
Pierced through that gentle breast  
With his sharp spear, by fraud  
Made of the mistletoe,  
The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,  
With horse and harness,  
As on a funeral pyre.  
Odin placed  
A ring upon his finger,  
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !  
It floated far away  
Over the misty sea,  
Till like the sun it seemed,  
Sinking beneath the waves.  
Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !  
But out of the sea of Time  
Rises a new land of song  
Fairer than the old.  
Over its meadows green  
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,  
O ye bards,  
Fairer than before !  
Ye fathers of the new race,  
Feed upon morning dew,  
Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !  
The law of love prevails !  
Thor, the thunderer,  
Shall rule the earth no more,  
No more, with threats,  
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
O ye bards of the North,  
Of Vikings and of Jarls !  
Of the days of Eld  
Preserve the freedom only,  
Not the deeds of blood !

SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS  
FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too  
swiftly sped !  
Leaving us heirs to amplest  
heritages  
Of all the best thoughts of the  
greatest sages,  
And giving tongues unto the  
silent dead !  
How our hearts glowed and trem-  
bled as she read,  
Interpreting by tones the won-  
drous pages  
Of the great poet who foreruns  
the ages,  
Anticipating all that shall be  
said !

O happy Reader ! having for thy  
text

The magic book, whose Sibylline  
leaves have caught  
The rarest essence of all human  
thought !

O happy Poet ! by no critic vex !  
How must thy listening spirit  
now rejoice  
To be interpreted by such a  
voice !

THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts  
of men,  
And bring them back to heaven  
again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;  
Through groves he wandered, and  
by streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and  
loud  
The hearts of all the listening  
crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Conitron from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers  
three  
Disputed which the best might be ;  
For still their music seemed to  
start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

## The Seaside and the Fireside.

But the great Master said, 'I see  
No best in kind, but in degree ;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to  
teach.

'These are the three great chords  
of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony.'



### SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear  
away  
Whatever thou canst call thine  
own!  
Thine image, stamped upon this  
clay,  
Doth give thee that, but that  
alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them  
lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy  
tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the  
dust!



### HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said :  
'Yet one thing more ;  
If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the  
poor,  
And come and follow me !'

Within this temple Christ again,  
unseen,  
Those sacred words hath said,  
And his invisible hands to-day have  
been

Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his  
way  
The unseen Christ shall move,  
That he may lean upon his arm and  
say,

'Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?'

Beside him at the marriage feast  
shall be,  
To make the scene more fair ;  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of  
rest!

Like the beloved John  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's  
breast,  
And thus to journey on!



### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOËL BOURGIGNON  
DE GUI BARÔZAI.

I HEAR along our street  
Pass the minstrel throngs ;  
Hark! they play so sweet,  
On their hautboys, Christmas  
songs!  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring  
Every day the chimes ;  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry rhymes.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

## By the Fireside.

---

Shepherds at the grange,  
Where the Babe was born,  
Sang, with many a change,  
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang  
Songs devout and sweet ;  
While the rafters rang,  
There they stood with freezing feet.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells  
At this holy tide,  
For want of something else,  
Christmas songs at times have  
tried.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

Washerwomen old,  
To the sound they beat,  
Sing by rivers cold,  
With uncovered heads and feet.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands  
Stamps his feet and sings ;  
But he who blows his hands  
Not so gay a carol brings.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

---

# The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

—+—  
Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might  
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;  
Let me attempt it with an English quill;  
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.  
—+—

## I.

AT the foot of the mountain  
height

Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,  
When the apple, the plum, and the  
almond tree

In the plain below were growing  
white,

This is the song one might  
perceive

On a Wednesday morn of Saint  
Joseph's Eve :

'The roads should blossom, the  
roads should bloom,

So fair a bride shall leave her home!  
Should blossom and bloom with  
garlands gay,

So fair a bride shall pass to-day !'

This old Te Deum, rustic rites  
attending,

Seemed from the clouds descend-  
ing ;

When lo ! a merry company  
Of rosy village girls, clean as the  
eye,

Each one with her attendant  
swain,  
Came to the cliff, all singing the  
same strain ;

Resembling there, so near unto  
the sky,  
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven  
has sent

For their delight and our encourage-  
ment.

Together blending,  
And soon descending  
The narrow sweep  
Of the hillside steep,  
They wind aslant  
Towards Saint Amant,  
Through leafy alleys  
Of verdurous valleys  
With merry sallies  
Singing their chant :

'The roads should blossom, the  
roads should bloom,

So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with  
garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !'

It is Baptiste, and his affianced  
maiden,  
With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one  
cloud of gloom,  
The sun of March was shining  
brightly,



## The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé.

And to the air the freshening wind  
gave lightly  
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges  
blossom,  
A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !  
To sounds of joyous melodies,  
That touch with tenderness the  
trembling bosom,  
A band of maidens  
Gaily frolicking,  
A band of youngsters  
Wildly rollicking !  
Kissing,  
Caressing,  
With fingers pressing,  
Till in the veriest  
Madness of mirth, as they  
dance,  
They retreat and advance,  
Trying whose laugh shall be  
loudest and merriest ;  
While the bride, with roguish  
eyes,  
Sporting with them, now escapes  
and cries :  
' Those who catch me  
Married verily  
This year shall be ! '

And all pursue with eager haste,  
And all attain what they pursue,  
And touch her pretty apron fresh  
and new,  
And the linen kirtle round her  
waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it  
that among  
These youthful maidens fresh  
and fair,  
So joyous, with such laughing  
air,  
Baptiste stands sighing, with  
silent tongue ?  
And yet the bride is fair and  
young !

Is it Saint Joseph would say to us  
all,  
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a  
fall ?

O no ! for a maiden frail, I trow,  
Never bore so lofty a brow !  
What lovers ! they give not a single  
caress !

To see them so careless and cold  
to-day,

These are grand people, one  
would say.

What ails Baptiste ? what grief  
doth him oppress ?

It is, that, half-way up the hill,  
In yon cottage, by whose walls  
Stand the cart-house and the  
stalls,

Dwelleth the blind orphan still,  
Daughter of a veteran old ;  
And you must know, one year  
ago,

That Margaret, the young and  
tender,

Was the village pride and  
splendour,  
And Baptiste her lover bold.

Love, the deceiver, them en-  
snared ;

For them the altar was pre-  
pared ;

But alas ! the summer's blight,  
The dread disease that none can  
stay,

The pestilence that walks by  
night,

Took the young bride's sight  
away.

All at the father's stern command  
was changed ;

Their peace was gone, but not their  
love estranged.

Wearied at home, ere long the lover  
fled ;

Returned but three short days  
ago,

## The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé.

The golden chain they round him  
throw,  
He is enticed, and onward led  
To-marry Angela, and yet  
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,  
'Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !'  
Here comes the cripple Jane !'  
And by a fountain's side  
A woman, bent and gray with  
years,  
Under the mulberry-trees ap-  
pears,  
And all towards her run, as fleet  
As had they wings upon their  
feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,  
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.  
She telleth fortunes, and none com-  
plain.

She promises one a village swain,  
Another a happy wedding-day,  
And the bride a lovely boy  
straightway.

All comes to pass as she avers ;  
She never deceives, she never  
errs.

But for this once the vi'lage seer  
Wears a countenance severe,  
And from beneath her eyebrows  
thin and white

Her two eyes flash like cannons  
bright

Aimed at the bridegroom in  
waistcoat blue,

Who, like a statue, stands in  
view ;

Changing colour, as well he  
might,

When the beldame wrinkled and  
gray

Takes the young bride by the  
hand,

And, with the tip of her reedy  
wand

Making the sign of the cross,  
doth say :—

'Thoughtless Angela, beware !  
Lest, when thou weddest this  
false bridegroom,  
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb !'

And she was silent ; and the maid-  
ens fair

Saw from each eye escape a swollen  
tear ;

But on a little streamlet silver-clear,  
What are two drops of turbid rain ?  
Saddened a moment, the bridal  
train

Resumed the dance and song  
again ;

The bridegroom only was pale  
with fear ;—

And down green alleys  
Of verdurous valleys,  
With merry sallies,  
They sang the refrain :—

'The roads should blossom, the  
roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with  
garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !'

### II.

AND by suffering worn and weary,  
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,  
Thus lamented Margaret,  
In her cottage lone and dreary :—

'He has arrived ! arrived at last !  
Yet Jane has named him not these  
three days past ;

Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !  
And knows that of my night he is  
the star !

Knows that long months I wait  
alone, benighted,

And count the moments since he  
went away !

## The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé.

Come! keep the promise of that  
happier day,  
That I may keep the faith to thee  
I plighted!  
What joy have I without thee?  
what delight?  
Grief wastes my life, and makes it  
misery;  
Day for the others ever, but for me  
For ever night! for ever night!  
When he is gone 'tis dark! my  
soul is sad!  
I suffer! O my God! come, make  
me glad.  
When he is near, no thoughts of  
day intrude;  
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste  
has blue eyes!  
Within them shines for me a heaven  
of love,  
A heaven all happiness, like that  
above,  
No more of grief! no more of  
lassitude!  
Earth I forget,—and heaven, and  
all distresses,  
When seated by my side my hand  
he presses;  
But when alone, remember all!  
Where is Baptiste? he hears not  
when I call!  
A branch of ivy, dying on the  
ground,  
I need some bough to twine  
around!  
In pity come! be to my suffering  
kind!  
True love, they say, in grief doth  
more abound!  
What then—when one is blind?  
'Who knows? perhaps I am  
forsaken!  
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to  
my grave!  
O God! what thoughts within  
me waken!  
Away! he will return! I do but  
rave!

He will return! I need not  
fear!  
He swore it by our Saviour dear;  
He could not come at his own  
will;  
Is weary, or perhaps is ill!  
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,  
Prepares for me some sweet  
surprise!  
But some one comes! Though  
blind, my heart can see!  
And that deceives me not! 'tis he!  
'tis he!

And the door ajar is set,  
And poor confiding Margaret  
Rises, with outstretched arms, but  
sightless eyes;  
'Tis only Paul, her brother, who  
thus cries:—  
'Angela the bride has passed!  
I saw the wedding guests go  
by;  
Tell me, my sister, why were we  
not asked?  
For all are there but you and I!  
'Angela married! and not send  
To tell her secret unto me!  
O, speak! who may the bride-  
groom be?  
'My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy  
friend!

A cry the blind girl gave, but no-  
thing said;  
A milky whiteness spreads upon  
her cheeks;  
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,  
Descending, as her brother  
speaks,  
Upon her heart, that has ceased  
to beat,  
Suspends awhile its life and heat.  
She stands beside the boy, now  
sore distressed,  
A wax Madonna as a peasant  
dressed.

## The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.

At length the bridal song again  
Brings her back to her sorrow  
and pain.  
‘Hark! the joyous airs are  
ringing!  
Sister, dost thou hear them  
singing?  
How merrily they laugh and  
jest!  
Would we were bidden with  
the rest!  
I would don my hose of home-  
spun gray,  
And my doublet of linen striped  
and gay;  
Perhaps they will come; for they  
do not wed  
Till to-morrow at seven o’clock,  
it is said!’  
‘I know it!’ answered Margaret;  
Whom the vision, with aspect black  
as jet,  
Mastered again; and its hand of  
ice  
Held her heart crushed, as in a  
vice!  
‘Paul, be not sad! ’Tis a holiday;  
To-morrow put on thy doublet  
gay!  
But leave me now for a while  
alone.’  
Away, with a hop and a jump,  
went Paul,  
And, as he whistled along the  
hall,  
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.  
‘Holy Virgin! what dreadful  
heat!  
I am faint, and weary, and out  
of breath!  
But thou art cold—art chill as  
death;  
My little friend! what ails thee,  
sweet?’  
‘Nothing! I hear them singing  
home the bride;  
And, as I listened to the song,

I thought my turn would come  
ere long,—  
Thou knowest it is at Whitsun-  
tide.  
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,  
To me such joy they prophesy;  
Thy skill shall be vaunted far  
and wide  
When they behold him at my  
side.  
And poor Baptiste, what sayest  
thou?  
It must seem long to him;—me-  
thinks I see him now!’  
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth  
press:  
‘Thy love I cannot all approve;  
We must not trust too much to hap-  
piness;—  
Go, pray to God, that thou mayst  
love him less!’  
‘The more I pray, the more I  
love!  
It is no sin, for God is on my side!’  
It was enough; and Jane no more  
replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred  
and cold;  
But to deceive the beldame old  
She takes a sweet, contented air;  
Speak of foul weather or of fair,  
At every word the maiden  
smiles!  
Thus the beguiler she beguiles;  
So that, departing at the evening’s  
close,  
She says, ‘She may be saved!  
she nothing knows!’

Poor Jane, the cunning sor-  
ceress!  
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no  
prophetess!  
This morning, in the fulness of thy  
heart,  
Thou wast so, far beyond thine  
art!

III.

NOW rings the bell, nine times reverberating,  
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,  
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,  
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,  
The one puts on her cross and crown,  
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,  
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,  
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,  
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;  
But in their stead for something gropes apart,  
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,  
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,  
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,  
'Mid kisses ringing,  
And joyous singing,  
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,  
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,  
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,  
'O God! forgive me now!'

And then the orphan, young and blind,

Conducted by her brother's hand,  
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,  
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.  
Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,  
Round her at times exhale,  
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,  
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,  
Marvels of nature and of art,  
And proud of its name of high degree,  
A little chapel, almost bare  
At the base of the rock, is builded there;  
All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
Above each jealous cottage roof,  
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,  
And its blackened steeple high in air,  
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

'Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!'  
Thus Margaret said. 'Where are we? we ascend!'  
'Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?  
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?  
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!  
Dost thou remember when our father said,  
The night we watched beside his bed,  
"O daughter, I am weak and low;  
Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!"

## The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillè.

And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?

Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;

And here they brought our father in his shroud.

There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;

Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?

Come in! The bride will be here soon:

Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary!

A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,

'What wouldst thou do, my daughter?'—and she started,

And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, impatient, urges evermore  
Her steps towards the open door;

And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid

Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,

And with her head, as Paul talks on again,

Touches the crown of filigrane  
Suspended from the low-arched portal,

No more restrained, no more afraid,

She walks, as for a feast arrayed,  
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night

They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,

With booming sound,

Sends forth, resounding round,

Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.

It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;

And yet the guests delay not long,

For soon arrives the bridal train,  
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,

For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,

Mute as an idiot, sad as yestern-morning,

Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;

To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper

Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,

'How beautiful! how beautiful she is!'

But she must calm that giddy head,

For already the Mass is said;

At the holy table stands the priest;

The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;

Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,

He must pronounce one word at least!

'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsmen's side

'Tis he!' a well-known voice has cried.

And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,

Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!

'Baptiste,' she said, 'since thou hast wished my death,

As holy water be my blood for thee!'

And calmly in the air a knife suspended!

## The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.

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Doubtless her guardian angel near  
attended,  
For anguish did its work so well,  
That, ere the fatal stroke de-  
scended,  
Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,  
The De Profundis filled the air ;  
Decked with flowers a simple  
hearse  
To the churchyard forth they  
bear ;

Village girls in robes of snow  
Follow, weeping as they go ;  
Nowhere was a smile that day,  
No, ah no ! for each one seemed  
to say :—

‘The road should mourn and be  
veiled in gloom,  
So fair a corpse shall leave its home !  
Should mourn and should weep,  
ah, well-away !  
So fair a corpse shall pass to-  
day !’

# The Song of Hiawatha.

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## INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these  
stories?

Whence these legends and tra-  
ditions,

With the odours of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,  
'From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the North-  
land,

From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and  
fenlands,

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,

Feeds among the reeds and rushes.  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer.'

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
Found these songs, so wild and  
wayward,

Found these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
'In the birds'-nests of the forest,  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyrie of the eagle!

'All the wild-fowl sang them to  
him,

In the moorlands and the fenlands,  
In the melancholy marshes;

Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose,  
Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!'

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, 'Who was Nawadaha?

Tell us of this Nawadaha,'  
I should answer your inquiries  
Straightway in such words as  
follow.

'In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley,  
By the pleasant water-courses,  
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.  
Round about the Indian village  
Spread the meadows and the corn-  
fields,

And beyond them stood the forest,  
Stood the groves of singing pine-  
trees,

Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
Ever sighing, ever singing.

'And the pleasant water-courses,  
You could trace them through the  
valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
By the alders in the Summer,  
By the white fog in the Autumn,  
By the black line in the Winter;  
And beside them dwelt the singer,  
In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley.

'There he sang of Hiawatha,  
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and  
suffered,



## The Peace-Pipe.

That the tribes of men might  
prosper.

That he might advance his people !'

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rain-shower and the snow-  
storm,

And the rushing of great rivers  
Through their palisades of pine-  
trees,

And the thunder in the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people,  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and child-  
like,

Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken ;—  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and  
simple,

Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe, that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings,  
strivings

For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that  
darkness

And are lifted up and strength-  
ened ;—

Listen to this simple story,  
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your  
rambles  
Through the green lanes of the  
country,

Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
For a while to muse, and ponder  
On a half-effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song-  
craft,—

Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—  
Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

### I.

#### THE PEACE-PIPE.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone  
Quarry,

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Life, descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging down-  
ward

Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.  
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, 'Run in this way !'

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with  
figures ;

From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it ;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
With the bark of the red willow ;  
Breathed upon the neighbouring  
forest,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled ;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly,  
slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of morning,—

First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapour,  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
From the Northern lakes and rivers

All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations  
Said : ' Behold it, the Pukwana !  
By this signal from afar off,  
Bending like a wand of willow,  
Waving like a hand that beckons,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Calls the tribes of men together,  
Calls the warriors to his council ! '

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
Came the warriors of the nations,  
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,  
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,  
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,  
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,  
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,

All the warriors drawn together  
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,  
With their weapons and their war-gear,

Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Wildly glaring at each other ;  
In their faces stern defiance,  
In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
The hereditary hatred,  
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The creator of the nations,  
Looked upon them with compassion,

With paternal love and pity ;  
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling

But as quarrels among children,  
But as feuds and fights of children !

Over them he stretched his right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,  
To allay their thirst and fever,  
By the shadow of his right hand ;  
Spake to them with voice majestic  
As the sound of far-off waters,  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise :—

' O my children ! my poor children !

Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life, who made you.

' I have given you lands to hunt in,

I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,

## The Four Winds.

Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each other?

'I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,

Of your wranglings and dissensions;

All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;

Therefore be at peace henceforward,

And as brothers live together.

'I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you.

If you listen to his counsels,

You will multiply and prosper;

If his warnings pass unheeded,

You will fade away and perish!

'Bathe now in the stream before you,

Wash the war-paint from your faces,

Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,

Break the red stone from this quarry,

Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,

Take the reeds that grow beside you,

Deck them with your brightest feathers,

Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live henceforward!'

Then upon the ground the warriors

Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerskin,

Threw their weapons and their war-gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their faces.

Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the foot-prints

Of the Master of Life descending;  
Dark below them flowed the water,

Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,

Clean and washed from all their war-paint;

On the banks their clubs they buried,

Buried all their warlike weapons.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the creator,

Smiled upon his helpless children!  
And in silence all the warriors

Broke the red stone of the quarry,  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest feathers,

And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life, ascending,

Through the opening of cloud-curtains,

Through the doorways of the heaven,

Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,

The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

### II.

#### THE FOUR WINDS.

'HONOUR be to Mudjekeewis!'  
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

When he came in triumph home-ward

With the sacred Belt of Wampum,  
From the regions of the North-Wind,

From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum

From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,  
From the Great Bear of the mountains,

From the terror of the nations,  
As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
On the summit of the mountains,  
Like a rock with mosses on it,  
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,  
Till the red nails of the monster  
Almost touched him, almost scared him,

Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,  
As he drew the Belt of Wampum  
Over the round ears, that heard not,

Over the small eyes, that saw not,

Over the long nose and nostrils,  
The black muffle of the nostrils,  
Out of which the heavy breathing  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,  
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,  
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of the forehead,  
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,  
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;

But his knees beneath him trembled,

And he whimpered like a woman,

As he reeled and staggered forward,

As he sat upon his haunches;  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Standing fearlessly before him,  
Taunted him in loud derision,  
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

‘Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,

And no Brave, as you pretended;  
Else you would not cry and whimper

Like a miserable woman!

Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,

Long have been at war together;  
Now you find that we are strongest,  
You go sneaking in the forest,  
You go hiding in the mountains!  
Had you conquered me in battle  
Not a groan would I have uttered;  
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,

And disgrace your tribe by crying,  
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,  
Like a cowardly old woman!’

Then again he raised his war-club,

Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa  
In the middle of his forehead,  
Broke his skull, as ice is broken  
When one goes to fish in Winter.  
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,  
He the Great Bear of the mountains,

He the terror of the nations.

‘Honour be to Mudjekeewis!’  
With a shout exclaimed the people,  
‘Honour be to Mudjekeewis!’  
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,

And hereafter and for ever  
Shall he hold supreme dominion  
Over all the winds of heaven.  
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,  
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!’

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen

## The Four Winds.

Father of the Winds of Heaven.  
For himself he kept the West-Wind,

Gave the others to his children ;  
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,  
Gave the South to Shawondasee,  
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,

To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun ;  
He it was who brought the morning,

He it was whose silver arrows  
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;

He it was whose cheeks were painted

With the brightest streaks of crimson,

And whose voice awoke the village,  
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;  
Though the birds sang gaily to him,

Though the wild-flowers of the meadow

Filled the air with odours for him,  
Though the forests and the rivers  
Sang and shouted at his coming,  
Still his heart was sad within him,  
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,

While the village still was sleeping,  
And the fog lay on the river,  
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,  
He beheld a maiden walking  
All alone upon a meadow,  
Gathering water-flags and rushes  
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,

Still the first thing he beheld there  
Was her blue eyes looking at him,  
Two blue lakes among the rushes.  
And he loved the lonely maiden,  
Who thus waited for his coming ;

For they both were solitary,  
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,  
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,

With his flattering words he wooed her,

With his sighing and his singing,  
Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
Softest music, sweetest odours,

Till he drew her to his bosom,  
Folded in his robes of crimson,  
Till into a star he changed her,  
Trembling still upon his bosom ;  
And for ever in the heavens

They are seen together walking,  
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka  
Had his dwelling among icebergs,  
In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
In the kingdom of Wabasso,  
In the land of the White Rabbit.  
He it was whose hand in Autumn  
Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;

He it was who sent the snow-flakes,  
Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,

Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,

Drove the cormorant and curlew  
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang

In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,

From his home among the icebergs,  
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,

Streamed behind him like a river,  
Like a black and wintry river,  
As he howled and hurried southward,

Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

There among the reeds and  
rushes  
Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
Trailing strings of fish behind  
him,  
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,  
Lingering still among the moor-  
lands,  
Though his tribe had long departed  
To the land of Shawondasee.  
Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
'Who is this that dares to brave  
me?  
Dares to stay in my dominions,  
When the Wawa has departed,  
When the wild-goose has gone  
southward,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Long ago departed southward?  
I will go into his wigwam,  
I will put his smouldering fire  
out!'  
And at night Kabibonokka  
To the lodge came wild and wail-  
ing,  
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,  
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,  
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,  
Flapped the curtain of the door-  
way.  
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;  
Four great logs had he for fire-  
wood,  
One for each moon of the winter,  
And for food the fishes served him.  
By his blazing fire he sat there,  
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,  
Singing, 'O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!'  
Then Kabibonokka entered,  
And though Shingebis, the diver,  
Felt his presence by the coldness,  
Felt his icy breath upon him,  
Still he did not cease his singing,  
Still he did not leave his laughing,  
Only turned the log a little,  
Only made the fire burn brighter,

Made the sparks fly up the smoke-  
flue.  
From Kabibonokka's forehead,  
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,  
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,  
Making dints upon the ashes,  
As along the eaves of lodges,  
As from drooping boughs of hem-  
lock,  
Drips the melting snow in spring-  
time,  
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.  
Till at last he rose defeated,  
Could not bear the heat and  
laughter,  
Could not bear the merry singing,  
But rushed headlong through the  
doorway,  
Stamped upon the crusted snow-  
drifts,  
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,  
Made the snow upon them harder,  
Made the ice upon them thicker,  
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
To come forth and wrestle with him,  
To come forth and wrestle naked  
On the frozen fens and moorlands.  
Forth went Shingebis, the diver,  
Wrestled all night with the North-  
Wind,  
Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
With the fierce Kabibonokka,  
Till his panting breath grew  
fainter,  
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,  
Till he reeled and staggered back-  
ward,  
And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
To the kingdom of Wabasso,  
To the land of the White Rabbit,  
Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,  
Singing, 'O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!'  
Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
Had his dwelling far to southward,  
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
In the never-ending Summer.

## The Four Winds.

He it was who sent the wood-  
birds,  
Sent the robin, the Opechee,  
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the  
swallow,  
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, north-  
ward,  
Sent the melons and tobacco,  
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke as-  
cending  
Filled the sky with haze and vapour,  
Filled the air with dreamy softness,  
Gave a twinkle to the water,  
Touched the rugged hills with  
smoothness,  
Brought the tender Indian Summer  
To the melancholy North-land,  
In the dreary Moon of Snow-  
shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee !  
In his life he had one shadow,  
In his heart one sorrow had he.  
Once, as he was gazing northward,  
Far away upon a prairie  
He beheld a maiden standing;  
Saw a tall and slender maiden  
All alone upon a prairie ;  
Brightest green were all her gar-  
ments,  
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,  
Day by day he sighed with passion,  
Day by day his heart within him  
Grew more hot with love and  
longing  
For the maid with yellow tresses.  
But he was too fat and lazy  
To bestir himself and woo her ;  
Yes, too indolent and easy  
To pursue her and persuade her.  
So he only gazed upon her,  
Only sat and sighed with passion  
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking north-  
ward,  
He beheld her yellow tresses

Changed and covered o'er with  
whiteness,  
Covered as with whitest snow-  
flakes.

'Ah ! my brother from the North-  
land,  
From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White  
Rabbit !

You have stolen the maiden from  
me,  
You have laid your hand upon her,  
You have wooed and won my  
maiden,  
With your stories of the North-  
land !'

Thus the wretched Shawondasee  
Breathed into the air his sorrow ;  
And the South-Wind o'er the  
prairie  
Wandered warm with sighs of  
passion,  
With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
Till the air seemed full of snow-  
flakes,

Full of thistle-down the prairie,  
And the maid with hair like sun-  
shine  
Vanished from his sight for ever ;  
Never more did Shawondasee  
See the maid with yellow tresses !

Poor, deluded Shawondasee !  
'Twas no woman that you gazed  
at,  
'Twas no maiden that you sighed  
for,  
'Twas the prairie dandelion  
That through all the ' dreamy  
Summer

You had gazed at with such  
longing,  
You had sighed for with such  
passion,  
And had puffed away for ever,  
Blown into the air with sighing.  
Ah ! deluded Shawondasee !

Thus the Four Winds were  
divided ;

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis  
Had their stations in the heavens,  
At the corners of the heavens;  
For himself the West-Wind only  
Knew the mighty Mudjekeewis.

### III.

#### HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening  
twilight,

In the days that are forgotten,  
In the unremembered ages,  
From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,  
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women  
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,  
When her rival, the rejected,  
Full of jealousy and hatred,  
Cut the leafy swing asunder,  
Cut in twain the twisted grape-  
vines,

And Nokomis fell affrighted  
Downward through the evening  
twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
On the prairie full of blossoms.  
'See! a star falls!' said the people;  
'From the sky a star is falling!'

There among the ferns and  
mosses,

There among the prairie lilies,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
In the moonlight and the starlight,  
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.

And she called her name Wenonah,  
As the first-born of her daughters.  
And the daughter of Nokomis  
Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
With the beauty of the moonlight,  
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,  
Saying oft, and oft repeating,  
'O, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;

Listen not to what he tells you;  
Lie not down upon the meadow,  
Stoop not down among the lilies,  
Lest the West-Wind come and  
harm you!'

But she heeded not the warning,  
Heeded not those words of wisdom,  
And the West-Wind came at even-  
ing,

Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
Whispering to the leaves and blos-  
soms,

Bending low the flowers and  
grasses,

Found the beautiful Wenonah,  
Lying there among the lilies,  
Wooded her with his words of sweet-  
ness,

Wooded her with his soft caresses,  
Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,  
Thus was born the child of wonder;  
But the daughter of Nokomis,  
Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
In her anguish died deserted  
By the West-Wind, false and faith-  
less,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly  
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;  
'O that I were dead!' she mur-  
mured,

'O that I were dead, as thou art!  
No more work, and no more weep-  
ing,

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'

(By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-  
trees,

Rose the firs with cones upon them;  
Bright before it beat the water,  
Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.



## Hiawatha's Childhood.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
'Hush! the Naked Bear will hear  
thee!'

Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
Who is this, that lights the wig-  
wam?

With his great eyes lights the wig-  
wam?

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!'

Many things Nokomis taught  
him

Of the stars that shine in heaven;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;  
Showed the Death-Dance of the  
spirits,

Warriors with their plumes and  
war-clubs,

Flaring far away to northward  
In the frosty nights of Winter;  
Showed the broad, white road in  
heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,  
Running straight across the hea-  
vens,

Crowded with the ghosts, the  
shadows.

At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha;

Heard the whispering of the pine-  
trees,

Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder;

'Minne-wawa!' said the pine-trees,  
'Mudway-aushka!' said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-tay-  
see,

Flitting through the dusk of even-  
ing,

With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes;  
And he sang the song of children,

Sang the song Nokomis taught  
him:

'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!'

Saw the moon rise from the water  
Rippling, rounding from the water,  
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
Whispered, 'What is that, Noko-  
mis?'

And the good Nokomis answered:  
'Once a warrior, very angry,  
Seized his grandmother, and threw  
her

Up into the sky at midnight;  
Right against the moon he threw  
her;

'Tis her body that you see there.'

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,  
Whispered, 'What is that, Noko-  
mis?'

And the good Nokomis answered:  
'Tis the heaven of flowers you see  
there;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and  
perish,

Blossom in that heaven above us.'

When he heard the owls at mid-  
night,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
'What is that?' he cried in terror;  
'What is that?' he said, 'Noko-  
mis?'

And the good Nokomis answered:  
'That is but the owl and owlet,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other.'

Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its lan-  
guage,  
Learned their names and all their  
secrets,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

How they built their nests in Summer,  
Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'

Then Jagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the traveller and the talker,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;  
From a branch of ash he made it,  
From an oak-bough made the arrows,

Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :  
'Go, my son, into the forest,  
Where the red deer herd together,  
Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
Kill for us a deer with antlers !'

Forth into the forest straightway  
All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;  
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,

'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !'  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !'

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,  
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
In and out among the branches,

Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,  
Laughed, and said between his laughing,

'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !'  
And the rabbit from his pathway  
Leaped aside, and at a distance  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Half in fear and half in frolic,  
Saying to the little hunter,  
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !'

But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,

Leading downward to the river,  
To the ford across the river,  
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
There he waited till the deer came,  
Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
And a deer came down the path-way,

Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,  
Trembled like the leaves above him,

Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
As the deer came down the path-way.

Then, upon one knee uprising,  
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;  
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled ;  
But the wary roebuck started,  
Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
Listened with one foot uplifted,  
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;  
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,  
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,

By the ford across the river ;  
Beat his timid heart no longer,  
But the heart of Hiawatha  
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,  
As he bore the red deer homeward,  
And Iagoo and Nokomis  
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis

Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis  
Made a banquet in his honour.

All the village came and feasted,  
All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha !

Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee !

## IV.

### HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
In all manly arts and labours.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness,  
That the arrow fell behind him !  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;  
He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
Shoot them with such strength and  
swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-string

Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deerskin ;  
When upon his hands he wore them,  
He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder.  
He had moccasins enchanted,  
Magic moccasins of deerskin ;

When he bound them round his  
ankles,

When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
Of his father Mudjekeewis ;  
Learned from her the fatal secret  
Of the beauty of his mother,  
Of the falsehood of his father ;  
And his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
' I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
See how fares it with my father,  
At the doorways of the West-Wind,

At the portals of the Sunset ! '

From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting ;

Dressed in deerskin shirt and  
leggings,

Richly wrought with quills and  
wampum ;

On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of  
wampum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with  
feathers ;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,  
' Go not forth, O Hiawatha !  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cunning ! '

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning ;  
Forth he strode into the forest,  
At each stride a mile he measured ;  
Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery vapours,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

As of burning woods and prairies,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, west-  
ward,  
Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison ;  
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,  
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
Passed the land of Crows and  
Foxes,  
Passed the dwellings of the Black-  
feet,  
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
Where upon the gusty summits  
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
At the aspect of his father.  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy  
tresses,  
Gleamed like drifting snow his  
tresses,  
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
When he looked on Hiawatha,  
Saw his youth rise up before him  
In the face of Hiawatha,  
Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
From the grave rise up before him.

'Welcome!' said he, 'Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind !  
Long have I been waiting for you !  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty ;  
You bring back the days departed,  
You bring back my youth of  
passion,  
And the beautiful Wenonah !'

Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, an-  
swered ;  
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,

Of his perilous adventures,  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting ;  
With a smile he sat and listened,  
Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed him ;  
But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, 'O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm you?  
Nothing that you are afraid of ?'  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, 'There is no-  
thing,

Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek !'

And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal,  
Looked with pride upon the beauty  
Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, 'O my Hiawatha !  
Is there anything can harm you ?  
Anything you are afraid of ?'

But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, 'There is no-  
thing,

Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa !'

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the  
bulrush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
'Kago ! kago ! do not touch it !'  
'Ah, kaween !' said Mudjekeewis,  
'No indeed, I will not touch it !'

Then they talked of other  
matters ;

First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
Of the North, Kabibonokka ;

Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
Of the beautiful Wenonah,  
Of her birth upon the meadow,  
Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, 'O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty,  
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;  
You confess it! you confess it!'—  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then upstarted Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and  
gesture

Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into frag-  
ments,

Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis;  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward from  
him,

With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!

Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the moun-  
tains;

From his eyrie screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle;  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above  
them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest

Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;  
Till the earth shook with the  
tumult

And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, 'Baim-wawa!'

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the moun-  
tains,

Stumbling westward down the  
mountains,

Three whole days retreated fighting,  
Still pursued by Hiawatha

To the doorways of the West-Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
In the melancholy marshes.

'Hold!' at length cried Mud-  
jekeewis,

'Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!

'Tis impossible to kill me,

For you cannot kill the immortal.

I have put you to this trial,

But to know and prove your courage;

Now receive the prize of valour!

'Go back to your home and  
people,

Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that

harms it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and  
rivers,

Slay all monsters and magicians,

All the Wendigoes, the giants,

All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,

As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,

Slew the Great Bear of the moun-  
tains.

'And at last when Death draws  
near you,

When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

I will share my kingdom with you ;  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,

Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.  
Thus was fought that famous  
battle

In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha ;  
Pleasant was the landscape round  
him,

Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of ven-  
geance,

From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-  
trees,

Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sand-  
stone,

Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the  
edges,

Hard and polished, keen and  
costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed  
daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sun-  
shine,

Eyes that smiled and frowned al-  
ternate,

Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter ;  
And he named her from the river,  
From the waterfall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs ?

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the  
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches ?

Who shall say what thoughts  
and visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men ?  
Who shall say what dreams of  
beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?

All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at  
sunset,

Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water.

### V.

#### HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

YOU shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle,  
And renown among the warriors,

But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-  
time,  
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,  
And, with dreams and visions  
many,  
Seven whole days and nights he  
fasted.

On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wan-  
dered ;

Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drum-  
ming,

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
Building nests among the pine-  
trees,

And in flocks the wildgoose, Wawa,  
Flying to the fenlands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.  
'Master of Life!' he cried, de-  
sponding,

'Must our lives depend on these  
things?'

On the next day of his fasting  
By the river's brink he wandered,  
Through the Muskoday, the  
meadow,

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,  
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance!

'Master of Life!' he cried, de-  
sponding,  
'Must our lives depend on these  
things?'

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,

By the still, transparent water ;  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
Scattering drops like beads of  
wampum,  
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
And the herring, Okahahwis,  
And the Shawgashee, the crawfish!  
'Master of Life!' he cried, de-  
sponding,  
'Must our lives depend on these  
things?'

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted ;  
From his couch of leaves and  
branches

Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and  
visions,

On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water,  
On the splendour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,  
Dressed in garments green and  
yellow,

Coming through the purple twilight,  
Through the splendour of the  
sunset ;

Plumes of green bent o'er his fore-  
head,

And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compassion  
On his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
Said he, 'O my Hiawatha!

All your prayers are heard in  
heaven,

For you pray not like the others ;  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle,  
Nor renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

'From the Master of Life descending,  
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you,  
How by struggle and by labour  
You shall gain what you have  
prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me !'

Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
Started from his bed of branches,  
From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset  
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;

At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
Felt new life and hope and vigour  
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
And the more they strove and  
struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-trees,

Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

'Tis enough !' then said Mondamin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
'But to-morrow, when the sun sets,

I will come again to try you.'  
And he vanished, and was seen not ;

Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
Whether rising as the mists rise,  
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,  
Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him,  
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,  
When the sun through heaven descending,

Like a red and burning cinder  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,

Fell into the western waters,  
Came Mondamin for the trial,  
For the strife with Hiawatha ;  
Came as silent as the dew comes,  
From the empty air appearing,  
Into empty air returning,  
Taking shape when earth it touches,  
But invisible to all men  
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together

In the glory of the sunset,  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-trees,

Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
In his garments green and yellow ;  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing,

And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, 'O Hiawatha !  
Bravely have you wrestled with me,

Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,

And the Master of Life, who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph !'

Then he smiled, and said : 'To-morrow

Is the last day of your conflict,  
Is the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o'ercome me ;  
Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me ;



## Hiawatha's Fasting.

Strip these garments, green and yellow,

Strip this nodding plumage from me,

Lay me in the earth, and make it Soft and loose and light above me.

'Let no hand disturb my slumber, Let no weed nor worm molest me, Let not Kahgahgee, the raven, Come to haunt me and molest me, Only come yourself to watch me, Till I wake, and start, and quicken, Till I leap into the sunshine.'

And thus saying, he departed ; Peacefully slept Hiawatha, But he heard the Wawonaissa, Heard the whippoorwill complain-

ing, Perched upon his lonely wigwam ; Heard the rushing Sebowisha, Heard the rivulet rippling near him,

Talking to the darksome forest ; Heard the sighing of the branches, As they lifted and subsided At the passing of the night-wind, Heard them, as one hears in slumber

Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers : Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis, On the seventh day of his fasting, Came with food for Hiawatha, Came imploring and bewailing, Lest his hunger should o'ercome him, Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,

Only said to her, 'Nokomis, Wait until the sun is setting, Till the darkness falls around us, Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Crying from the desolate marshes, Tells us that the day is ended.'

Homeward weeping went Nokomis, Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,

Fearing lest his strength should fail him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal. He meanwhile sat weary waiting For the coming of Mondamin, Till the shadows, pointing east-

ward, Lengthened over field and forest, Till the sun dropped from the heaven,

Floating on the waters westward, As a red leaf in the Autumn Falls and floats upon the water, Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mondamin,

With his soft and shining tresses, With his garments green and yellow, With his long and glossy plumage, Stood and beckoned at the doorway.

And as one in slumber walking, Pale and haggard, but undaunted, From the wigwam Hiawatha Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,

Sky and forest reeled together, And his strong heart leaped within him,

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles In a net to break its meshes. Like a ring of fire around him Blazed and flared the red horizon, And a hundred suns seemed looking

At the combat of the wrestlers, Suddenly upon the greensward

All alone stood Hiawatha, Panting with his wild exertion, Palpitating with the struggle ; And before him, breathless, lifeless, Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,

Plumage torn, and garments tattered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

And victorious Hiawatha  
Made the grave as he commanded,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,  
Laid him in the earth, and made it  
Soft and loose and light above him;  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From the melancholy moorlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!  
Homeward then went Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
And the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed.  
But the place was not forgotten  
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;  
Nor forgotten nor neglected  
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,  
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
Where his scattered plumes and garments  
Faded in the rain and sunshine.  
Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go to wait and watch beside it;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,  
Kahgahgec, the king of ravens.  
Till at length a small green feather  
From the earth shot slowly upward,  
Then another and another,  
And before the Summer ended  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,  
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;  
And in rapture Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, 'It is Mondamin!  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'  
Then he called to old Nokomis  
And lagoo, the great boaster,

Showed them where the maize was  
growing,  
Told them of his wondrous vision,  
Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
Of this new gift to the nations,  
Which should be their food for ever.  
And still later, when the Autumn  
Changed the long green leaves to  
yellow,  
And the soft and juicy kernels  
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,  
Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
Stripped the withered husks from  
off them,  
As he once had stripped the  
wrestler,  
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
And made known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

### VI.

#### HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right  
hand  
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Straight between them ran the  
pathway,  
Never grew the grass upon it;  
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,  
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between  
them,  
For they kept each other's counsel,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much con-  
triving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers.  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;  
All the warriors gathered round him,  
All the women came to hear him;  
Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
Flutes so musical and mellow,  
That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,  
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Pausing, said, 'O Chibiabos,  
Teach my waves to flow in music,  
Softly as your words in singing!'

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaisa,  
Envious, said, 'O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!'  
Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
Joyous, said, 'O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
Teach me songs as full of gladness!'

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
Sobbing, said, 'O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sadness!'

All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;

All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
Sang of death, and life undying  
In the Islands of the Blessed,  
In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers;  
For his gentleness he loved him,  
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many;  
For his very strength he loved him,

For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
Never played with other children,  
Never fished and never hunted,  
Not like other children was he;  
But they saw that much he fasted,  
Much his Manito entreated,  
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said his mother,

'In my work you never help me!  
In the Summer you are roaming  
Idly in the fields and forests;  
In the Winter you are cowering  
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!  
In the coldest days of Winter  
I must break the ice for fishing;  
With my nets you never help me!  
At the door my nets are hanging,  
Dripping, freezing with the water;  
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!  
Go and dry them in the sunshine!'

Slowly from the ashes Kwasind  
Rose, but made no angry answer;

## The Song of Hiawatha.

From the lodge went forth in  
silence,

Took the nets, that hung together,  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
Could not wring them without  
breaking,

Such the strength was in his fingers.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said his father,  
'In the hunt you never help me;  
Every bow you touch is broken,  
Snapped asunder every arrow;  
Yet come with me to the forest,  
You shall bring the hunting home-  
ward.'

Down a narrow pass they wan-  
dered,  
Where a brooklet led them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison  
Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

'We must go back,' said the old  
man,  
'O'er these logs we cannot clamber;  
Not a woodchuck could get through  
them,  
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!'  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before  
him;

All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said the young  
men,

As they sported in the meadow:

'Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together!'

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and, slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poised it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming  
river,  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasind sailed with his compan-  
ions,  
In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
Struggling with the rushing  
currents,

Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without paus-  
ing,

Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling sur-  
face,

Through the whirlpools chased  
the beaver,

Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions  
Cried, 'Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!  
We shall never more see Kwa-  
sind!'

But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and  
dripping,

Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told  
you,

Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much con-  
triving.

How the tribes of men might pros-  
per.

## VII.

### HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

'GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree !

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree !  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley !  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily !

'Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper !'

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary Taqu,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gaily,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing ;

And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, ' Behold me !  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me !'

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
' Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !'

With his knife the tree he girdled ;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward ;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

' Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !

Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me !'

Through the summit of the Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance ;  
But it whispered, bending downward,

' Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !'

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a framework,

Like two bows he formed and shaped them,

Like two bended bows together.

' Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !

My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me !'

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
' Take them all, O Hiawatha !'

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,

Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

' Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree !

Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me !'

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,

' Take my balm, O Hiawatha !'

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

'Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !

I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom !'

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
'Take my quills, O Hiawatha !'

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries ;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest ;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews ;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him ;

Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind,  
Saying, 'Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars.'

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,

With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,

While his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind,  
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,

In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,

Dragged the dead trees from its channel,

Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains,

To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

### VIII.

#### HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumees,  
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
With his fishing-line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,  
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,

## Hiawatha's Fishing.

In his birch-canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent  
water  
He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below  
him ;

See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgashee, the crawfish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing-line of cedar ;  
In his plumes the breeze of morning  
Played as in the hemlock branches ;  
On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;  
Through his gills he breathed the  
water,  
With his fins he fanned and win-  
nowed,  
With his tail he swept the sand-  
floor.

There he lay in all his armour ;  
On each side a shield to guard  
him,  
Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and  
shoulders

Plates of bone with spines pro-  
jecting.

Painted was he with his war-  
paints,

Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha.

In his birch-canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing-line of cedar.

'Take my bait,' cried Hiawatha,  
Down into the depths beneath him,

'Take my bait, O Sturgeon,  
Nahma !

Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger !  
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent  
water,

Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,  
'Take my bait, O King of Fishes !'

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamour,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting ;  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,  
'Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !'

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch-canoe stood end-  
wise,

Like a birch-log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Perched and frisking on the sum-  
mit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him,  
And he shouted through the water,  
'Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are but the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !'

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
To the bream, with scales of crimson,  
'Take the bait of this great boaster,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !

Slowly upward, wavering, gleam-  
ing,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch-canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling eddies,

Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,  
Lifting up his disc refulgent,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
'Esa! esa! shame upon you!  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes!'

Slowly downward, wavering,  
gleaming,  
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,  
Heard his challenge of defiance,  
The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom

Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armour,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;

In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,  
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed

Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,

Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it,

Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gaily,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labour was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
'O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me;

Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
And the name which now he gives you;

For hereafter and for ever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!'

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Gasped and quivered in the water,  
Then was still, and drifted landward

Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin,  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,

As of many wings assembling,  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,  
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,



## Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather.

Gazing at him through the opening,  
Heard them saying to each other,  
‘Tis our brother, Hiawatha!’

And he shouted from below them,  
Cried exulting from the caverns:  
‘O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings  
widen,

Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and for ever  
Men shall speak of your achievements,  
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!’

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls  
Toiled with beak and claws together,  
Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
And from peril and from prison,  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,  
On the margin of the water,  
And he called to old Nokomis,  
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,  
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

‘I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
Slain the King of Fishes!’ said he;  
‘Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls;

Drive them not away, Nokomis,  
They have saved me from great  
peril

In the body of the sturgeon,  
Wait until their meal is ended,  
Till their craws are full with feasting,

Till they homeward fly, at sunset,  
To their nests among the marshes;

Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
And make oil for us in Winter.’

And she waited till the sun set,  
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,  
Rose above the tranquil water,  
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
From their banquet rose with  
clamour,

And across the fiery sunset  
Winged their way to far-off islands,  
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
And Nokomis to her labour,  
Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
Till the sun and moon changed  
places,

Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,  
Came back from the reedy islands,  
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights  
alternate

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
Till the waves washed through the  
rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
And upon the sands lay nothing  
But the skeleton of Nahma.

### IX.

#### HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O’er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;  
And the moon, the Night-sun,  
eastward

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Suddenly starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody foot-prints,

Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha :  
' Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,

Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water.  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water ;  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset !

' He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
When he from the moon descended,  
When he came on earth to seek me,  
He, the mightiest of Magicians,  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapours,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,

Sends disease and death among us !

' Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
And your birch-canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch-water ;

Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever  
That he breathes across the fen-lands,

And avenge my father's murder !'

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-gear,

Launched his birch-canoe for sailing ;

With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, ' Cheemaun, my darling,

O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,  
Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-water !'

Forwardleaped Cheemaun exulting,

And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woeful,  
And above him the war-eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,

The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water,  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,  
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha

Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :  
' Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey !'  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer :

' Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !'

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the serpents ;  
Every twanging of the bow-string  
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,  
Every whizzing of an arrow  
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha

## Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather.

Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:  
'Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!

Onward to the black pitch-water!'

Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that  
swiftly

He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moon-light,

And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled

In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moon-light,

All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquito, sang his war-song,  
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Waved their torches to mislead him;

And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moon-light,

Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;

And anon a thousand whistles,  
Answered over all the fenlands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Far off on the reedy margin,  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,  
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,

Till the level moon stared at him,  
In his face stared pale and haggard,  
Till the sun was hot behind him,

Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
And before him on the upland  
He could see the Shining Wigwam  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he  
patted,

To his birch-canoe said, 'Onward!'  
And it stirred in all its fibres,  
And with one great bound of triumph  
Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through tangled flags and  
rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them  
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,

On the sand one end he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the middle,

Stretched the faithful bow-string  
tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed,  
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,  
Sent it singing as a herald,  
As a bearer of his message,  
Of his challenge loud and lofty:  
'Come forth from your lodge,  
Pearl-Feather!

Hiawatha waits your coming!'

Straightway from the Shining  
Wigwam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,  
Dark and terrible in aspect,  
Clad from head to foot in wampum,  
Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Streaked with crimson, blue, and  
yellow,

Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
Streaming upward, streaming out-ward.

'Well I know you, Hiawatha!'

Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
In a tone of loud derision.

'Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!  
Hasten back among the women,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !  
I will slay you as you stand there,  
As of old I slew her father !'

But my Hiawatha answered,  
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :  
'Big words do not smite like war-  
clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-  
string,

Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words  
are,

Actions mightier than boastings !'

Then began the greatest battle  
That the sun had ever looked on,  
That the war-birds ever witnessed.

All a summer's day it lasted,  
From the sunrise to the sunset ;  
For the shafts of Hiawatha

Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

Harmless fell the heavy war-club ;  
It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes

Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,

With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,  
And three useless arrows only,

Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,  
From whose branches trailed the  
mosses,

And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-  
leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above  
him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :  
'Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,

At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,

At their roots the long black  
tresses ;

There alone can he be wounded !'

Winged with feathers, tipped  
with jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.

Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered for-  
ward,

Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,

Wounding sorer than the other ;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath

him,  
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,  
And the mighty Megissogwon

Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at  
him,

Heard his voice call in the dark-  
ness ;

At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the branches

Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honour of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of

feathers

On the little head of Mama ;  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,

As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of  
wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a signal of his conquest.

On the shore he left the body,

## Hiawatha's Wooing.

Half on land and half in water,  
In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water,  
And above him, wheeled and clamoured

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wampum,

Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine,  
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,

Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,

Homeward through the black pitch-water,

Homeward through the weltering serpents,

With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,

Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his song of triumph.

And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,

Made a joyous feast, and shouted :  
'Honour be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,

Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him, who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,

Sent disease and death among us !'

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama !  
And in token of his friendship,

As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem

With the crimson tuft of feathers,  
With the blood-red crest of Mama.  
But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.

### X.

#### HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

'As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys  
him,

Though she draws him, yet she  
follows,

Useless each without the other !'

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

'Wed a maiden of your people,'  
Warning said the old Nokomis ;  
'Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know  
not !

Like a fire upon the hearthstone  
Is a neighbour's homely daughter ;  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers !'

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this : 'Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight !'

Gravely then said old Nokomis :  
'Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands !'

Smiling answered Hiawatha :  
'In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, fire-  
light,

Be the sunlight of my people !'

Still dissuading said Nokomis :  
'Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs !  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgetten,  
Wounds that ache and still may  
open !'

Laughing answered Hiawatha :  
'For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed for  
ever !'

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women ;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured ;  
Yet the way seemed long before  
him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps ;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's laugh-  
ter,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.  
'Pleasant is the sound !' he mur-  
mured,  
'Pleasant is the voice that calls  
me !'

On the outskirts of the forest,  
'Twixt the shadow and the sun-  
shine,

Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha ;  
To his bow he whispered, 'Fail  
not !'

To his arrow whispered, 'Swerve  
not !'

Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck ;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts  
were,

And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;  
Shot the wildgoose, flying south-  
ward,

On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they  
were !

Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for wea-  
pons !

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning in the Spring-  
time

Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,

## Hiawatha's Wooing.

Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they  
heard a footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-  
maker  
Looked up gravely from his labour,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
'Hiawatha, you are welcome !'

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;

And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
'You are welcome, Hiawatha !'

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deerskin dressed and  
whitened,  
With the Gods of the Dakotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before  
them,  
Water brought them from the  
brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen vessels,

Gave them drink in bowls of bass-  
wood,  
Listened while the guest was speak-  
ing,

Listened while her father answered ;  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha,  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his child-  
hood,

As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

'After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dakotahs.'  
Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
'That this peace may last for ever,  
And our hands be clasped more  
closely,

And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dakotah women !'

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely :  
'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha !'

And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely, as she stood  
there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to  
say it,  
'I will follow you, my husband !'

## The Song of Hiawatha.

This was Hiawatha's wooing !  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha !'

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labour,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
'Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us !

Just when they have learned to  
help us,

When we are old and lean upon  
them,

Comes a youth with flaunting  
feathers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger !'

Pleasant was the journey home-  
ward,

Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and  
slackened

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear ;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,

Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went  
with them,

O'er the meadow, through the  
forest ;

All the stars of night looked at  
them,

Watched with sleepless eyes their  
slumber ;

From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before  
them,

Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the  
lovers.

Pleasant was the journey home-  
ward !

All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-  
ease ;

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
'Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you !'  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
'Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband !'

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the  
branches,

Saying to them, 'O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sun-  
shine,

Rule by love, O Hiawatha !'

From the sky the moon looked  
at them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splen-  
dours,

Whispered to them, 'O my chil-  
dren,



## Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast.

Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble;  
Half is mine, although I follow;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;

Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight,  
firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.

### XI.

#### HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

How the handsome Yenadizze  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;  
How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the sweetest of musicians,  
Sang his songs of love and longing;  
How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more  
gaily,

And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis

Made at Hiawatha's wedding;  
All the bowls were made of bass-  
wood,

White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the  
village

Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting;  
And the wedding guests assembled

Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and  
plumage,

Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon,

Nahma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;

Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis,  
Tasted not the food before them,  
Only waited on the others,  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had  
finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter,  
Filled the red-stone pipes for  
smoking

With tobacco from the South-land,  
Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
And with herbs and leaves of  
fragrance.

Then she said, 'O Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

Dance for us your merry dances,  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please  
us,

That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented!

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze,  
He the merry mischief-maker,  
Whom the people called the Storm-  
Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.  
Skilled was he in sports and  
pastimes,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play ;

Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,  
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him  
Faint-heart,  
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,  
Little heeded he their jesting,  
Little cared he for their insults,  
For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,  
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,  
All inwrought with beads of wampum ;  
He was dressed in deerskin leggings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,  
And in moccasins of buckskin,  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.  
On his head were plumes of swan's down,  
On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,  
Streaks of blue and bright vermillion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,  
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,

Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,

Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine,

Treading softly like a panther.  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Eddying round and round the wigwam,

Till the leaves were whirling with him,

Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it

Wildly in the air around him ;  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,

And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
To the friend of Hiawatha,  
To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,  
'Sing to us, O Chibiabos !  
Songs of love and songs of longing,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented !'

## Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast.

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender,  
Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing ;  
Looking still at Hiawatha,  
Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

‘ Onaway ! Awake, beloved !  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest !  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-  
like !

‘ If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them !

‘ Sweet thy breath is as the fra-  
grance  
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,  
In the Moon when leaves are  
falling.

‘ Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet  
thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are  
brightest ?

‘ Onaway ! my heart sings to  
thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near  
me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Straw-  
berries !

‘ When thou art not pleased,  
beloved,  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens  
When the clouds drop shadows  
on it !

‘ When thou smilest, my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is  
brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

‘ Smiles the earth, and smile the  
waters,  
Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling  
When thou art no longer near me !

‘ I myself, myself ! behold me !  
Blood of my beating heart, behold  
me !  
O awake, awake, beloved !  
Onaway ! awake, beloved !’

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing ;  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave  
him,

Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had met a greater ;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder ;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had ;  
Ever caught so many fishes,  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he  
could,  
None could dive so deep as he  
could,  
None could swim so far as he  
could ;  
None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,  
As this marvellous story-teller !

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people ;  
And whene'er a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too highly,  
Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achievements,

All his hearers cried, 'Iagoo !  
Here's Iagoo come among us !'

He it was who carved the cradle  
Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of linden,  
Bound it strong with reindeer  
sinews ;

He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows,  
How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
And the arrows of the oak-tree.  
So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding  
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, 'O good Iagoo,  
Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more  
gaily,

And our guests be more contented !'

And Iagoo answered straight-  
way,  
'You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear the strange adventures

Of Osseo, the Magician,  
From the Evening Star descended.'

### XII.

#### THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water ?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life-blood,

Filling all the air with splendour,  
With the splendour of its plumage ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water ;  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crimson !  
No ; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water ;  
To the sky its wings are lifted,  
With its blood the waves are red-  
dened !

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the  
purple,

Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No ; it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit,  
As he passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the  
heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo  
And he said in haste : 'Behold it !  
See the sacred Star of Evening !  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

'Once, in days no more remem-  
bered,

Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to  
us,

And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daugh-  
ters,

Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

'All these women married war-  
riors,  
Married brave and haughty hus-  
bands ;

Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,

## The Son of the Evening Star.

Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with  
coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

'Ah, but beautiful within him  
Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion !  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendour in his language !

'And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and  
feathers,

Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said : " I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter ;  
I am happy with Osseo ! "

'Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of  
evening

Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands ;

Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him ;  
All the others chatted gaily,  
These two only walked in silence.

'At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman ;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
*" Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa !*  
Pity, pity me, my father ! "

" Listen ! " said the eldest  
sister,

" He is praying to his father !  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,

Does not break his neck by falling ! "   
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

'On their pathway through the  
woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and  
hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern—  
At one end went in an old man,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight and strong and  
handsome.

'Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;  
But, alas for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful !  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.  
Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

'But Osseo turned not from her,  
Walked with slower step beside her,  
Took her hand, as brown and  
withered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoo-  
sha,

Soothed her with soft words of  
kindness,

Till they reached the lodge of feast-  
ing,

Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

'Wrapt in visions, lost in dream-  
ing,

At the banquet sat Osseo ;  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he,  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

‘Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,  
Low, and musical, and tender;  
And the voice said: “O Osseo!  
O my son, my best beloved!  
Broken are the spells that bound  
you,

All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil;  
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!

“Taste the food that stands before you:

It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles  
Shall be wood and clay no longer;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,

And the kettles shall be silver;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,

Likethefireshallgleamandglimmer.

“And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labour,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendours  
Of the skies and clouds of evening!”

‘What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

‘Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising,

Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops,  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches;  
And behold! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet!

And behold! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver!  
And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of silver,  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

‘Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage.

Some were jays and some were magpies,  
Others thrushes, others blackbirds;  
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

‘Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others;  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest.

‘Then returned her youth and beauty,  
And her soiled and tattered garments

Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather!

‘And again the wigwam trembled,  
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
Through transparent cloud and vapour,

## The Son of the Evening Star.

And amid celestial splendours  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snow-flake falls on snow-  
flake,

As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water.

‘Forth with cheerful words of  
welcome

Came the father of Osseo,  
He with radiant locks of silver,  
He with eyes serene and tender.

And he said : “ My son, Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring  
there,

Hang the cage with rods of silver,  
And the birds with glistening  
feathers,

At the doorway of my wigwam.”

‘At the door he hung the bird-  
cage,

And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo’s father,

Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
As he said : “ O my Osseo !

I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and  
beauty,

Into birds of various plumage  
Changed your sisters and their  
husbands ;

Changed them thus because they  
mocked you

In the figure of the old man,  
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
Could not see your heart of passion,  
Could not see your youth immortal ;  
Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
Saw your naked heart and loved  
you.

“ In the lodge that glimmers  
yonder,

In the little star that twinkles  
Through the vapours, on the left  
hand,

Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
The Wabeno, the magician,  
Who transformed you to an old  
man.

Take heed lest his beams fall on you,  
For the rays he darts around him  
Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses.”

‘Many years, in peace and quiet,  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father ;  
Many years, in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam  
Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
Bore a son unto Osseo,  
With the beauty of his mother,  
With the courage of his father.

‘And the boy grew up and  
prospered,

And Osseo, to delight him,  
Made him little bows and arrows,  
Opened the great cage of silver,  
And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
All those birds with glossy feathers,  
For his little son to shoot at.

‘Round and round they wheeled  
and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with music,  
With their songs of joy and free-  
dom ;

Filled the Evening Star with  
splendour,

With the fluttering of their plum-  
age ;

Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

‘But, O wondrous transforma-  
tion !

’Twas no bird he saw before him,  
’Twas a beautiful young woman,  
With the arrow in her bosom !

‘When her blood fell on the  
planet,

On the sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic,  
Powerless was the strange enchant-  
ment,

And the youth, the fearless bowman,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Suddenly felt himself descending,  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty  
spaces,

Downward through the clouds and  
vapours,

Till he rested on an island,  
On an island, green and grassy,  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

'After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted down-  
ward,

Like the painted leaves of Autumn;  
And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island,  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

'Then the birds, again trans-  
figured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their  
stature;

They remained as Little People,  
Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

'Still their glittering lodge is seen  
there

On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy  
voices,

Sees them dancing in the starlight!

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was ended,  
Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly Iagoo added:

'There are great men, I have known  
such,

Whom their people understand not,  
Whom they even make a jest of,

Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo  
Let us learn the fate of jesters!'

All the wedding guests delighted  
Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applauding,  
And they whispered to each other:  
'Does he mean himself, I wonder?  
And are we the aunts and uncles?'

Then again sang Chibiabos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,  
Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

'When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'Ah me! when I parted from him,  
Round my neck he hung the  
wampum,  
As a pledge, the snow-white  
wampum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me! to your native country;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'When I looked back to behold  
him,

Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'By the tree he still was standing,  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!'

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,



## Blessing the Cornfields.

Such the story of Iagoo,  
Such the songs of Chibiabos;  
Thus the wedding banquet ended,  
And the wedding guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

### XIII.

#### BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed,  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful!  
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,  
Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,  
Buried was the dreadful war-club,  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cry was forgotten.  
There was peace among the nations;  
Unmolested roved the hunters,  
Built the birch-canoe for sailing,  
Caught the fish in lake and river,  
Shot the deer and trapped the  
beaver;

Unmolested worked the women,  
Made their sugar from the maple,  
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,  
Dressed the skins of deer and  
beaver.

All around the happy village  
Stood the maize-fields, green and  
shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty.  
'Twas the women who in Spring-  
time

Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
Buried in the earth Mondamin;  
'Twas the women who in Autumn  
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was  
planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
Spake and said to Minnehaha,  
To his wife, the Laughing Water:  
'You shall bless to-night the corn-  
fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,  
To protect them from destruction,  
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-  
ear!

'In the night, when all is silence,  
In the night, when all is darkness,  
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepah-  
win,

Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you,  
So that not an eye can see you,  
Rise up from your bed in silence,  
Lay aside your garments wholly,  
Walk around the fields you planted,  
Round the borders of the corn-  
fields,

Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a garment.

'Thus the fields shall be more  
fruitful,

And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
So that neither blight nor mildew,  
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,  
Shall pass o'er the magic circle;  
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,  
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,  
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-  
keena,

Nor the mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-  
skin,

King of all the caterpillars!

On the tree-tops near the corn-  
fields

Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
With his band of black marauders.  
And they laughed at Hiawatha,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Till the tree-tops shook with  
laughter,  
With their melancholy laughter,  
At the words of Hiawatha.

'Hear him!' said they; 'hear the  
Wise Man,  
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!'

When the noiseless night descended

Broad and dark o'er field and forest,  
When the mournful Wawonaissa,  
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,

And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
From her bed rose Laughing Water,  
Laid aside her garments wholly,  
And with darkness clothed and guarded,

Unashamed and unafrighted,  
Walked securely round the cornfields,

Drew the sacred magic circle  
Of her footprints round the cornfields.

No one but the Midnight only  
Saw her beauty in the darkness;  
No one but the Wawonaissa  
Heard the panting of her bosom;  
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her

Closely in his sacred mantle,  
So that none might see her beauty,  
So that none might boast, 'I saw her!'

On the morrow, as the day dawned,

Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Gathered all his black marauders,  
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,

Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
And descended, fast and fearless,  
On the fields of Hiawatha,  
On the grave of the Mondamin.

'We will drag Mondamin,' said they,

'From the grave where he is buried,

Spite of all the magic circles  
Laughing Water draws around it,  
Spite of all the sacred footprints  
Minnehaha stamps upon it!'

But the wary Hiawatha,  
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,  
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter  
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.

'Kaw!' he said, 'my friends the ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!  
I will teach you all a lesson  
That shall not be soon forgotten!'

He had risen before the day-break,

He had spread o'er all the cornfields

Snares to catch the black marauders,

And was lying now in ambush  
In the neighbouring grove of pine-trees,

Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,

Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamour,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
To their work of devastation,  
Settling down upon the cornfields,  
Delving deep with beak and talon,  
For the body of Mondamin.

And with all their craft and cunning,  
All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
They perceived no danger near them,

Till their claws became entangled,  
Till they found themselves imprisoned

In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,

Striding terrible among them,  
And so awful was his aspect

That the bravest quailed with terror.  
Without mercy he destroyed them  
Right and left, by tens and twenties,

## Blessing the Cornfields.

And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows  
Round the consecrated cornfields,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
He alone was spared among them  
As a hostage for his people.

With his prisoner-string he bound  
him,  
Led him captive to his wigwam,  
Tied him fast with cords of elm-  
bark

To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.  
'Kahgahgee, my raven!' said he,  
'You the leader of the robbers,  
You the plotter of this mischief,  
The contriver of this outrage,  
I will keep you, I will hold you,  
As a hostage for your people,  
As a pledge of good behaviour!'

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
Sitting in the morning sunshine  
On the summit of the wigwam,  
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
Flapping his great sable pinions,  
Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawon-  
dasee  
Breathed his sighs o'er all the  
landscape,  
From the South-land sent his  
ardours,  
Wafted kisses warm and tender;  
And the maize-field grew and  
ripened,  
Till it stood in all the splendour  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage,  
And the maize-ears full and shining  
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of  
verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:  
'Tis the Moon when leaves are  
falling;

All the wild-rice has been gathered,  
And the maize is ripe and ready;  
Let us gather in the harvest,  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,  
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,  
Of his garments green and yellow!'

And the merry Laughing Water  
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,  
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,  
And they called the women round  
them,

Called the young men and the  
maidens,  
To the harvest of the cornfields,  
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,  
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,  
Sat the old men and the warriors  
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.  
In uninterrupted silence  
Looked they at the gamesome  
labour

Of the young men and the women;  
Listened to their noisy talking,  
To their laughter and their singing,  
Heard them chattering like the  
magpies,  
Heard them laughing like the blue-  
jays,  
Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden  
Found a red ear in the husking,  
Found a maize-ear red as blood  
is,

'Nushka!' cried they all together,  
'Nushka! you shall have a sweet-  
heart,  
You shall have a handsome hus-  
band!'

'Ugh!' the old men all responded  
From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees.

And whene'er a youth or maiden  
Found a crooked ear in husking,  
Found a maize-ear in the husking  
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,  
Then they laughed and sang to-  
gether.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Crept and limped about the corn-  
fields,  
Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
Some old man, bent almost double,  
Singing singly or together :  
'Wagemin, the thief of cornfields !  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-  
ear !'

Till the cornfields rang with  
laughter,  
Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Screamed and quivered in his  
anger,  
And from all the neighbouring  
tree-tops  
Cawed and croaked the black  
marauders.  
'Ugh !' the old men all responded,  
From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees !

### XIV.

#### PICTURE-WRITING.

IN those days said Hiawatha,  
'Lo ! how all things fade and  
perish !

From the memory of the old men  
Pass away the great traditions,  
The achievements of the warriors,  
The adventures of the hunters,  
All the wisdom of the Medas,  
All the craft of the Wabenos,  
All the marvellous dreams and  
visions

Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets !  
'Great men die and are for-  
gotten,

Wise men speak ; their words of  
wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,  
Do not reach the generations  
That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
In the great, mysterious darkness  
Of the speechless days that shall  
be !

'On the grave-posts of our fathers  
Are no signs, no figures painted ;  
Who are in those graves we know  
not,

Only know they are our fathers.  
Of what kith they are and kindred,  
From what old, ancestral Totem,  
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
They descended, this we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers.

'Face to face we speak together,  
But we cannot speak when absent,  
Cannot send our voices from us  
To the friends that dwell afar off :  
Cannot send a secret message,  
But the bearer learns our secret,  
May pervert it, may betray it,  
May reveal it unto others.'

Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
In the solitary forest,  
Pondering, musing in the forest,  
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his  
colours,

Took his paints of different colours,  
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree  
Painted many shapes and figures,  
Wonderful and mystic figures,  
And each figure had a meaning,  
Each some word or thought sug-  
gested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
He, the Master of Life, was painted  
As an egg, with points projecting  
To the four winds of the heavens.  
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,  
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
As a serpent was depicted,  
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.  
Very crafty, very cunning,  
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as  
circles,  
Life was white, but Death was  
darkened ;

Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,  
Forests, mountains, lakes, and  
rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight  
line,  
For the sky a bow above it ;  
White the space between for day-  
time,  
Filled with little stars for night-  
time ;

On the left a point for sunrise,  
On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noontide,  
And for rain and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a  
wigwam  
Were a sign of invitation,  
Were a sign of guests assembling ;  
Bloody hands with palms uplifted  
Were a symbol of destruction,  
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people,  
And interpreted their meaning,  
And he said : ' Behold, your grave-  
posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.  
Go and paint them all with figures ;  
Each one with its household sym-  
bol,

With its own ancestral Totem ;  
So that those who follow after  
May distinguish them and know  
them.'

And they painted on the grave-  
posts,

On the graves yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral Totem,  
Each the symbol of his house-  
hold ;

Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token  
That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the symbol  
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Pro-  
phets,  
The Wabenos, the Magicians,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Painted upon bark and deerskin  
Figures for the songs they chanted,  
For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
Figures strange and brightly  
coloured ;

And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the  
heaven ;

The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,  
With his bloody crest erected,  
Creeping, looking into heaven ;  
In the sky the sun, that listens,  
And the moon eclipsed and dying ;  
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-  
hawk,

And the cormorant, bird of magic ;  
Headless men, that walk the  
heavens,  
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
Bloody hands of death uplifted,  
Flags on graves, and great war-  
captains

Grasping both the earth and  
heaven !

Such as these the shapes they  
painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-  
skin ;

Songs of war and songs of hunting,  
Songs of medicine and of magic,  
All were written in these figures,  
For each figure had its meaning,  
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-  
Song,

The most subtle of all medicines,  
The most potent spell of magic,  
Dangerous more than war or hunt-  
ing !

Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,  
Painted in the brightest scarlet ;  
'Tis the lover, the musician,  
And the meaning is, 'My painting  
Makes me powerful over others.'

Then the figure seated, singing,  
Playing on a drum of magic,  
And the interpretation, 'Listen !  
'Tis my voice you hear, my sing-  
ing !'

Then the same red figure seated  
In the shelter of a wigwam,  
And the meaning of the symbol,  
'I will come and sit beside you  
In the mystery of my passion !'

Then two figures, man and  
woman,  
Standing hand in hand together  
With their hands so clasped to-  
gether

That they seem in one united,  
And the words thus represented  
Are, 'I see your heart within  
you,  
And your cheeks are red with  
blushes !'

Next the maiden on an island,  
In the centre of an island ;  
And the song this shape suggested  
Was, 'Though you were at a dis-  
tance,

Were upon some far-off island,  
Such the spell I cast upon you,  
Such the magic power of passion,  
I could straightway draw you to  
me !'

Then the figure of the maiden  
Sleeping, and the lover near her,  
Whispering to her in her slumbers,  
Saying, 'Though you were far from  
me

In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
Still the voice of love would reach  
you !'

And the last of all the figures  
Was a heart within a circle,  
Drawn within a magic circle ;  
And the image had this meaning :

'Naked lies your heart before me,  
To your naked heart I whisper !'

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
In his wisdom, taught the people  
All the mysteries of painting,  
All the art of Picture-Writing,  
On the smooth bark of the birch-  
tree,  
On the white skin of the reindeer,  
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits,  
All the Manitos of mischief,  
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
And his love for Chibiabos,  
Jealous of their faithful friendship,  
And their noble words and actions,  
Made at length a league against  
them,

To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
Often said to Chibiabos,  
'O my brother! do not leave me,  
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you !'  
Chibiabos, young and heedless,  
Laughing shook his coal-black  
tresses,

Answered ever sweet and childlike,  
'Do not fear for me, O brother !  
Harm and evil come not near me !'

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-  
Water,

When the snow-flakes, whirling  
downward,

Hissed among the withered oak-  
leaves,

Changed the pine-trees into wig-  
wams,

Covered all the earth with silence,--  
Armed with arrows, shod with  
snow-shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warning,

Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers  
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
Sprang with speed the deer before  
him.

With the wind and snow he  
followed,

O'er the treacherous ice he followed,  
Wild with all the fierce commotion  
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,  
Broke the treacherous ice beneath  
him,

Dragged him downward to the  
bottom,

Buried in the sand his body.  
Unktahee, the god of water,  
He the god of the Dacotahs,  
Drowned him in the deep abysses  
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
Such a fearful lamentation,  
That the bison paused to listen,  
And the wolves howled from the  
prairies,

And the thunder in the distance  
Starting answered 'Baim-wawa!'

Then his face with black he  
painted,

With his robe his head he covered,  
In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
Uttering still this moan of  
sorrow :—

'He is dead, the sweet musician!  
He the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us for ever,  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing!  
O my brother, Chibiabos!'

And the melancholy fir-trees  
Waved their dark green fans above  
him,

Waved their purple cones above him,

Sighing with him to console him,  
Mingling with his lamentation  
Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the  
forest

Looked in vain for Chibiabos;  
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the  
bluebird,

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweet musician!'

From the wigwam sang the  
robin,

Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweetest singer!'

And at night through all the  
forest

Went the whippoorwill complain-  
ing,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa,  
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweet musician!

He the sweetest of all singers!'

Then the medicine-men, the  
Medas,

The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
Came to visit Hiawatha;

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,  
To appease him, to console him,  
Walked in silent grave procession,  
Bearing each a pouch of healing,  
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,  
Filled with magic roots and sim-  
ples,

Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps ap-  
proaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,

Called no more on Chibiabos;

Naught he questioned, naught he  
answered,

But his mournful head uncovered,  
From his face the mourning colours

Washed he slowly and in silence,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Slowly and in silence followed  
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,  
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spear-mint,  
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,  
Roots of power, and herbs of healing;  
Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;  
Chanted singly and in chorus,  
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

'I myself, myself! behold me!  
'Tis the great Gray Eagle talking;

Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!

The loud-speaking thunder helps me;

All the unseen spirits help me;  
I can hear their voices calling,  
All around the sky I hear them!  
I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha!'

'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,  
'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.

'Friends of mine are all the serpents!

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!

Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;

I can shoot your heart and kill it!  
I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha!'

'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,  
'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.

'I myself, myself! the prophet!  
When I speak the wigwam trembles,

Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,

Hands unseen begin to shake it!  
When I walk, the sky I tread on  
Bends and makes a noise beneath me!

I can blow you strong, my brother!  
Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!'

'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,  
'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine-pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
Danced their medicine-dance around him;

And upstarting wild and haggard,  
Like a man from dreams awakened,  
He was healed of all his madness.

As the clouds are swept from heaven,

Straightway from his brain departed

All his moody melancholy;

As the ice is swept from rivers,  
Straightway from his heart departed

All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos  
From his grave beneath the waters,  
From the sands of Gitche Gumee  
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

And so mighty was the magic  
Of that cry and invocation,  
That he heard it as he lay there  
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;  
From the sand he rose and listened,  
Heard the music and the singing,  
Came, obedient to the summons,  
To the doorway of the wigwam,  
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,

Through the door a burning fire-brand;

Ruler in the Land of Spirits,  
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,

Telling him a fire to kindle  
For all those that died thereafter,  
Camp-fires for their night encampments

On their solitary journey  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.



From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew him,  
Passing silent through the forest,  
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,

Slowly vanished Chibiabos!  
Where he passed, the branches moved not,  
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,

And the fallen leaves of last year  
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward  
Down the pathway of the dead men;  
On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,

Crossed the melancholy river,  
On the swinging log he crossed it,  
Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,  
Many weary spirits saw he,  
Panting under heavy burdens,  
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,  
And with food that friends had given

For that solitary journey.

'Ay! why do the living,' said they,

'Lay such heavy burdens on us!  
Better were it to go naked,  
Better were it to go fasting,  
Than to bear such heavy burdens  
On our long and weary journey!'

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,

Teaching men the use of simples  
And the antidotes for poisons,

And the cure of all diseases.  
Thus was first made known to mortals  
All the mystery of Medamin,  
All the sacred art of healing.

XVI.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
He, the handsome Yenadizze,  
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,

Vexed the village with disturbance;  
You shall hear of all his mischief,  
And his flight from Hiawatha,  
And his wondrous transigrations,  
And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumees,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water  
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

It was he who in his frenzy  
Whirled these drifting sands together,

On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
When, among the guests assembled,

He so merrily and madly  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.

Now, in search of new adventures,

From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Came with speed into the village,  
Found the young men all assembled  
In the lodge of old Iagoo,  
Listening to his monstrous stories,  
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story  
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,  
How he made a hole in heaven,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

How he climbed up into heaven,  
And let out the summer-weather,  
The perpetual, pleasant Summer ;  
How the Otter first essayed it ;  
How the Beaver, Lynx, and  
Badger  
Tried in turn the great achievement,  
From the summit of the mountain  
Smote their fists against the  
heavens,  
Smote against the sky their fore-  
heads,  
Cracked the sky, but could not  
break it ;  
How the Wolverine, uprising,  
Made him ready for the encounter,  
Bent his knees down, like a  
squirrel,  
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.  
'Once he leaped,' said old Iagoo,  
'Once he leaped, and lo ! above  
him  
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the waters rise beneath it ;  
Twice he leaped, and lo ! above  
him  
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the freshet is at highest !  
Thrice he leaped, and lo ! above  
him  
Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
And he disappeared within it,  
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,  
With a bound went in behind  
him !'  
'Hark you !' shouted Pau-Puk-  
Keewis  
As he entered at the doorway ;  
'I am tired of all this talking,  
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,  
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.  
Here is something to amuse you,  
Better than this endless talking.'  
Then from out his pouch of wolf-  
skin  
Forth he drew, with solemn  
manner,

All the game of Bowl and Counters,  
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.  
White on one side were they  
painted,  
And vermillion on the other ;  
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,  
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,  
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,  
And one slender fish, the Keego,  
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,  
And three Sheshebwug or duck-  
lings.  
All were made of bone and painted,  
All except the Ozawabeeks ;  
These were brass, on one side  
burnished,  
And were black upon the other.  
In a wooden bowl he placed them,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before  
him.  
Thus exclaiming and explaining :  
'Red side up are all the pieces,  
And one great Kenabeek standing  
On the bright side of a brass-piece,  
On a burnished Ozawabeek ;  
Thirteen tens and eight are  
counted.'  
Then again he shook the pieces,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before  
him,  
Still exclaiming and explaining :  
'White are both the great Kena-  
beeks,  
White the Ininewug, the wedge-  
men,  
Red are all the other pieces ;  
Five tens and an eight are counted.'  
Thus he taught the game of  
hazard,  
Thus displayed it and explained it,  
Running through its various  
chances,  
Various changes, various mean-  
ings :  
Twenty curious eyes stared at him,  
Full of eagerness stared at him.

'Many games,' said old Iagoo,  
'Many games of skill and hazard  
Have I seen in different nations,  
Have I played in different countries.  
He who plays with old Iagoo  
Must have very nimble fingers ;  
Though you think yourself so skilful  
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
I can even give you lessons  
In your game of Bowl and  
Counters !'

So they sat and played together,  
All the old men and the young  
men,  
Played for dresses, weapons, wam-  
pum,  
Played till midnight, played till  
morning,  
Played until the Yenadizze,  
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Of their treasures had despoiled  
them,  
Of the best of all their dresses,  
Shirts of deerskin, robes of ermine,  
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,  
Warlike weapons, pipes and  
pouches.  
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis :  
'In my wigwam I am lonely,  
In my wanderings and adventures  
I have need of a companion,  
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,  
An attendant and pipe-bearer.  
I will venture all these winnings,  
All these garments heaped about  
me,  
All this wampum, all these feathers,  
On a single throw will venture  
All against the young man yonder !'  
'Twas a youth of sixteen summers,  
'Twas a nephew of Iagoo ;  
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called  
him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head  
Dusky red beneath the ashes,

So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.  
'Ugh !' he answered very fiercely ;  
'Ugh !' they answered all and each  
one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old  
man,  
Closely in his bony fingers  
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,  
Shook it fiercely and with fury,  
Made the pieces ring together  
As he threw them down before  
him.

Red were both the great Kena-  
beeks,  
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-  
men,  
Red the Sheshebwug, the duck-  
lings,  
Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,  
White alone the fish, the Keego ;  
Only five the pieces counted !

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-  
Keewis  
Shook the bowl and threw the  
pieces ;  
Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
And they fell about him scattered ;  
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,  
Red and white the other pieces,  
And upright among the others  
One Ininewug was standing,  
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Stood alone among the players,  
Saying, 'Five tens ! mine the game  
is !'

Twenty eyes glared at him  
fiercely,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
him,  
As he turned and left the wigwam,  
Followed by his Meshinauwa,  
By the nephew of Iagoo,  
By the tall and graceful stripling,  
Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
Shirts of deerskin, robes of ermine,  
Belts of wampum, pipes and  
weapons.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

'Carry them,' said Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,  
Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
'To my wigwam far to eastward,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!'

Hot and red with smoke and  
gambling  
Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
As he came forth to the freshness  
Of the pleasant Summer morning.  
All the birds were singing gaily,  
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,  
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sang with pleasure as the birdssing,  
Beat with triumph like the stream-  
lets,

As he wandered through the village,  
In the early gray of morning,  
With his fan of turkey-feathers,  
With his plumes and tufts of swan's-  
down,

Till he reached the farthest wigwam,  
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;  
No one met him at the doorway,  
No one came to bid him welcome;  
But the birds were singing round it,  
In and out and round the doorway,  
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feed-  
ing,

And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,  
Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-  
Keewis.

'All are gone! the lodge is  
empty!'

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

In his heart resolving mischief;—  
'Gone is wary Hiawatha,  
Gone the silly Laughing Water,  
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,  
And the lodge is left unguarded!'

By the neck he seized the raven,  
Whirled it round him like a rattle,  
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,  
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,

From the ridge-pole of the wigwam  
Left its lifeless body hanging,  
As an insult to its master,  
As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,  
Round the lodge in wild disorder  
Threw the household things about  
him,

Piled together in confusion  
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,  
Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,  
As an insult to Nokomis,  
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Whistling, singing through the  
forest,

Whistling gaily to the squirrels,  
Who from hollow boughs above him  
Dropped their acorn-shells upon  
him,

Singing gaily to the wood-birds,  
Who from out the leafy darkness  
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky head-  
lands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumees,  
Perched himself upon their summit,  
Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay  
there;

Far below him plashed the waters,  
Plashed and washed the dreamy  
waters;

Far above him swam the heavens,  
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;  
Round him hovered, fluttered,  
rustled,

Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
Flock-wise swept and wheeled  
about him,  
Almost brushed him with their  
pinions.

And he killed them as he lay  
there,

Slaughtered them by tens and  
twenties,

## The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Threw their bodies down the head-  
land,  
Threw them on the beach below  
him,  
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,  
Perched upon a crag above them,  
Shouted: 'It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
He is slaying us by hundreds!  
Send a message to our brother,  
Tidings send to Hiawatha!'

### XVII.

#### THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK- KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha  
When he came into the village,  
Found the people in confusion,  
Heard of all the misdemeanours,  
All the malice and the mischief,  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through  
his nostrils,  
Through his teeth he buzzed and  
muttered  
Words of anger and resentment,  
Hot and humming, like a hornet.  
'I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Slay this mischief-maker!' said he.  
'Not so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
That my wrath shall not attain him,  
That my vengeance shall not reach  
him!'

Then in swift pursuit departed  
Hiawatha and the hunters  
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Through the forest, where he passed  
it,  
To the headlands where he rested;  
But they found not Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,  
Only in the trampled grasses,  
In the whortleberry-bushes,  
Found the couch where he had  
rested,  
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath  
them,  
From the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning back-  
ward,  
Made a gesture of defiance,  
Made a gesture of derision;  
And aloud cried Hiawatha,  
From the summit of the mountain:  
'Not so long and wide the world  
is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
And my vengeance shall attain  
you!'

Over rock and over river,  
Thorough bush, and brake, and  
forest,  
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
Like an antelope he bounded,  
Till he came unto a streamlet  
In the middle of the forest,  
To a streamlet still and tranquil,  
That had overflowed its margin,  
To a dam made by the beavers,  
To a pond of quiet water,  
Where knee-deep the trees were  
standing,  
Where the water-lilies floated,  
Where the rushes waved and  
whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,  
On the dam of trunks and  
branches,  
Through whose chinks the water  
spouted,  
O'er whose summit flowed the  
streamlet.  
From the bottom rose the beaver,  
Looked with two great eyes of  
wonder,  
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,  
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,  
O'er his ankles flowed the stream-  
let,

## The Song of Hiawatha

Flowed the bright and silvery  
water,

And he spake unto the beaver,  
With a smile he spake in this wise :

‘O my friend Ahmeek, the  
beaver,

Cool and pleasant is the water ;  
Let me dive into the water,  
Let me rest there in your lodges ;  
Change me, too, into a beaver !’

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
With reserve he thus made answer :

‘Let me first consult the others.  
Let me ask the other beavers.’

Down he sank into the water,  
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,  
Down among the leaves and  
branches,

Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

O’er his ankles flowed the stream-  
let,

Spouted through the chinks below  
him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath  
him,

Spread serene and calm before him ;  
And the sunshine and the shadows

Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,  
Fell in little shining patches,

Through the waving, rustling  
branches.

From the bottom rose the  
beavers,

Silently above the surface

Rose one head and then another,

Till the pond seemed full of  
beavers,

Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Spake entreating, said in this wise :

‘Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
O my friends ! and safe from  
danger ;

Can you not with all your cunning,  
All your wisdom and contrivance,  
Change me, too, into a beaver ?’

‘Yes !’ replied Ahmeek, the  
beaver,

He the King of all the beavers,

‘Let yourself slide down among us,  
Down into the tranquil water.’

Down into the pond among them  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;

Black became his shirt of deerskin,  
Black his moccasins and leggings,

In a broad black tail behind him  
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes ;

He was changed into a beaver.

‘Make me large,’ said Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

‘Make me large and make me  
larger,

Larger than the other beavers.’

‘Yes,’ the beaver chief responded,

‘When our lodge below you enter,

In our wigwam we will make you  
Ten times larger than the others.’

Thus into the clear brown water  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis :

Found the bottom covered over  
With the trunks of trees and

branches,  
Hoards of food against the winter,

Piles and heaps against the famine ;  
Found the lodge with arching door-  
way,

Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and  
larger,

Made him largest of the beavers,  
Ten times larger than the others.

‘You shall be our ruler,’ said they ;

‘Chief and King of all the beavers.’

But not long had Pau-Puk-  
Keewis

Sat in state among the beavers,

When there came a voice of warning  
From the watchman at his station

In the water-flags and lilies,  
Saying, ‘Here is Hiawatha !  
Hiawatha with his hunters !’

Then they heard a cry above  
them,

Heard a shouting and a tramping,

## The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Heard a crashing and a rushing,  
And the water round and o'er them  
Sank and sucked away in eddies,  
And they knew their dam was  
broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters  
Leaped, and broke it all asunder ;  
Streamed the sunshine through the  
crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the  
doorway,

Hid themselves in deeper water,  
In the channel of the streamlet ;  
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Could not pass beneath the door-  
way ;

He was puffed with pride and  
feeding,

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hia-  
watha,

Cried aloud, ' O Pau-Puk-Keewis !  
Vain are all your craft and cunning,  
Vain your manifold disguises !

Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis !'

With their clubs they beat and  
bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,  
Bore him home on poles and  
branches,

Bore the body of the beaver ;  
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,  
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and  
struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,  
As the curtains of a wigwam  
Struggle with their thongs of deer-  
skin,

When the wintry wind is blowing ;  
Till it drew itself together,  
Till it rose up from the body,

Till it took the form and features  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha  
Saw the figure ere it vanished,  
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Glide into the soft blue shadow  
Of the pine-trees of the forest ;  
Toward the squares of white be-  
yond it,

Toward an opening in the forest,  
Like a wind it rushed and panted,  
Bending all the boughs before it,  
And behind it, as the rain comes,  
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands  
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

Where among the water-lilies  
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing ;  
Through the tufts of rushes floating,  
Steering through the reedy islands.  
Now their broad black beaks they  
lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the  
water,

Now they darkened in the shadow,  
Now they brightened in the sun-  
shine.

' Pishnekuh !' cried Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

' Pishnekuh ! my brother !' said he,  
' Change me to a brant with plum-  
age,

With a shining neck and feathers,  
Make me large, and make me larger,  
Ten times larger than the others.'

Straightway to a brant they  
changed him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,  
With a bosom smooth and rounded,  
With a bill like two great paddles,  
Made him larger than the others,  
Ten times larger than the largest,  
Just as, shouting from the forest,  
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and  
clamour,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

With a whirl and beat of pinions,  
Rose up from the reedy islands,  
From the water-flags and lilies.

And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
'In your flying, look not downward,  
Take good heed, and look not  
downward,

Lest some strange mischance  
should happen,

Lest some great mishap befall you!'

Fast and far they fled to north-  
ward,

Fast and far through mist and sun-  
shine,

Fed among the moors and fenlands,  
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,  
Buoyed and lifted by the South-  
wind,

Wafted onward by the South-wind,  
Blowing fresh and strong behind  
them,

Rose a sound of human voices,  
Rose a clamour from beneath them,  
From the lodges of a village,  
From the people miles beneath  
them.

For the people of the village  
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,  
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Flapping far up in the ether,  
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the  
shouting,

Knew the voice of Hiawatha,  
Knew the outcry of Iagoo,  
And, forgetful of the warning,  
Drew his neck in, and looked  
downward,

And the wind that blew behind him  
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,  
Sent him wheeling, whirling down-  
ward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Struggle to regain his balance!

Whirling round and round and  
downward,

He beheld in turn the village

And in turn the flock above him,  
Saw the village coming nearer,  
And the flock receding farther,  
Heard the voices growing louder,  
Heard the shouting and the laugh-  
ter;

Saw no more the flock above him,  
Only saw the earth beneath him;  
Dead out of the empty heaven,  
Dead among the shouting people,  
With a heavy sound and sullen,  
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his  
shadow,

Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Took again the form and features  
Of the handsome Yenadizze,

And again went rushing onward,  
Followed fast by Hiawatha,

Crying: 'Not so wide the world is,  
Not so long and rough the way is,

But my wrath shall overtake you,  
But my vengeance shall attain you!'

And so near he came, so near him,  
That his hand was stretched to

seize him,  
His right hand to seize and hold him,

When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis

Whirled and spun about in circles,  
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,

Danced the dust and leaves about  
him,

And amid the whirling eddies  
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,

Changed himself into a serpent,  
Gliding out through root and rub-

bish.

With his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,

Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments.

But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Once again in human figure,

Full in sight ran on before him,  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,



## The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of sand-  
stone,

Looking over lake and landscape.  
And the Old Man of the Moun-  
tain,

He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against  
him,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sand-  
stone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
'Open! I am Hiawatha!'

But the Old Man of the Mountain  
Opened not, and made no answer  
From the silent crags of sandstone,  
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to  
heaven,

Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee;  
And they came with night and  
darkness,

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
From the distant Thunder Moun-  
tains;

And the trembling Pau-Puk-  
Keewis

Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and  
trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the light-  
ning,

Smote the doorways of the caverns,  
With his war-club smote the door-  
ways,

Smote the jutting crags of sand-  
stone,

And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, 'Where is Pau-Puk-Keew-  
wis?'

And the crags fell, and beneath  
them

Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,  
Ended were his tricks and gambols,  
Ended all his craft and cunning,  
Ended all his mischief-making,  
All his gambling and his dancing,  
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost, his  
shadow,

Spake and said: 'O Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

Never more in human figure  
Shall you search for new adven-  
tures;

Never more with jest and laughter  
Dance the dust and leaves in  
whirlwinds;

But above there in the heavens  
You shall soar and sail in circles;  
I will change you to an eagle,  
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Chief of all the fowl with feathers,  
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens.'

And the name of Pau-Puk-  
Keewis

Lingers still among the people,  
Lingers still among the singers,  
And among the story-tellers;  
And in Winter, when the snow-  
flakes

Whirl in eddies round the lodges,  
When the wind in gusty tumult  
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and  
whistles,

'There,' they cry, 'comes Pau-Puk-  
Keewis;

He is dancing through the village,  
He is gathering in his harvest!'

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations  
Spread the name and fame of  
Kwasind;

No man dared to strive with  
Kwasind,

No man could compete with  
Kwasind.

But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,  
They the envious Little People,  
They the fairies and the pigmies,  
Plotted and conspired against him.

'If this hateful Kwasind,' said  
they,

'If this great, outrageous fellow  
Goes on thus a little longer,  
Tearing everything he touches,  
Rending everything to pieces,  
Filling all the world with wonder,  
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?  
Who will care for the Puk-Wud-  
jies?

He will tread us down like mush-  
rooms,

Drive us all into the water,  
Give our bodies to be eaten  
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,  
By the Spirits of the water!'

So the angry Little People  
All conspired against the Strong  
Man,

All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,  
The audacious, overbearing,  
Heartless, haughty, dangerous  
Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of  
Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;  
In his crown too was his weakness;  
There alone could he be wounded,  
Nowhere else could weapon pierce  
him,

Nowhere else could weapon harm  
him.

Even there the only weapon  
That could wound him, that could  
slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.  
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
Known to no man among mortals;  
But the cunning Little People,  
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,  
Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,  
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-  
tree,

Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,  
In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
Brought them to the river's margin,  
Heaped them in great piles together,  
Where the red rocks from the  
margin

jutting overhang the river.  
There they lay in wait for Kwasind,  
The malicious Little People.

'Twas an afternoon in Summer;  
Very hot and still the air was,  
Very smooth the gliding river,  
Motionless the sleeping shadows:  
Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
Insects skated on the water,  
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,  
With a far resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong  
Man,

In his birch-canoe came Kwasind,  
Floating slowly down the current  
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,  
Very languid with the weather  
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
From the tassels of the birch-trees,  
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;  
By his airy hosts surrounded,  
His invisible attendants,  
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepah-  
win;

Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-  
she,

Like a dragon-fly, he hovered  
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur  
As of waves upon a sea-shore,  
As of far-off tumbling waters,  
As of winds among the pine-trees ;  
And he felt upon his forehead  
Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs,  
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;  
At the second blow they smote him,  
Motionless his paddle rested ;  
At the third, before his vision  
Reeled the landscape into darkness,  
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,  
Like a blind man seated upright,  
Floated down the Taquamenaw,  
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,  
Underneath the wooded headlands,  
Underneath the war encampment  
Of the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,  
Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,  
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,  
On his crown defenceless struck him.

'Death to Kwasind!' was the sudden  
War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,  
Sideways fell into the river,  
Plunged beneath the sluggish water  
Headlong, as an otter plunges ;  
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,  
Drifted empty down the river,  
Bottom upward swerved and drifted :  
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man  
Lingered long among the people,  
And whenever through the forest

Raged and roared the wintry tempest,  
And the branches, tossed and troubled,  
Creaked and groaned and split asunder,  
'Kwasind!' cried they ; 'that is Kwasind !'  
He is gathering in his firewood !'

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows ;

And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly ;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flockwise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary North-land,

Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
Into stone had changed their waters.  
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,

Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,  
One uninterrupted level,  
As if, stooping, the Creator  
With his hand had smoothed them over.

Through the forest, wide and wailing,

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes ;  
In the village worked the women,  
Pounded maize, or dressed the deerskin ;  
And the young men played together  
On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,  
In her wigwam Laughing Water  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha  
Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-light,  
Painting them with streaks of crimson,  
In the eyes of old Nokomis  
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,

In the eyes of Laughing Water  
Glistened like the sun in water ;  
And behind them crouched their shadows  
In the corners of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above them

Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.  
Then the curtain of the doorway  
From without was slowly lifted ;  
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,  
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,

As two women entered softly,  
Passed the doorway uninvited,  
Without word of salutation,  
Without sign of recognition,  
Sat down in the farthest corner,  
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,  
Strangers seemed they in the village ;  
Very pale and haggard were they,  
As they sat there sad and silent,  
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
Muttering down into the wigwam ?

Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,  
Hooting from the dismal forest ?  
Sure a voice said in the silence :  
' These are corpses clad in garments,

These are ghosts that come to haunt you,  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter !'

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
From his hunting in the forest,  
With the snow upon his tresses,  
And the red deer on his shoulders.  
At the feet of Laughing Water  
Down he threw his lifeless burden ;  
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,  
Than when first he came to woo her,  
First threw down the deer before her,

As a token of his wishes,  
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,  
Cowering, crouching with the shadows ;  
Said within himself, ' Who are they ?  
What strange guests has Minnehaha ?'

But he questioned not the strangers,  
Only spake to bid them welcome  
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,  
And the deer had been divided,

Both the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Springing from among the shadows,

Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,  
Set apart for Laughing Water,  
For the wife of Hiawatha ;  
Without asking, without thanking,  
Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
Flitted back among the shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,  
Not a motion made Nokomis,  
Not a gesture Laughing Water ;  
Not a change came o'er their  
features ;

Only Minnehaha softly  
Whispered, saying, 'They are  
famished ;

Let them do what best delights  
them ;

Let them eat, for they are famished.'

Many a daylight dawned and  
darkened,

Many a night shook off the daylight  
As the pine shakes off the snow-  
flakes

From the midnight of its branches ;  
Day by day the guests unmoving  
Sat there silent in the wigwam ;  
But by night, in storm or starlight,  
Forth they went into the forest,  
Bringing firewood to the wigwam,  
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,  
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha  
Came from fishing or from hunting,  
When the evening meal was ready,  
And the food had been divided,  
Gliding from their darksome corner,  
Came the pallid guests, the stran-  
gers,

Seized upon the choicest portions  
Set aside for Laughing Water,  
And without rebuke or question  
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha  
By a word or look reproved them ;  
Never once had old Nokomis  
Made a gesture of impatience ;  
Never once had Laughing Water  
Shown resentment at the outrage.  
All had they endured in silence,  
That the rights of guests and  
stranger,

That the virtue of free-giving,  
By a look might not be lessened,  
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,

Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were  
burning,

By the glimmering, flickering fire-  
light,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,  
From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deerskin curtain,  
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,  
Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said : 'O guests! why is it  
That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,  
Wronged or grieved you by unkind-  
ness,

Failed in hospitable duties?'

Then the shadows ceased from  
weeping,

Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,  
And they said, with gentle voices :  
'We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with  
you.

From the realms of Chibiabos  
Hither have we come to try you,  
Hither have we come to warn you.

'Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands ;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends departed,  
Sadden us with useless sorrow.

Therefore have we come to try you ;  
No one knows us, no one heeds us.  
We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed  
Have no place among the living.

'Think of this, O Hiawatha !  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and for ever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

'Do not lay such heavy burdens  
In the graves of those you bury,  
Not such weight of furs and wampum,  
Not such weight of pots and kettles,  
For the spirits faint beneath them,  
Only give them food to carry,  
Only give them fire to light them.

'Four days is the spirit's journey  
To the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Four its lonely night encampments;  
Four times must their fires be  
lighted.

Therefore, when the dead are  
buried,

Let a fire, as night approaches,  
Four times on the grave be kindled,  
That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful firelight,  
May not grope about in darkness.

'Farewell, noble Hiawatha!  
We have put you to the trial,  
To the proof have put your patience,  
By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.  
We have found you great and noble.  
Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle.'

When they ceased, a sudden  
darkness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night air,  
For a moment saw the starlight;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering spirits  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter.

### XX.

#### THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter!  
O the cold and cruel Winter!

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the  
village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage;  
With his mittens and his snow-  
shoes

Vainly walked he through the forest,  
Sought for bird or beast and found  
none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weak-  
ness,

Perished there from cold and  
hunger.

O the famine and the fever!

O the wasting of the famine!

O the blasting of the fever!

O the wailing of the children!

O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and fam-  
ished;

Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two other guests, as silent  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water;  
Looked with haggard eyes and hol-  
low

At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: 'Behold  
me!

I am Famine, Bukadawin!'

And the other said: 'Behold me!  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!'

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon  
her,  
Shuddered at the words they ut-  
tered,  
Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burn-  
ing

At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for  
hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the snow and vacant forest  
On his snow-shoes strode he for-  
ward.

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty!'  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
'Give your children food, O father!  
Give us food, or we must perish!  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!'

Through the far-resounding  
forest,

Through the forest vast and vacant  
Rang that cry of desolation,  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of his crying,  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!'

All day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadow of whose  
thickets,  
In the pleasant days of Summer,  
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,  
He had brought his young wife  
homeward

From the land of the Dacotahs;  
When the birds sang in the thickets,  
And the streamlets laughed and  
glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance,  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not tremble  
'I will follow you my husband!'

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
With those gloomy guests, that  
watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever,  
She was lying, the Beloved,  
She the dying Minnehaha.

'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a  
rushing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance!'

'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,  
'Tis the night-wind in the pine-  
trees!'

'Look!' she said; 'I see my  
father

Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs!'

'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,  
'Tis the smoke, that waves and  
beckons!'

'Ah!' said she, 'the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

Over snow-fields waste and path-  
less,  
Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

'Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !  
Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are !  
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !'

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and shud-  
dered,

That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his an-  
guish.

Then he sat down still and  
speechless,  
On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet, that never  
More would lightly run to meet him,  
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he  
covered,  
Seven long days and nights he sat  
there,

As if in a swoon he sat there,  
Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hem-  
locks ;

Clothed her in her richest gar-  
ments,  
Wrapped her in her robes of er-  
mine ;

Covered her with snow, like ermine,  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kin-  
dled,

For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,

Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the door-  
way,

That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

'Farewell !' said he, 'Minnehaha !  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with  
you !

Come not back again to labour,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter !'

XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.  
White his hair was as a snow-drift ;  
Dull and low his fire was burning,  
And the old man shook and trem-  
bled,

Folded in his Waubewyon,  
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest,  
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with  
ashes,

And the fire was slowly dying,  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered.  
Red with blood of youth his cheeks  
were,  
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-  
time,



## The White Man's Foot.

Bound his forehead was with  
grasses,  
Bound and plumed with scented  
grasses;

On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

'Ah, my son!' exclaimed the old  
man,

'Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,  
Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together.  
Tell me of your strange adventures,  
Of the lands where you have tra-  
velled;

I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder.'

From his pouch he drew his  
peace-pipe,  
Very old and strangely fashioned;  
Made of red stone was the pipe-  
head,

And the stem a reed with feathers;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it,  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,  
And began to speak in this wise:

'When I blow my breath about  
me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water!'

And the young man answered,  
smiling:

'When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the land-  
scape,

Flowers spring up o'er all the  
meadows,  
Singing onward rush the rivers!'

'When I shake my hoary tresses,'  
Said the old man darkly frowning,  
'All the land with snow is covered,  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.

From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo! they are not.  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and  
caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flint-  
stone!'

'When I shake my flowing ring-  
lets,'

Said the young man, softly laughing,  
'Showers of rain fall warm and  
welcome,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild goose and the heron,  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swal-  
low,

Sing the bluebird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blos-  
soms,

All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage!'

While they spake, the night de-  
parted

From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,  
Like a warrior robed and painted,  
Came the sun, and said, 'Behold me!  
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!'

Then the old man's tongue was  
speechless

And the air grew warm and plea-  
sant,

And upon the wigwam sweetly  
Sang the bluebird and the robin,  
And the stream began to murmur,  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently  
wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stran-  
ger,

More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him;  
It was Peboan, the Winter!

## The Song of Hiawatha.

From his eyes the tears were  
flowing,  
As from melting lakes the stream-  
lets,  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting sun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,  
Till into the ground it vanished,  
And the young man saw before him,  
On the hearthstone of the wigwam,  
Where the fire had smoked and  
smouldered,  
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-  
time,  
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-  
land  
After that unheard-of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splen-  
dour,  
All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and  
grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through  
heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks ;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bowstring snapped asunder,  
Came the white goose, Waw-be-  
wawa ;

And in pairs, or singly flying,  
Mahng the loon, with clangorous  
pinions,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-  
gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa ;  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the robin, the Opechee ;  
In the covert of the pine-trees  
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee ;  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,

Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy door-  
way,

Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to east-  
ward,

From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo,  
The great traveller, the great  
boaster,

Full of new and strange adven-  
tures,

Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures,  
Laughing answered him in this  
wise :

' Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !  
No one else beholds such wonders !

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumee.  
Bitter so that none could drink it !  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, ' It cannot be so !  
Kaw ! ' they said, ' it cannot be so ! '

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops !  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other ;  
' Kaw ! ' they said, ' we don't be-  
lieve it ! '

From its mouth, he said, to greet  
him,

Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee !  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;  
' Kaw ! ' they said, ' what tales you  
tell us ! '

## Hiawatha's Departure.

In it, said he, came a people,  
In a great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;  
Painted white were all their faces  
And with hair their chins were  
covered !

And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.  
'Kaw !' they said, 'what lies you  
tell us !

Do not think that we believe them !'

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and answered  
To their jeering and their jesting :  
'True is all Iagoo tells us ;  
I have seen it in a vision,  
Seen the great canoe with pinions,  
Seen the people with white faces,  
Seen the coming of this bearded  
People of the wooden vessel  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun.

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Sends them hither on his errand,  
Sends them to us with his message.  
Wheresoe'er they move, before  
them

Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,  
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;  
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath  
them

Springs a flower unknown among  
us,  
Springs the White-man's foot in  
blossom.

'Let us welcome, then, the stran-  
gers,  
Hail them as our friends and  
brothers,  
And the heart's right hand of friend-  
ship  
Give them when they come to see  
us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Said this to me in my vision.

'I beheld, too, in that vision  
All the secrets of the future,  
Of the distant days that shall be.  
I beheld the westward marches  
Of the unknown, crowded nations.  
All the land was full of people,  
Restless, struggling, toiling, striv-  
ing,  
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.  
In the woodlands rang their axes,  
Smoked their town in all the val-  
leys,

Over all the lakes and rivers  
Rushed their great canoes of thun-  
der.

'Then a darker, drearier vision  
Passed before me vague and cloud-  
like :

I beheld our nation scattered,  
All forgetful of my counsels,  
Weakened, warring with each  
other :

Saw the remnants of our people  
Sweeping westward, wild and woe-  
ful,

Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of Au-  
tumn !'

## XXII.

### HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

BY the shore of Gitche Gumece,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant Summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,  
All the earth was bright and joyous,  
And before him, through the sun-  
shine,  
Westward toward the neighbouring  
forest

Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Bright above him shone the  
heavens,  
Level spread the lake before him ;  
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;  
On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,  
Every tree-top had its shadow,  
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
As the fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadow.  
With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation,  
As of one who in a vision  
Sees what is to be, but is not,  
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were  
lifted,  
Both the palms spread out against  
it,

And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
Through the rifted leaves and  
branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,  
Something in the mists of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the water,  
Now seemed floating, now seemed  
flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver ?  
Or the pelican, the Shada ?  
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah ?  
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
With the water dripping, flashing,  
From its glossy neck and feathers ?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morn-  
ing,

But a birch-canoe with paddles,

Rising, sinking on the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine ;  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning  
Came the Black-Robe chief, the  
Prophet,  
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-  
face,

With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation,  
Till the birch-canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,  
Stranded on the sandy margin,  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-  
face,

With the cross upon his bosom,  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :  
' Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us !  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you ;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give  
you.

' Never bloomed the earth so  
gaily,

Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us !  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-  
bars ;

For your birch-canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-  
bar.

' Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavour,  
Never the broad leaves of our corn-  
fields

Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us !'

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,  
Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :  
'Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary !'

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful, old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome ;

'It is well,' they said, 'O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us !'

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message ;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,

From the wigwam came to greet them,

Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar ;  
'It is well,' they said, 'O brother,  
That you come so far to see us !'

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,

Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do ;

How he fasted, prayed, and laboured ;  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;

How he rose from where they laid him,

Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying :

'We have listened to your message,  
We have heard your words of wisdom,

We will think on what you tell us.  
It is well for us, O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us !'

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wigwam,  
To the young men and the women,  
Told the story of the strangers  
Whom the Master of Life had sent them

From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,

With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it ;  
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena ;

And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape

Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,

And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,

Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;

## The Song of Hiawatha.

Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this  
wise,  
Did not wake the guests, that slum-  
bered :

'I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.  
But these guests I leave behind me,  
In your watch and ward I leave  
them ;

See that never harm comes near  
them,

See that never fear molests them,  
Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha !'

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young  
men,

Spake persuading, spake in this  
wise :

'I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey ;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have van-  
ished,

Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me ;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent  
them

From the land of light and morn-  
ing !'

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at  
parting ;

On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch-canoe for sail-  
ing,

From the pebbles of the margin

Shoved it forth into the water ;  
Whispered to it, 'Westward ! west-  
ward !'

And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with red-  
ness,

Burned the broad sky like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splen-  
dour,

Down whose stream, as down a  
river,

Westward, westward Hiawatha

Sailed into the fiery sunset,

Sailed into the purple vapours,

Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sink-  
ing,

Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted

High into that sea of splendour,

Till it sank into the vapours

Like the new moon slowly, slowly

Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, 'Farewell for  
ever !'

Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of  
darkness,

Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

And the waves upon the margin

Rising, rippling on the pebbles,

Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

From her haunts among the fen-  
lands,

Screamed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

Thus departed Hiawatha,

Hiawatha the Beloved,

In the glory of the sunset,

In the purple mists of evening,

To the regions of the home-wind,

Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,

To the Islands of the Blessed,

To the kingdom of Ponemah,

To the land of the Hereafter !

# The Song of Hiawatha.

## VOCABULARY.

Adjidan'mo, *the red squirrel.*  
 Ahdeek', *the reindeer.*  
 Ahkose'win, *fever.*  
 Ahmeek', *the beaver.*  
 Algon'qain, *Ojibway.*  
 Anemee'kee, *the thunder.*  
 Apuk'wa, *a bulrush.*  
 Bain-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder.*  
 Bemah'gut, *the grape-vine.*  
 Be'na, *the pheasant.* [rior.  
 Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*  
 Bukada'win, *famine.*  
 Cheemaun', *a birch canoe.*  
 Chetowaik', *the plover.*  
 Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.*  
 Dahin'da, *the bull-frog.*  
 Dush-kwo-ne'she, or Kwo-ne'she, *the dragon-fly.*  
 Esa, *shame upon you.*  
 Ewa-yea', *lullaby.*  
 Gee'zis, *the sun.*  
 Gitchee Gu'mee, *the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.*  
 Gitche Man'ito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.*  
 Gushkewau', *the darkness.*  
 Hiawa'tha, *the Wise Man, the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.*  
 Ig'goo, *a great boaster and story-teller.*  
 Inin'ewug, *men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl.*  
 Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet.*  
 Jee'bi, *a ghost, a spirit.*  
 Joss'akeed, *a prophet.*  
 Kabibonok'ka, *the North Wind.*  
 Kagh, *the hedgehog.*  
 Ka'go, *do not.*  
 Kahgahgee', *the raven.*  
 Kaw, *no.*  
 Kaween', *no indeed.*  
 Kayoshk', *the sea-gull.*  
 Kee'go, *a fish.*  
 Keeway'din, *the North-West Wind, the Home-Wind.*  
 Kena'beek, *a serpent.*  
 Keneu', *the great war-eagle.*  
 Keno'zha, *the pickerel.*  
 Ko'ko-ko'ho, *the owl.*  
 Kuntassoo', *the Game of Plum-stones.*  
 Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man.*  
 Kwo-ne'she, or Dush-kwo-ne'she, *the dragon-fly.*  
 Mahnahbe'zee, *the swan.*  
 Mahng, *the loon.*  
 Mahn-go-tay'see, *loon-hearted, brave.*  
 Mahnomo'nee, *wild rice.*

Ma'ma, *the woodpecker.*  
 Maskeno'tha, *the fish.*  
 Me'da, *a medicine-man.*  
 Meenah'ga, *the blueberry.*  
 Megissog'won, *the great Bear-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth.*  
 Meshinas'wa, *a pipe-bearer.*  
 Minjekah'wun, *Hiawatha's milkins.*  
 Minnecha'ha, *Laughing Water; a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.*  
 Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.*  
 Minne-wa'wa, *a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees.* [Bear.  
 Mishe-Mo'kwa, *the Great.*  
 Mishe-Nah'ma, *the Great Sturgeon.*  
 Miskodeed', *the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.*  
 Monda'min, *Indian corn.*  
 Moon of Bright Nights, *April.*  
 Moon of Leaves, *May.*  
 Moon of Strawberries, *June.*  
 Moon of the Falling Leaves, *September.*  
 Moon of Snow - Shoes, *November.*  
 Mudjee'wis, *the West Wind; father of Hiawatha.*  
 Mudway-aush'ka, *sound of waves on a shore.*  
 Mushkoda'sa, *the grouse.*  
 Nah'ma, *the sturgeon.*  
 Nah'ma-wusk, *spearmint.*  
 Na'gow Wudj'oo, *the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.*  
 Nee-ba - naw'baigs, *water-spirits.*  
 Nenemoo'sha, *sweetheart.*  
 Nepah'win, *sleep.*  
 Noko'mis, *a grandmother; mother of Wenonah.*  
 No'sa, *my father.*  
 Nush'ka, *look! look!*  
 Odah'min, *the strawberry.*  
 Okahah'wis, *the fresh-water herring.*  
 Ome'me, *the pigeon.*  
 Ona'gon, *a bowl.*  
 Onaway', *awake.*  
 Ope'chee, *the robin.* [Star.  
 Osse'o, *Son of the Evening.*  
 Owais'sa, *the bluebird.*  
 Oweence', *wife of Osseo.*  
 Ozawa'beek, *a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl.*

Pah-puk-kee'na, *the grass-hopper.*  
 Pan'guk, *death.*  
 Pau-puk-kee'wis, *the handsome Yendazze, the Storm Fool.* [Marie.  
 Pauwa'ting, *Scout.*  
 Pe'boan, *Winter.*  
 Pem'ican, *meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded.*  
 Pezhe'kee', *the bison.*  
 Pishnekuh', *the brant.*  
 Fone mah, *hercater.*  
 Fugasaing', *Game of the Bowl.*  
 Puggawan'gun, *a war-club.*  
 Puk-Wudj'ies, *little wild men of the woods; pygmies.*  
 Sah-sah-je'wun, *rapids.*  
 Sah'wa, *the perch.*  
 Segwun', *Spring.*  
 Sha'da, *the pelican.*  
 Shahbo'min, *the gooseberry.*  
 Shah-shah, *long ago.*  
 Shangoda'ya, *a coward.*  
 Shawgashee', *the crawfish.*  
 Shawonda'see, *the South Wind.*  
 Shawshaw, *the swallow.*  
 Shesh'ebwug, *ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl.*  
 Shin'gebis, *the diver or grebe.*  
 Showain' neme'shin, *pity me.*  
 Shuh-shuh'gah, *the blue heron.* [heavied.  
 Soan-ge-ta'ha, *strong.*  
 Subbeka'she, *the spider.*  
 Sugge'ma, *the mosquito.*  
 To'tem, *family coat-of-arms.*  
 Ugh, *yes.*  
 Ugudwash', *the sun-fish.*  
 Unktahee', *the God of Water.*  
 Wabas'so, *the rabbit; the North.* [juggler.  
 Wabe'no, *a magician, a Wabe'no-wusk, yellow.*  
 Wa'bun, *the East Wind.*  
 Wa'bun An'nung, *the Star of the East, the Morning Star.* [tation.  
 Wahono'win, *a cry of lament.*  
 Wah-wah-tay'see, *the fire-fly.*  
 Wam'pum, *beads of shell.*  
 Wanbewy'on, *a white skin wrapper.*  
 Wa'wa, *the wild-goose.*  
 Waw'beek, *a rock.*  
 Wa-be-wa'wa, *the white goose.*  
 Wawonais'sa, *the whip-poor-will.* [pillar.  
 Way-muk-kwa'na, *the cater-wen'digoes, giants.*  
 Weno'nah, *Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis.*  
 Yendazze, *an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy.*

# The Courtship of Miles Standish.

## I.

### MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,  
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,  
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,  
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.  
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing  
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,  
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—  
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,  
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,  
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.  
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,  
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron ;  
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already  
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.  
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,  
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window ;  
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,  
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives  
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, ' Not Angels, but Angels.'  
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,  
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.  
' Look at these arms,' he said, ' the warlike weapons that hang here  
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection !  
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders ; this breast-  
plate—

Well I remember the day !—once saved my life in a skirmish ;  
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet  
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.  
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish  
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses !  
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing :  
' Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet ;  
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon !'  
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling :  
' See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging ;  
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.  
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage ;  
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.  
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,



Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,  
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,  
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers !'  
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams  
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.  
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :  
' Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted  
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,  
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,  
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.  
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians ;  
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—  
Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,  
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon !'

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,  
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapoury breath of the east-wind,  
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,  
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.  
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,  
Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was subdued with emotion,  
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded :  
' Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish ;  
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !  
She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower !  
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,  
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,  
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished !'  
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them  
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding ;  
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar  
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,  
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.  
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful  
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,  
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,  
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.  
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,  
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence  
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,  
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.  
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May Flower,  
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing !  
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,  
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,  
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla !

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the Captain, Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar. After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards, Heavily on the page : ' A wonderful man was this Cæsar ! You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful ! ' Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful : ' Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons. Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs. ' ' Truly, ' continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other, ' Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar ! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it. Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after ; Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered ; He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ; Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus ! Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders, When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too, And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier, Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains, Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns ; Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons ; So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other. That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be well done, You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others ! '

All was silent again ; the Captain continued his reading. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower, Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla ; Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret, Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla ! Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover, Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket, Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth : ' When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you. '

Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient !'  
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,  
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :  
' Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,  
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.'  
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :  
' 'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.  
This have I said before, and again and again I repeat it ;  
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.  
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;  
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.  
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.  
She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother  
Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,  
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,  
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever  
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,  
Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla  
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.  
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,  
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.  
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,  
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,  
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.  
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;  
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.  
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,  
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,  
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden.'

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,  
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,  
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,  
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,  
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,  
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :  
' Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;  
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—  
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !'  
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,  
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :  
' Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;  
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.  
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.  
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,  
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.  
I am not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,  
But of a thundering "No !" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,  
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it !

## The Courtship of Miles Standish.

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,  
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases.'  
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,  
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added :  
' Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts  
me,

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship !'  
Then made answer John Alden : ' The name of friendship is sacred ;  
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you !'  
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,  
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

### III.

#### THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand.  
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,  
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building  
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,  
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.  
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,  
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.  
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,  
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,  
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !  
' Must I relinquish it all,' he cried with a wild lamentation,—  
' Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion ?  
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence ?  
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow  
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England ?  
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption  
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion ;  
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.  
All is clear to me now ; I feel it, I see it distinctly !  
This is the hand of the Lord ; it is laid upon me in anger,  
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,  
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.  
This is the cross I must bear ; the sin and the swift retribution.'

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;  
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,  
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,  
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,  
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.  
' Puritan flowers,' he said, ' and the type of Puritan maidens,  
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !  
So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,  
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them ;

## *The Lover's Errand.*

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Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,  
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.'  
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;  
Came to an open space, and saw the disc of the ocean,  
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind ;  
Saw the new-built house, and the people at work in the meadow ;  
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla  
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,  
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,  
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.  
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden  
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift  
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,  
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.  
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,  
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,  
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.  
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,  
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,  
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun  
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being !  
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,  
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand ;  
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,  
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,  
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.  
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,  
' Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards ;  
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,  
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,  
It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth for ever ! '

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel and the singing  
Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,  
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,  
Saying, ' I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage ;  
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.'  
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled  
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,  
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,  
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,  
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,  
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the  
doorway,  
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla  
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,  
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snowstorm.  
Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;

## The Courtship of Miles Standish

Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !  
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,  
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow.

' I have been thinking all day,' said gently the Puritan maiden,  
' Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ;  
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,  
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours  
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,  
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy  
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.  
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;  
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.  
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost  
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.'

Thereupon answered the youth : ' Indeed I do not condemn you ;  
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.  
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;  
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage  
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth !'

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—  
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,  
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy ;  
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.  
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden  
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,  
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ;  
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :  
' If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,  
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?  
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !'  
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,  
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—  
Had no time for such things ;—such things ! the words grating harshly  
Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :  
' Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,  
Would he be likely to find it, or make it after the wedding ?  
That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.  
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that  
one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,  
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman  
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,  
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.  
This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection  
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.  
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.  
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,  
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,  
Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can happen.'

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,  
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;  
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,  
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,  
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth ;  
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly  
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,  
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish ;  
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,  
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent  
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.  
He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature ;  
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how during the winter  
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's ;  
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,  
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,  
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature ;  
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous ;  
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,  
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

#### IV.

#### JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,  
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside ;  
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,  
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.  
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendours,  
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,  
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,  
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted  
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city

## The Courtship of Miles Standish.

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'Welcome, O wind of the East !' he exclaimed in his wild exultation,  
'Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic !  
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,  
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean !  
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me  
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me !'

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,  
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.  
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending ;  
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,  
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty !  
'Is it my fault,' he said, 'that the maiden has chosen between us ?  
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor ?'  
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet :  
'It hath displeased the Lord !'—and he thought of David's trans-  
gression,  
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle !  
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,  
Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried in the deepest contrition :  
'It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the temptation of Satan !'

Then uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there  
Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower riding at anchor,  
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow ;  
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage  
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' 'Ay, ay,  
Sir !'

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.  
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,  
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,  
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.  
'Yes, it is plain to me now,' he murmured ; 'the hand of the Lord is  
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,  
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,  
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.  
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,  
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.  
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,  
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred ;  
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonour !  
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber  
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers  
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—  
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter !'

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,  
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,



Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,  
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,  
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.  
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain  
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,  
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.  
'Long have you been on your errand,' he said with a cheery demeanour,  
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.  
'Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;  
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming  
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.  
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.'

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,  
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened ;  
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,  
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.  
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,  
Words so tender and cruel : ' Why don't you speak for yourself, John ?  
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his  
armour

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.  
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,  
E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.  
Wildly he shouted, and loud : ' John Alden ! you have betrayed me !  
Me, Miles Standish, your friend ! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed  
me !

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler ;  
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a  
traitor ?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship !  
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother ;  
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping  
I have intrusted my honour, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—  
You too, Brutus ! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter !  
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward  
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred !'

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,  
Chafing and choking with rage ; like cords were the veins on his temples  
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,  
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,  
Rumours of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians !  
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,  
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,  
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.  
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard  
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.  
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,

## The Courtship of Miles Standish.

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Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,  
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,  
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,  
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming ;  
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,  
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,  
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.  
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,  
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation ;  
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people !  
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,  
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect ;  
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,  
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,  
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,  
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and challenge of warfare,  
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.  
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating  
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,  
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting ;  
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,  
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,  
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behaviour !  
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,  
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,  
'What ! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses ?  
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted  
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils ?  
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage  
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon !'  
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,  
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language :  
'Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles ;  
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with !'  
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,  
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing :  
'Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.  
War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is righteous,  
Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge !'

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,  
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets  
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,  
Saying, in thundering tones : 'Here, take it ! this is your answer !  
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,  
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,  
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

## The Sailing of the May Flower.

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### V.

#### THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,  
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth ;  
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, ' Forward !'  
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.  
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.  
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,  
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,  
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.  
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David ;  
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—  
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.  
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning ;  
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing  
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth  
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours.  
Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys  
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward ;  
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,  
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the May Flower ;  
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,  
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.  
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women  
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.  
Out on the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming ;  
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains ;  
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor,  
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.  
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,  
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.  
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,  
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward ; anon rang  
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes  
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure !  
Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people !  
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,  
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty !  
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,  
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,  
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower,  
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without  
slumber,

## The Courtship of Miles Standish.

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Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.  
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,  
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,  
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.  
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence ;  
Then he had turned away, and said : ' I will not awake him ;  
Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of more talking ! '  
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,  
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—  
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,  
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.  
But with the dawn he arose ; in the twilight Alden beheld him  
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armour,  
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,  
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.  
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,  
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon ;  
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions ;  
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—  
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.  
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,  
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not !  
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,  
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert  
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,  
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,  
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep  
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient  
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,  
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean about him,  
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels  
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together  
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.  
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,  
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,  
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.  
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,  
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,  
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.  
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla  
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.  
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,  
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,  
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,  
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.  
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts !

## *The Sailing of the May Flower.*

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Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,  
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine !  
'Here I remain !' he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,  
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,  
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.  
'Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,  
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.  
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghostlike,  
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.  
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether !  
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me ; I heed not  
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil !  
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,  
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.  
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence  
Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness ;  
Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,  
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving !'

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,  
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,  
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him  
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.  
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,  
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,  
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,  
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,  
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel !  
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.  
O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the May Flower !  
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing !

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors  
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.  
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,  
Blowing steady and strong ; and the May Flower sailed from the harbour,  
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward  
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,  
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,  
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,  
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;  
Then as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,  
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
Said, 'Let us pray !' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took  
courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them  
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred

## The Courtship of Miles Standish.

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Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean  
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;  
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping.  
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,  
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,  
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, 'Look!' he had vanished.  
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,  
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows  
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,  
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

### VI.

#### PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,  
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;  
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,  
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,  
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

'Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?' said she.  
'Am I so much to blame, that yesterday when you were pleading  
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,  
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?  
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying  
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;  
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,  
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble  
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,  
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.  
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,  
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,  
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,  
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,  
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.  
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.  
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,  
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!'  
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:  
'I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,  
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping.'  
'No!' interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;  
'No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.  
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman  
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.  
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women  
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers  
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,  
Chafing their channels of stone with endless and profitless murmurs.  
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women :  
' Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to me always  
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,  
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,  
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden !'  
' Ah, by these words, I can see,' again interrupted the maiden,  
' How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.  
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,  
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,  
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,  
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.  
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you ;  
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,  
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.  
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly  
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,  
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases  
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,  
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting.'

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and looked at Priscilla,  
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.  
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,  
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.  
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined  
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.  
' Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things  
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.  
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it :  
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.  
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you  
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.  
For I must tell you the truth ; much more to me is your friendship  
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him.'  
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,  
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,  
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling :  
' Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer you friendship  
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest !'

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower,  
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,  
Homeward together they walked, with a strange indefinite feeling,

## The Courtship of Miles Standish.

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That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.  
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly :  
' Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,  
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,  
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,  
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me.'  
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—  
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.  
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,  
' He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment !'  
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered,—  
How he had even determined to sail that day in the May Flower,  
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—  
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,  
' Truly I thank you for this : how good you have been to me always !'

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,  
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,  
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition ;  
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,  
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,  
Urged by the fervour of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

### VII.

#### THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,  
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,  
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger  
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odour of powder  
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.  
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort ;  
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,  
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,  
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted !  
Ah ! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armour !

' I alone am to blame,' he muttered, ' for mine was the folly.  
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,  
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens ?  
'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others !  
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless !  
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward



## The March of Miles Standish.

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Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers !'  
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,  
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,  
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment  
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest ;  
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,  
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ;  
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,  
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,  
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,  
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;  
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.  
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,  
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan ;  
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.  
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,  
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.  
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.  
'Welcome, English !' they said,—these words they had learned from the  
traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.  
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,  
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,  
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,  
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his  
cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man !  
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,  
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.  
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,  
And, with a lofty demeanour, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain :  
'Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,  
Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat  
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,  
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,  
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,  
Shouting, "Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat ?"  
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,  
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,  
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning :  
'I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle ;  
By and by they shall marry ; and there will be plenty of children !'

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish :  
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,  
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,

## The Courtship of Miles Standish.

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'By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!  
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!  
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!'

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians  
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,  
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,  
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.  
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;  
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.  
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,  
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,  
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.  
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its  
scabbard,  
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage  
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.  
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,  
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,  
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.  
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,  
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.  
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,  
Hotly pursued and beset: but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,  
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet  
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the  
greensward,  
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,  
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.  
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:  
Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his  
stature,—  
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now  
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!'

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.  
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,  
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat  
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and  
a fortress,  
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.  
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,  
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;  
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,  
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valour.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the  
merchants

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims  
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labours,  
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,  
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,  
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.  
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumour of warfare  
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.  
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,  
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,  
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.  
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition  
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,  
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,  
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,  
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.  
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;  
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,  
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.  
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:  
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.  
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,  
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment  
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time  
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labour was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer  
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,  
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,  
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.  
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;  
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;  
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday  
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—  
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,  
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,  
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,  
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,  
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,  
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,  
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,  
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,  
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.  
'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and spinning,  
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,  
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment ;  
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.'  
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter ; the spindle  
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers ;  
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued :  
'You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia ;  
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,  
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,  
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.  
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.  
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer  
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.  
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,  
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner !'  
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,  
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the  
sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,  
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden :  
'Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern for housewives,  
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.  
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting ;  
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the  
manners,  
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden !'  
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,  
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,  
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,  
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,  
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly  
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—  
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,  
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.  
Yes ; Miles Standish was dead !—an Indian had brought them the  
tidings,  
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,  
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces ;  
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered !  
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.  
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward

## The Wedding-Day.

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Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror ;  
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow  
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered  
Once and for ever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,  
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,  
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,  
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,  
Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming :  
' Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder ! '

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,  
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing  
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,  
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest ;  
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,  
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,  
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,  
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

### IX.

#### THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,  
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,  
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,  
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.  
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapour beneath him  
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver !

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.  
Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and Magistrate also  
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the  
Gospel,  
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.  
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.  
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,  
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,  
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.  
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in  
affection,  
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,  
Clad in armour of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure !  
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition ?

## The Courtship of Miles Standish.

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Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?  
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?  
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?  
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;  
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression  
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,  
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud  
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.  
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,  
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.  
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,  
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement  
Bodily there in his armour Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!  
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, 'Forgive me!  
I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling;  
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.  
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,  
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.  
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden.'  
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: 'Let all be forgotten between us,—  
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!'  
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,  
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,  
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,  
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.  
Then he said with a smile: 'I should have remembered the adage,—  
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,  
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!'

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,  
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,  
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded  
about him,  
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,  
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,  
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,  
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,  
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,  
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.  
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,  
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;  
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,  
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;  
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,  
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

## The Wedding-Day.

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Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,  
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,  
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.  
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,  
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,  
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,  
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,  
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.  
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday ;  
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.  
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,  
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,  
Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.  
' Nothing is wanting now,' he said with a smile, ' but the distaff ;  
Then you would be in-truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha ! '

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,  
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.  
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,  
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,  
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.  
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours,  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.  
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.  
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

# Birds of Passage.

... come i gru van cantando lor lai,  
Facendó in aër di sè lunga riga.

★ DANTE.

## FLIGHT THE FIRST.

### PROMETHEUS,

#### OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

Of Prometheus, how undaunted  
On Olympus' shining bastions  
His audacious foot he planted,  
Myths are told and songs are  
chanted,  
Full of promptings and sugges-  
tions.

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight through heavenly  
portals,  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Then the fire with mortals sharing,  
Then the vulture,—the despairing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been ac-  
quainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,  
In their triumph and their yearn-  
ing,  
In their passionate pulsations,  
In their words among the nations,  
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,  
All this toil for human culture?  
Through the cloud-rack, dark and  
trailing  
Must they see above them sailing  
O'er life's barren crags the vul-  
ture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
By defeat and exile maddened;  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Corybantes,  
By affliction touched and sad-  
dened.

But the glories so transcendent  
That around their memories  
cluster,  
And, on all their steps attendant,  
Make their darkened lives resplen-  
dent  
With such gleams of inward  
lustre!

All the melodies mysterious  
Through the dreary darkness  
chanted;  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
Words that whispered, songs  
that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension,  
All the quivering, palpitating  
Chords of life in utmost tension,  
With the fervour of invention,  
With the rapture of creating!



Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!  
In such hours of exultation  
Even the faintest heart, unquailing,  
Might behold the vulture sailing  
Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there is not given  
Strength for such sublime endeavour,  
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,  
And to leaven with fiery leaven  
All the hearts of men for ever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts un-  
blighted  
Honour and believe the presage,  
Hold aloft their torches lighted,  
Gleaming through the realms benighted,  
As they onward bear the message!



**THE LADDER OF ST.  
AUGUSTINE.**

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou  
said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of  
shame!

All common things, each day's  
events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may  
ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues  
less;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than  
truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that  
brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of  
youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts  
of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled  
down  
Beneath our feet, if we would  
gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot  
soar;  
But we have feet to scale and  
climb  
By slow degrees, by more and  
more,  
The cloudy summits of our  
time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the  
desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better  
known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that ap-  
pear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached  
and kept  
Were not attained by sudden  
flight,  
But they, while their companions  
slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and down-  
cast eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.



### THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting,  
Were heavy with good men's  
prayers.

'O Lord! if it be thy pleasure'—  
Thus prayed the old divine—  
'To bury our friends in the ocean,  
Take them, for they are thine!'

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath said he,  
'This ship is so crank and walty  
I fear our grave she will be!'

And the ships that came from  
England,  
When the winter months were  
gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel  
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them hear  
What in his greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so  
dear.

And at last their prayers were an-  
swered :—

It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below,  
And they knew it was Lamberton,  
Master,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of  
canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and  
lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their  
rigging,  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun'

And the people who saw this marvel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their  
vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air.



### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the  
British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on  
floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

## *Slight the First.*

It glanced on flowing flag and  
rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships ;  
And, from the frowning rampart,  
the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,  
Hythe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers  
speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant  
lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched,  
in grim defiance,  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat  
from their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each, with morning  
salutations,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up  
the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the  
Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the  
fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black  
fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye  
impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old  
Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single  
warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the  
Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the  
sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew,  
and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or  
dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar ;  
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all  
England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly  
cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect inti-  
mated  
That a great man was dead.



### HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have  
lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through  
the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their  
errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound  
upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on  
the stair,  
Along the passages they come  
and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to  
and fro.

There are more guests at table,  
 than the hosts  
 Invited ; the illuminated hall  
 Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive  
 ghosts,  
 As silent as the pictures on the  
 wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot  
 see  
 The forms I see, nor hear the  
 sounds I hear ;  
 He but perceives what is ; while  
 unto me  
 All that has been is visible and  
 clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or  
 lands ;  
 Owners and occupants of earlier  
 dates  
 From graves forgotten stretch their  
 dusty hands,  
 And hold in mortmain still their  
 old estates.

The spirit world around this world  
 of sense  
 Floats like an atmosphere, and  
 everywhere  
 Wafts through these earthly mists  
 and vapours dense  
 A vital breath of more ethereal  
 air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
 By opposite attractions and  
 desires ;  
 The struggle of the instinct that  
 enjoys,  
 And the more noble instinct that  
 aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual  
 jar  
 Of earthly wants and aspirations  
 high,  
 Come from the influence of an  
 unseen star,  
 An undiscovered planet in our  
 sky.

And as the moon from some dark  
 gate of cloud  
 Throws o'er the sea a floating  
 bridge of light,  
 Across whose trembling planks our  
 fancies crowd  
 Into the realm of mystery and  
 night,—

So from the world of spirits there  
 descends  
 A bridge of light, connecting it  
 with this,  
 O'er whose unsteady floor, that  
 sways and bends,  
 Wander our thoughts above the  
 dark abyss.



### IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

IN the village churchyard she lies,  
 Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
 No more she breathes, nor feels,  
 nor stirs ;  
 At her feet and at her head  
 Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
 But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,  
 So much in love with the vanity  
 And foolish pomp of this world  
 of ours ?  
 Or was it Christian charity,  
 And lowliness and humility,  
 The richest and rarest of all  
 dowers ?

Who shall tell us ? No one speaks ;  
 No colour shoots into those cheeks,  
 Either of anger or of pride,  
 At the rude question we have  
 asked ;  
 Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
 By those who are sleeping at her  
 side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to  
look

On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and  
errors?

Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own shortcomings and  
despairs,

In your own secret sins and  
terrors!



### THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S- NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of  
Spain,

With his swarthy, grave com-  
manders,

I forget in what campaign,  
Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
Some old frontier town of Flan-  
ders.

Up and down the dreary camp,  
In great boots of Spanish lea-  
ther,

Striding with a measured tramp,  
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed  
the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,  
Over upland and through hollow,  
Giving their impatience vent,  
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
Built of clay and hair of horses,  
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
Found on hedgerows east and  
west,  
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
'Sure this swallow overhead  
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
And the Emperor but a Macho!'

Hearing his imperial name  
Coupled with those words of  
malice,  
Half in anger, half in shame,  
Forth the great campaigner came  
Slowly from his canvas palace.

'Let no hand the bird molest,'  
Said he solemnly, 'nor hurt her!'  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
'Golondrina is my guest,  
'Tis the wife of some deserter!'

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
Through the camp was spread  
the rumour,  
And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
At the Emperor's pleasant hu-  
mour.

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brood-  
ed,  
Till the constant cannonade  
Through the walls a breach had  
made  
And the siege was thus con-  
cluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
Only not the Emperor's tent,  
For he ordered, ere he went,  
Very curtly, 'Leave it standing!'

So it stood there all alone,  
Loosely flapping, torn and tat-  
tered,  
Till the brood was fledged and  
flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
Which the cannon-shot had shat-  
tered.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one  
of Death,

Passed o'er our village as the  
morning broke ;

The dawn was on their faces, and  
beneath,

The sombre houses hearsed with  
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the  
same,

Alike their features and their  
robes of white ;

But one was crowned with ama-  
ranth, as with flame,

And one with asphodels, like  
flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial  
way ;

Then said I, with deep fear and  
doubt oppressed,

'Beat not so loud, my heart, lest  
thou betray

The place where thy beloved are  
at rest !'

And he who wore the crown of as-  
phodels,

Descending, at my door began  
to knock,

And my soul sank within me, as in  
wells

The waters sink before an earth-  
quake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and

the pain,

That oft before had filled or haunt-  
ed me,

And now returned with threefold  
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly  
guest,

And listened, for I thought I  
heard God's voice ;

And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent  
was best,

Dared neither to lament nor to  
rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the  
house with light,

'My errand is not Death, but  
Life,' he said ;

And ere I answered, passing out  
of sight,

On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and  
not at mine,

The angel with the amaranthine  
wreath,

Pausing, descended, and with voice  
divine,

Whispered a word that had a  
sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden  
gloom,

A shadow on those features fair  
and thin ;

And softly, from that hushed and  
darkened room,

Two angels issued, where but one  
went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his  
hand,

The mists collect, the rain falls  
thick and loud,

Till, with a smile of light on sea  
and land,

Lo ! he looks back from the de-  
parting cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are  
his ;

Without his leave they pass no  
threshold o'er ;

Who, then, would wish or dare, be-  
lieving this,

Against his messengers to shut  
the door ?

**DAYLIGHT AND MOON-  
LIGHT.**

IN broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again  
Passed like music through my  
brain ;  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery.

**THE JEWISH CEMETERY  
AT NEWPORT.**

How strange it seems ! these He-  
brews in their graves,  
Close by the street of this fair  
seaport town,  
Silent beside the never-silent waves,  
At rest in all this moving up and  
down !

The trees are white with dust, that  
o'er their sleep  
Wave their broad curtains in the  
south-wind's breath,  
While underneath these leafy tents  
they keep  
The long, mysterious Exodus of  
Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old  
and brown,  
That pave with level flags their  
burial-place,  
Seem like the tablets of the Law,  
thrown down  
And broken by Moses at the  
mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are  
strange,  
Of foreign accent, and of different  
climes ;  
Alvares and Rivera interchange  
With Abraham and Jacob of old  
times.

'Blessed be God ! for he created  
Death !'  
The mourners said, 'and Death  
is rest and peace ;'  
Then added, in the certainty of faith,  
'And giveth Life that nevermore  
shall cease.'

Closed are the portals of their Syna-  
gogue,  
No Psalms of David now the  
silence break,  
No Rabbi reads the ancient Deca-  
logue  
In the grand dialect the Prophets  
spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead  
remain,  
And not neglected ; for a hand  
unseen,  
Scattering its bounty, like a sum-  
mer rain,  
Still keeps their graves and their  
remembrance green.

How came they here ? What burst  
of Christian hate,  
What persecution, merciless and  
blind,  
Drove o'er the sea—that desert  
desolate—  
These Ishmaels and Hagars of  
mankind ?

They lived in narrow streets and  
lanes obscure,  
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk  
and mire;  
Taught in the school of patience to  
endure  
The life of anguish and the death  
of fire.

All their lives long, with the un-  
leavened bread  
And bitter herbs of exile and its  
fears,  
The wasting famine of the heart  
they fed,  
And slaked its thirst with marah  
of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry  
That rang from town to town,  
from street to street;  
At every gate the accursed Mor-  
decai

Was mocked and jeered, and  
spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand  
Walked with them through the  
world where'er they went;  
Trampled and beaten were they as  
the sand,  
And yet unshaken as the conti-  
nent.

For in the background figures vague  
and vast  
Of patriarchs and of prophets  
rose sublime,  
And all the great traditions of the  
Past  
They saw reflected in the coming  
time.

And thus for ever with reverted look  
The mystic volume of the world  
they read,  
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew  
book,  
Till life became a Legend of the  
Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall  
be no more!  
The groaning earth in travail and  
in pain  
Brings forth its races, but does not  
restore,  
And the dead nations never rise  
again.



### OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire  
Still is seen an ancient mill,  
With its gables quaint and queer,  
And beneath the window-sill,  
On the stone,  
These words alone:  
'Oliver Basselin lived here.'

Far above it, on the steep,  
Ruined stands the old Chateau;  
Nothing but the donjon-keep  
Left for shelter or for show.  
Its vacant eyes  
Stare at the skies,  
Stare at the valley green and  
deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,  
Looked, but ah! it looks no  
more,  
From the neighbouring hillside  
down  
On the rushing and the roar  
Of the stream  
Whose sunny gleam  
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,  
To the water's dash and din,  
Careless, humble, and unknown,  
Sang the poet Basselin  
Songs that fill  
That ancient mill  
With a splendour of its own.



Never feeling of unrest  
Broke the pleasant dream he  
dreamed ;  
Only made to be his nest,  
All the lovely valley seemed ;  
No desire  
Of soaring higher  
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;  
Were not songs of that high art,  
Which, as winds do in the pine,  
Find an answer in each heart ;  
But the mirth  
Of this green earth  
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,  
Opening on the narrow street,  
Came the loud, convivial din,  
Singing and applause of feet,  
The laughing lays  
That in those days  
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,  
Knights, who fought at Agin-  
court,  
Watched and waited, spur on heel ;  
But the poet sang for sport  
Songs that rang  
Another clang,  
Songs that lowlier hearts could  
feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,  
Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,  
And the poet heard their bells ;  
But his rhymes  
Found other chimes,  
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,  
Gone are all the knights and  
squires,  
Gone the abbot stern and cold,  
And the brotherhood of friars ;

Not a name  
Remains to fame,  
From those mouldering days of  
old !

But the poet's memory here  
Of the landscape makes a part ;  
Like the river, swift and clear,  
Flows his song through many  
a heart ;  
Haunting still  
That ancient mill,  
In the Valley of the Vire.



**VICTOR GALBRAITH.**

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to  
play,  
Victor Galbraith !  
In the mist of the morning damp  
and gray,  
These were the words they seemed  
to say :  
'Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith !'

Forth he came, with a martial  
tread ;  
Firm was his step, erect his head ;  
Victor Galbraith,  
He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it said :  
'Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith !'

He looked at the earth, he looked  
at the sky,  
He looked at the files of musketry,  
Victor Galbraith !  
And he said, with a steady voice  
and eye,  
'Take good aim ; I am ready to  
die !'  
Thus challenges death  
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight  
and red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand  
sped ;

Victor Galbraith  
Falls to the ground, but he is not  
dead ;  
His name was not stamped on those  
balls of lead,  
And they only scathe  
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and  
brain,

But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith !

The water he drinks has a bloody  
stain ;

'O kill me, and put me out of my  
pain !'

In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues  
of flame,

And the bugler has died a death of  
shame,

Victor Galbraith !

His soul has gone back to whence  
it came,

And no one answers to the  
name,

When the Sergeant saith,  
'Victor Galbraith !'

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to  
play,

Victor Galbraith !

Through the mist of the valley  
damp and gray

The sentinels hear the sound, and  
say,

'That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith !'

## MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea ;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear  
old town,

And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song

Is haunting my memory still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts.'

I can see the shadowy lines of its  
trees,

And catch in sudden gleams,

The sheen of the far-surrounding  
seas,

And islands that were the Hesper-  
ides

Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old  
song,

It murmurs and whispers still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts.'

I remember the black wharves and  
the slips,

And the sea-tides tossing free ;

And Spanish sailors with bearded  
lips,

And the beauty and mystery of the  
ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward  
song

Is singing and saying still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the  
shore,

And the fort upon the hill ;



The sunrise gun, with its hollow  
 roar,  
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and  
 o'er,  
 And the bugle wild and shrill.  
 And the music of that old  
 song  
 Throbs in my memory still :  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long,  
 long thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
 How it thundered o'er the tide !  
 And the dead captains, as they lay  
 In their graves, o'erlooking the  
 tranquil bay,  
 Where they in battle died.  
 And the sound of that mourn-  
 ful song  
 Goes through me with a thrill :  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long,  
 long thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of  
 groves,  
 The shadows of Deering's  
 Woods ;  
 And the friendships old and the  
 early loves  
 Come back with a sabbath sound,  
 as of doves  
 In quiet neighbourhoods.  
 And the verse of that sweet  
 old song,  
 It flutters and murmurs still :  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long,  
 long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms  
 that dart  
 Across the schoolboy's brain ;  
 The song and the silence in the  
 heart,  
 That in part are prophecies, and in  
 part  
 Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful  
 song  
 Sings on, and is never still :  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long,  
 long thoughts.'

There are things of which I may  
 not speak ;  
 There are dreams that cannot  
 die ;  
 There are thoughts that make the  
 strong heart weak,  
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
 And a mist before the eye.  
 And the words of that fatal  
 song  
 Come over me like a chill :  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long,  
 long thoughts.'

Strange to me now are the forms  
 I meet  
 When I visit the dear old town ;  
 But the native air is pure and sweet,  
 And the trees that o'ershadow each  
 well-known street,  
 As they balance up and down,  
 Are singing the beautiful song,  
 Are sighing and whispering  
 still :  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long,  
 long thoughts.'

And Deering's Woods are fresh  
 and fair,  
 And with joy that is almost pain  
 My heart goes back to wander there,  
 And among the dreams of the days  
 that were,  
 I find my lost youth again.  
 And the strange and beautiful  
 song,  
 The groves are repeating it  
 still :  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long,  
 long thoughts.'

THE ROPEWALK.

IN that building, long and low,  
With its windows all a-row,  
Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their threads so  
thin  
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end an open door ;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
Light the long and dusky lane ;  
And the whirling of a wheel,  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and reascend,  
Gleam the long threads in the  
sun ;  
While within this brain of mine  
Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
Like white doves upon the wing,  
First before my vision pass ;  
Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms  
Drawing water from a well ;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,  
Ringing loud the noontide hour,

While the rope coils round and  
round  
Like a serpent at his feet,  
And again, in swift retreat,  
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth ;  
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !  
Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a schoolboy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look ;  
Steeds pursued through lane and  
field ;  
Fowls with their snares con-  
cealed ;  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown  
seas,  
Anchors dragged through faith-  
less sand ;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And, with lessening line and lead,  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These, and many left untold,  
In that building long and low ;  
While the wheel goes round and  
round,  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.



THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their pur-  
ple branches  
Spread themselves abroad, like  
reefs of coral,  
Rising silent  
In the Red Sea of the winter sun-  
set.

## Flight the First.

From the hundred chimneys of the  
village,  
Like the Afreet in the Arabian  
story,  
Smoky columns  
Tower aloft into the air of amber.  
At the window winks the flickering  
fire-light ;  
Here and there the lamps of even-  
ing glimmer,  
Social watch-fires  
Answering one another through  
the darkness.  
On the hearth the lighted logs are  
glowing,  
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-  
tree  
For its freedom  
Groans and sighs the air im-  
prisoned in them.  
By the fireside there are old men  
seated,  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
Asking sadly  
Of the Past what it can ne'er re-  
store them.  
By the fireside there are youthful  
dreamers,  
Building castles fair, with stately  
stairways,  
Asking blindly  
Of the Future what it cannot give  
them.  
By the fireside tragedies are acted  
In whose scenes appear two actors  
only,  
Wife and husband,  
And above them God the sole  
spectator.  
By the fireside there are peace and  
comfort,  
Wives and children, with fair,  
thoughtful faces,  
Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footstep in the  
passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden  
Milestone ;  
Is the central point, from which he  
measures  
Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world  
around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he  
sees it ;  
Hears the talking flame, the an-  
swering night-wind,  
As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were,  
but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth  
nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching  
city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral  
homestead.

We may build more splendid habi-  
tations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and  
with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations !

## CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine  
Is a Song of the Vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns,  
When the rain begins  
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song  
Of the Scuppernong,  
From warm Carolinian valleys,  
Nor the Isabel  
And the Muscadel  
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,  
Whose clusters hang  
O'er the waves of the Colorado,  
And the fiery flood  
Of whose purple blood  
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best  
Is the wine of the West,  
That grows by the Beautiful River;  
Whose sweet perfume  
Fills all the room  
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees  
Are the haunts of bees,  
For ever going and coming;  
So this crystal hive  
Is all alive  
With a swarming and buzzing and  
humming.

Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Silly soft and creamy;  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine,  
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island or cape,  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice  
For foreign use,  
When shipped o'er the reeling  
Atlantic,  
To rack our brains  
With the fever pains,  
That have driven the Old World  
frantic.

To the sewers and sinks  
With all such drinks,  
And after them tumble the mixer;  
For a poison malign  
Is such Borgia wine,  
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring  
Is the wine I sing,  
And to praise it, one needs but  
name it;  
For Catawba wine  
Has need of no sign,  
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,  
This greeting of mine,  
The winds and the birds shall  
deliver  
To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the Beautiful  
River.



### SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is  
wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble  
thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or  
deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I  
read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering  
gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the  
long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.



### THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S  
OROSIUS.

OTHER, the old sea-captain,  
Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,  
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,  
Which he held in his brown  
right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
Like a boy's his eye appeared;  
His hair was yellow as hay,  
But threads of a silvery gray  
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Other,  
His cheek had the colour of oak;  
With a kind of laugh in his speech,  
Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas.

'So far I live to the northward,  
No man lives north of me;  
To the east are wild mountain-  
chains,  
And beyond them meres and  
plains;  
To the westward all is sea.

'So far I live to the northward,  
From the harbour of Skeringes-  
hale,  
If you only sailed by day,  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you  
sail.

'I own six hundred reindeer,  
With sheep and swine beside;  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
And ropes of walrus-hide.

'I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old seafaring men  
Came to me now and then,  
With their sagas of the seas;—

'Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep;—  
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.

'To the northward stretched the  
desert,  
How far I fain would know;  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale-ships go.

'To the west of me was the  
ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

'The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And northward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

'And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

'The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed.

'Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night :  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light.'

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while ;  
And raised his eyes from his  
book,  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the King listened and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word.

'And now the land,' said Othere,  
'Bent southward suddenly,  
And I followed the curving shore  
And ever southward bore  
Into a nameless sea.

'And there we hunted the walrus,  
The narwhale, and the seal ;  
Ha ! 'twas a noble game !  
And like the lightning's flame  
Flew our harpoons of steel.

'There were six of us all together,  
Norsemen of Helgoland ;  
In two days and no more  
We killed of them three score,  
And dragged them to the strand !'

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller  
Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes,  
With doubt and strange surmise  
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,  
Stared at him wild and weird,  
Then smiled, till his shining teeth  
Gleamed white from underneath  
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,  
In witness of the truth,  
Raising his noble head,  
He stretched his brown hand, and  
said,  
'Behold this walrus-tooth !'

—+—  
**DAYBREAK.**

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, 'O mists, make room for  
me.'

It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail  
on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, 'Awake ! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout !  
Hang all your leafy banners out !'



It touched the wood-bird's folded  
wing,  
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near.'

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
'Bow down, and hail the coming  
morn.'

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
'Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour.'

It crossed the churchyard with a  
sigh,  
And said, 'Not yet ! in quiet lie.'



### THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

, MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying : ' Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee.'

'Come, wander with me,' she said,  
'Into regions yet untrod ;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed  
long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful  
song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats  
wild

For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his  
dreams

The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says,  
'Hark !

For his voice I listen and yearn ;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return !'



### CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children !  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed  
me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swal-  
lows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the  
sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's  
flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Au-  
tumn.  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be  
to us  
If the children were no more ?  
We should dread the desert behind  
us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children ;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are  
singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said ;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.



### SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of  
old,  
In the Legends the Rabbins have  
told  
Of the limitless realms of the air,  
Have you read it,—the marvellous  
story  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of  
Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of  
light,  
That, crowded with angels un-  
numbered,  
By Jacob was seen, as he slum-  
bered  
Alone in the desert at night ?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible  
stress ;

Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
With eyes unimpassioned and  
slow,

Among the dead angels, the death-  
less

Sandalphon stands listening  
breathless

To sounds that ascend from  
below ;—

From the spirits on earth that  
adore,

From the souls that entreat and  
implore

In the fervour and passion of  
prayer ;

From the hearts that are broken  
with losses,

And weary with dragging the  
crosses

Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he  
stands,

And they change into flowers in  
his hands,

Into garlands of purple and red ;  
And beneath the great arch of the

portal,  
Through the streets of the City

Immortal

Is wafted the fragrance they  
shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—

A fable, a phantom, a show,

Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,

The beautiful, strange superstition,

But haunts me and holds me the  
more.

## Flight the Second.

When I look from my window at  
  night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
  All throbbing and panting with  
  stars,  
Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
  His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the  
  heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage for-  
  bidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
  To quiet its fever and pain.

## FLIGHT THE SECOND.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the day-  
  light,  
When the night is beginning to  
  lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupa-  
  tions,  
That is known as the Children's  
  Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
  The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
  And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-  
  light,  
Descending the broad hall stair  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
  And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :  
  Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning  
  together  
  To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
  A sudden raid from the hall !  
By three doors left unguarded  
  They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret  
  O'er the arms and back of my  
  chair ;  
If I try to escape, they surround  
  me ;  
  They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with  
  kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of  
  Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the  
  Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed ban-  
  ditti,  
  Because you have scaled the  
  wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
  Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,  
  And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dun-  
  geon  
  In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,  
  Yes, for ever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to  
  ruin,  
  And moulder in dust away !

ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,  
It is slumber, it is not death ;  
For he struggles at times to arise,  
And above him the lurid skies  
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,  
The earth is heaped on his  
head ;  
But the groans of his wild unrest,  
Though smothered and half sup-  
pressed,  
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away  
Are watching with eager eyes ;  
They talk together and say,  
'To-morrow, perhaps to-day.  
Enceladus will arise !'

And the old gods, the austere  
Oppressors in their strength,  
Stand aghast and white with fear  
At the ominous sounds they hear,  
And tremble, and mutter, 'At  
length !'

Ah me ! for the land that is sown  
With the harvest of despair !  
Where the burning cinders, blown  
From the lips of the overthrown  
Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts,  
Over vineyard and field and  
town,  
Whenever he starts and lifts  
His head through the blackened  
rifts  
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !  
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes !  
And the storm-wind shouts through  
the pines  
Of Alps and of Apennines,  
'Enceladus, arise !'

THE CUMBERLAND.

AT anchor in Hampton Roads we  
lay,  
On board of the Cumberland,  
sloop-of-war ;  
And at times from the fortress  
across the bay  
The alarum of drums swept  
past,  
Or a bugle blast  
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose  
A little feather of snow-white  
smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of  
our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen, the floating  
fort ;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from  
her guns,  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her  
straight  
Defiance back in a full broad-  
side !

As hail rebounds from a roof of  
slate,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

'Strike your flag !' the rebel cries,  
In his arrogant old plantation  
strain,  
'Never !' our gallant Morris  
replies ;  
'It is better to sink than to  
yield !'  
And the whole air pealed  
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and  
black,  
She crushed our ribs in her iron  
grasp!

Down went the Cumberland all a  
wrack,  
With a sudden shudder of  
death,  
And the cannon's breath  
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the  
bay,  
Still floated our flag at the main-  
mast head.

Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer,  
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down  
in the seas!

Ye are at peace in the troubled  
stream;

Ho! brave land! with hearts like  
these,

Thy flag, that is rent in  
twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!



### SNOW-FLAKES.

OUT of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her  
garments shaken,

Over the woodlands brown and  
bare,

Over the harvest fields for-  
saken,  
Silent, and soft, and slow  
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine  
expression,

Even as the troubled heart doth  
make

In the white countenance con-  
fession,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables re-  
corded;

This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom  
hoarded,

Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.



### A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:  
Whereon shall no man work, but  
play;

Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through  
every vein,

I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too  
much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
Where through a sapphire sea the  
sun

Sails like a golden galleon.

Towards yonder cloud-land in the  
West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the  
Blest,

Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with  
drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all  
the rooms  
The snow-flakes of the cherry-  
blossoms!  
Blow, winds! and bend within my  
reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is  
song!  
O heart of man! canst thou not  
be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOUR with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains un-  
done,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;  
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;  
By the cares of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems  
Greater than our strength can  
bear,  
Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,  
Who, as northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky.

### WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and  
fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath  
your load;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest  
begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or  
strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-  
men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong  
desires;  
Mine that so long has glowed and  
burned,  
With passions into ashes turned  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source  
divine;  
Refracted through the mist of  
years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of  
mine!

FLIGHT THE THIRD.

FATA MORGANA.

O SWEET illusions of Song,  
That tempt me everywhere,  
In the lonely fields, and the throng  
Of the crowded thoroughfare!

I approach, and ye vanish away,  
I grasp you, and ye are gone;  
But ever by night and by day  
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees  
In desert or prairie vast,  
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,  
That a pleasant shadow cast;

Fair towns with turrets high,  
And shining roofs of gold,  
That vanish as he draws nigh,  
Like mists together rolled,—

So I wander and wander along,  
And for ever before me gleams  
The shining city of song,  
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate  
Of that golden atmosphere,  
It is gone, and I wander and  
wait  
For the vision to reappear.



THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

EACH heart has its haunted  
chamber,  
Where the silent moonlight falls!  
On the floor are mysterious foot-  
steps,  
There are whispers along the  
walls!

And mine at times is haunted  
By phantoms of the Past,  
As motionless as shadows  
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,  
That is not seen by day,  
For as soon as the dawn ap-  
proaches  
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,  
Itself as pale and still,  
And points with its airy finger  
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,  
There stands a gloomy pine,  
Whose boughs wave upward and  
downward  
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches  
Is the grave of a little child,  
Who died upon life's threshold,  
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
That haunt my troubled brain?  
That vanish when day approaches,  
And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
But the statues without breath,  
That stand on the bridge over-  
arching  
The silent river of death?



THE MEETING.

AFTER so long an absence  
At last we meet again:  
Does the meeting give us pleasure,  
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,  
And but few of us linger now,  
Like the Prophet's two or three  
berries  
In the top of the uppermost  
bough.

We cordially greet each other  
In the old, familiar tone;  
And we think, though we do not  
say it,  
How old and gray he is grown !

We speak of a Merry Christmas  
And many a Happy New Year ;  
But each in his heart is thinking  
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-  
tunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the  
guests ;  
And a mist and shadow of sadness  
Steals over our merriest jests.



### VOX POPULI.

WHEN Mazârvan the magician  
Journeyed westward through  
Cathay,  
Nothing heard he but the praises  
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumour ended  
When he came to Khaledan,  
There the folk were talking only  
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets :  
Every province hath its own ;  
Camaralzaman is famous  
Where Badoura is unknown.

### THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken  
locks,  
A dreamy boy, with brown and  
tender eyes,  
A castle-builder, with his wooden  
blocks,  
And towers that touch imaginary  
skies.

A fearless rider on his father's  
knee,  
An eager listener unto stories  
told  
At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures mani-  
fold.

There will be other towers for thee  
to build ;  
There will be other steeds for thee  
to ride ;  
There will be other legends, and  
all filled  
With greater marvels and more  
glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high  
and fair,  
Rising and reaching upward to  
the skies ;  
Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in mys-  
teries.



### CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town,  
Where of old the mile-stone  
stood,  
Now a stranger, looking down  
I behold the shadowy crown  
Of the dark and haunted wood.



Is it changed, or am I changed ?  
Ah ! the oaks are fresh and green,  
But the friends with whom I ranged  
Through their thickets are estranged  
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,  
Bright as ever shines the sun,  
But, alas ! they seem to me  
Not the sun that used to be,  
Not the tides that used to run.

---

### THE CHALLENGE.

I HAVE a vague remembrance  
Of a story that is told  
In some ancient Spanish legend  
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez  
Was before Zamora slain,  
And his great besieging army  
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez  
Sallied forth in front of all,  
And shouted loud his challenge  
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,  
Both the born and the unborn,  
As traitors did he challenge  
With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,  
And in their graves, the dead !  
And the waters of their rivers,  
And their wine, and oil, and bread !

There is a greater army  
That besets us round with strife,  
A starving, numberless army,  
At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions  
Who challenge our wine and bread,  
And impeach us all as traitors,  
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,  
Where the feast and song are high,  
Amid the mirth and the music  
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces  
Look into the lighted hall,  
And wasted hands are extended  
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,  
And odours fill the air ;  
But without there is cold and darkness,  
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,  
In wind and cold and rain,  
Christ, the great Lord of the army,  
Lies dead upon the plain !

---

### THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness  
and sweetness  
That turbulent, bitter heart !

FROM THE SPANISH CAN-  
CIONEROS.

I.

EYES so tristful, eyes so tristful,  
Heart so full of care and cumber,  
I was lapped in rest and slumber,  
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful !

In this life of labour endless  
Who shall comfort my distresses ?  
Querulous my soul and friendless  
In its sorrow shuns caresses.  
Ye have made me, ye have made  
me  
Querulous of you, that care not,  
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not  
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

II.

Some day, some day,  
O troubled breast,  
Shalt thou find rest.

If Love in thee  
To grief give birth,  
Six feet of earth  
Can more than he ;  
There calm and free  
And unoppressed  
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained  
In life at last,  
When life is passed  
Shall all be gained ;  
And no more pained,  
No more distressed,  
Shalt thou find rest.

III.

Come, O Death, so silent flying  
That unheard thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.

For thy sure approach perceiving,  
In my constancy and pain  
I new life should win again,  
Thinking that I am not living.  
So to me, unconscious lying,  
All unknown thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.

Unto him who finds thee hateful,  
Death, thou art inhuman pain ;  
But to me, who dying gain,  
Life is but a task ungrateful.  
Come, then, with my wish comply-  
ing,  
All unheard thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.

IV.

Glove of black in white hand  
bare,  
And about her forehead pale  
Wound a thin, transparent veil,  
That doth not conceal her hair ;  
Sovereign attitude and air,  
Cheek and neck alike displayed,  
With coquettish charms arrayed,  
Laughing eyes and fugitive ;—  
This is killing men that live,  
'Tis not mourning for the dead.



AFTERMATH.

WHEN the Summer fields are  
mown,  
When the birds are fledged and  
flown,  
And the dry leaves strew the  
path ;  
With the falling of the snow,  
With the cawing of the crow,  
Once again the fields we mow  
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with  
flowers  
Is this harvesting of ours ;  
Not the upland clover bloom ;  
But the rowen mixed with weeds,  
Tangled tufts from marsh and  
meads,  
Where the poppy drops its seeds  
In the silence and the gloom.



EPIMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed ? or was it real,  
What I saw as in a vision,  
When to marches hymeneal  
In the land of the Ideal  
Moved my thought o'er Fields  
Elysian ?

What ! are these the guests whose  
glances  
Seemed like sunshine gleaming  
round me ?  
These the wild, bewildering fancies,  
That with dithyrambic dances  
As with magic circles bound me ?

Ah ! how cold are their caresses !  
Pallid cheeks, and haggard  
bosoms !  
Spectral gleam their snow-white  
dresses,  
And from loose, dishevelled tresses  
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms !

O my songs ! whose winsome  
measures  
Filled my heart with secret  
rapture !  
Children of my golden leisures !  
Must even your delights and plea-  
sures  
Fade and perish with the cap-  
ture ?

Fair they seemed, those songs  
sonorous,  
When they came to me un-  
bidden ;  
Voices single, and in chorus,  
Like the wild birds singing o'er us  
In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment ! Disillusion !  
Must each noble aspiration  
Come at last to this conclusion,  
Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
Lassitude, renunciation ?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,  
From the sun's serene dominions,  
Not through brighter realms nor  
vaster,  
In swift ruin and disaster,  
Icarus fell with shattered  
pinions !

Sweet Pandora ! dear Pandora !  
Why did mighty Jove create  
thee  
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,  
Beautiful as young Aurora,  
If to win thee is to hate thee ?

No, not hate thee ! for this feeling  
Of unrest and long resistance  
Is but passionate appealing,  
A prophetic whisper stealing  
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamour  
Thou, beloved, never leavest ;  
In life's discord, strife, and clamour  
Still he feels thy spell of glamour ;  
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereav-  
est.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,  
Struggling souls by thee are  
strengthened,  
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,  
Truth from falsehood cleansed and  
sifted,  
Lives, like days in summer,  
lengthened !

Therefore art thou ever dearer,  
O my Sibyl, my deceiver!  
For thou makest each mystery  
clearer,  
And the unattained seems nearer,  
When thou fillest my heart with  
fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!  
Though the fields around us  
wither,  
There are ampler realms and  
spaces,  
Where no foot has left its traces:  
Let us turn and wander thither!

FLIGHT THE FOURTH.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave,  
And flowers upon his hearse,  
And to the tender heart and brave  
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,  
The conflict and the pain,  
The grief, the bitterness of strife,  
The honour without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took  
Into his manly breast  
The sheaf of hostile spears, and  
broke  
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field,  
Upon a nation's heart  
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—  
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,  
And stays our hurrying feet;  
The great design unfinished lies,  
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown  
Perfect their circles seem,  
Even as a bridge's arch of stone  
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the  
sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRE-  
SIDE.

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my  
shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was  
young  
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

## *Slight the Fourth.*

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,  
Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on  
fire,  
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I fear fatigue,  
While journeying with another's  
feet  
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,  
And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my  
hand  
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their  
eyes,  
Better than with mine own.

### **CADENABBIA.**

#### LAKE OF COMO.

No sounds of wheels or hoof-beat  
breaks

The silence of the summer day,  
As by the loveliest of all lakes  
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade  
Where level branches of the  
plane

Above me weave a roof of shade  
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air  
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,  
And gleams of sunshine toss and  
flare

Like torches down the path I  
tread.

By Somariva's garden gate  
I make the marble stairs my  
seat,  
And hear the water, as I wait,  
Lapping the steps beneath my  
feet.

The undulation sinks and swells  
Along the stony parapets,  
And far away the floating bells  
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town  
The freighted barges come and  
go,  
Their pendent shadows gliding  
down  
By town and tower submerged  
below.

The hills sweep upward from the  
shore,  
With villas scattered one by one  
Upon their wooded spurs, and  
lower  
Bellagio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass  
Of walls and woods, of light and  
shade,  
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio  
Pass  
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?  
Will it all vanish into air?  
Is there a land of such supreme  
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;  
Linger until my heart shall take  
Into itself the summer day,  
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain  
Is stamped an image of the  
scene,  
Then fade into the air again,  
And be as if thou hadst not been.

MONTE CASSINO.

TERRA DI LAVORO.

BEAUTIFUL valley ! through whose  
verdant meads  
Unheard the Garigliano glides  
along ;—  
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of  
reeds,  
The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labour and the Land  
of Rest,  
Where mediæval towns are white  
on all  
The hillsides, and where every  
mountain's crest  
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boni-  
face  
Was dragged with contumely  
from his throne ;  
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's  
disgrace  
The Pontiff's only, or in part  
thine own ?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade  
Was each Apulian, as great  
Dante saith,  
When Manfred, by his men-at-arms  
betrayed,  
Spurred on to Benevento and to  
death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian  
town,  
Where Juvenal was born, whose  
lurid light  
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like  
the crown  
Of splendour seen o'er cities in  
the night.

Doubled the splendour is, that in  
its streets  
The Angelic Doctor as a school-  
boy played,

And dreamed perhaps the dreams  
that he repeats  
In ponderous folios for scholas-  
tics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing  
cloud  
That pauses on a mountain  
summit high,  
Monte Cassino's convent rears its  
proud  
And venerable walls against the  
sky.

Well I remember how on foot I  
climbed  
The stony pathway leading to its  
gate ;  
Above, the convent bells for vespers  
chimed,  
Below, the darkening town grew  
desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and  
dark,  
The courtyard with its well, the  
terrace wide,  
From which, far down, the valley  
like a park  
Veiled in the evening mists, was  
dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble  
hands  
Caressed the mountain tops ; the  
vales between  
Darkened ; the river in the  
meadow-lands  
Sheathed itself as a sword, and  
was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a  
sleep,  
So full of rest it seemed ; each  
passing tread  
Was a reverberation from the  
deep  
Recesses of the ages that are  
dead.

## Flight the Fourth.

For, more than thirteen centuries  
ago,  
Benedict fleeing from the gates  
of Rome,  
A youth disgusted with its vice and  
woe,  
Sought in these mountain soli-  
tudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and  
his Rule  
Of prayer and work, and counted  
work as prayer;  
The pen became a clarion, and his  
school  
Flamed like a beacon in the  
midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his  
reckless way,  
Mocking the lazy brotherhood,  
deplores  
The illuminated manuscripts, that  
lay  
Torn and neglected on the dusty  
floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child  
Of fancy and of fiction at the  
best!

This the urbane librarian said, and  
smiled

Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with  
one young friar

I sat conversing late into the  
night,

Till in its cavernous chimney the  
wood-fire

Had burnt its heart out like an  
anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent  
cell,

Myself yet not myself, in dreams  
I lay,

And, as a monk who hears the  
matin bell,

Started from sleep; already it  
was day.

From the high window I beheld  
the scene

On which Saint Benedict so oft  
had gazed,—

The mountains and the valley in  
the sheen

Of the bright sun,—and stood as  
one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising,  
vanishing;

The woodlands glistened with  
their jewelled crowns;

Far off the mellow bells began to  
ring

For matins in the half-awakened  
towns.

The conflict of the Present and the  
Past,

The ideal and the actual in our  
life,

As on a field of battle held me  
fast,

Where this world and the next  
world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep  
awoke,

I saw the iron horses of the  
steam

Toss to the morning air their plumes  
of smoke,

And woke, as one awaketh from  
a dream.



### AMALFI

SWEET the memory is to me

Of a land beyond the sea,

Where the waves and mountains  
meet,

Where, amid her mulberry-trees

Sits Amalfi in the heat,

Bathing ever her white feet

In the tideless summer seas.

## Birds of Passage.

In the middle of the town,  
From its fountains in the hills,  
Tumbling through the narrow  
gorge,  
The Canneto rushes down,  
Turns the great wheels of the  
mills,  
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'Tis a stairway, not a street,  
That ascends the deep ravine,  
Where the torrent leaps between  
Rocky walls that almost meet.  
Toiling up from stair to stair  
Peasant girls their burdens bear;  
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,  
Stately figures tall and straight,  
What inexorable fate  
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,  
Far above the convent stands.  
On its terraced walk aloof  
Leans a monk with folded hands,  
Placid, satisfied, serene,  
Looking down upon the scene  
Over wall and red tiled roof;  
Wondering unto what good end  
All this toil and traffic tend,  
And why all men cannot be  
Free from care and free from pain,  
And the sordid love of gain,  
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks  
From the marts of east and west?  
Where the knights in iron sarks  
Journeying to the Holy Land,  
Glove of steel upon the hand,  
Cross of crimson on the breast?  
Where the pomp of camp and  
court?

Where the pilgrims with their  
prayers?

Where the merchants with their  
wares,  
And their gallant brigantines  
Sailing safely into port  
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,  
Like a passing trumpet-blast,  
Are those splendours of the past,  
And the commerce and the crowd!  
Fathoms deep beneath the seas  
Lie the ancient wharves and quays  
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;  
Silent streets and vacant halls,  
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;  
Hidden from all mortal eyes  
Deep the sunken city lies:  
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!  
Round the headlands far away  
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay  
With its sickle of white sand:  
Further still and furthestmost  
On the dim-discovered coast  
Paestum with its ruins lies,  
And its roses all in bloom  
Seem to tinge the fatal skies  
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,  
Nothing doth the good monk care  
For such worldly themes as these.  
From the garden just below  
Little puffs of perfume blow,  
And a sound is in his ears  
Of the murmur of the bees  
In the shining chestnut-trees;  
Nothing else he heeds or hears.  
All the landscape seems to swoon  
In the happy afternoon;  
Slowly o'er his senses creep  
The encroaching waves of sleep,  
And he sinks as sank the town,  
Unresisting, fathoms down,  
Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,  
Hearing the fierce north wind blow,  
Seeing all the landscape white,  
And the river cased in ice,  
Comes this memory of delight,  
Comes this vision unto me  
Of a long-lost Paradise  
In the land beyond the sea.



THE SERMON OF ST.  
FRANCIS.

UP soared the lark into the air,  
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,  
As if a soul, released from pain,  
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard ; it was to him  
An emblem of the Seraphim ;  
The upward motion of the fire,  
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate  
The birds, God's poor who cannot  
wait,  
From moor and mere and dark-  
some wood  
Came flocking for their dole of food.

'O brother birds,' St. Francis said,  
'Ye come to me and ask for bread,  
But not with bread alone to-day  
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

'Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,  
With manna of celestial words ;  
Not mine, though mine they seem  
to be,  
Not mine, though they be spoken  
through me.

'O, doubly are ye bound to praise  
The great Creator in your lays ;  
He giveth you your plumes of down,  
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks  
of brown.

'He giveth you your wings to fly  
And breathe a purer air on high,  
And careth for you everywhere,  
Who for yourselves so little care !'

With flutter of swift wings and songs  
Together rose the feathered throngs,  
And singing scattered far apart ;  
Deep peace was in St. Francis'  
heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood  
His homily had understood ;  
He only knew that to one ear  
The meaning of his words was clear.

BELISARIUS.

I AM poor and old and blind ;  
The sun burns me, and the wind  
Blows through the city gate  
And covers me with dust  
From the wheels of the august  
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased  
The Persians o'er wild and waste,  
As General of the East ;  
Night after night I lay  
In their camps of yesterday ;  
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,  
And torches at mast-head,  
Piloting the great fleet,  
I swept the Afric coasts  
And scattered the Vandal hosts,  
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again  
The Ausonian realm and reign,  
Rome and Parthenope ;  
And all the land was mine  
From the summits of Apennine  
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,  
I dared the battle's rage,  
To save Byzantium's state,  
When the tents of Zabergan,  
Like snowdrifts overran  
The road of the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold !  
Infirm and blind and old,  
With gray, uncovered head,  
Beneath the very arch  
Of my triumphal march,  
I stand and beg my bread !

Methinks I still can hear,  
Sounding distinct and near,  
The Vandal monarch's cry,  
As, captive and disgraced,  
With majestic step he paced,—  
'All, all is Vanity!'

Ah! vainest of all things  
Is the gratitude of kings;  
The plaudits of the crowd  
Are but the clatter of feet  
At midnight in the street,  
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace  
Is to see for ever the face  
Of the Monk of Ephesus!  
The unconquerable will  
This, too, can bear;—I still  
Am Belisarius!



### SONGO RIVER.

NOWHERE such a devious stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and  
brake,  
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself,  
Flows the stream, so still and slow,  
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,  
Lost in woodland or on wold,  
Such a winding path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never schoolboy in his quest  
After hazel-nut or nest,  
Through the forest in and out  
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang inverted, and between  
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing  
Seems the only living thing,  
Or the loon, that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name  
Unfamiliar is to fame;  
For thou hidest here alone,  
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach  
Wisdom deep as human speech,  
Moving without haste or noise  
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy  
mill,  
And art ever calm and still,  
Even thy silence seems to say  
To the traveller on his way:—

'Traveller, hurrying from the heat  
Of the city, stay thy feet!  
Rest a while, no longer waste  
Life with inconsiderate haste!

'Be not like a stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls;  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul.'



FLIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE HERONS OF ELM-  
WOOD.

WARM and still is the summer  
night,  
As here by the river's brink I  
wander ;

White overhead are the stars, and  
white  
The glimmering lamps on the  
hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day ;  
Nothing I hear but the chirp of  
crickets,

And the cry of the herons winging  
their way  
O'er the poet's house in the Elm-  
wood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you  
pass

To your roosts in the haunts of  
the exiled thrushes,  
Sing him the song of the green  
morass,

And the tides that water the  
reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the  
Hern,

And the secret that baffles our  
utmost seeking ;

For only a sound of lament we  
discern,

And cannot interpret the words  
you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight  
Of wings that uplift and winds  
that uphold you,

The joy of freedom, the rapture of  
flight

Through the drift of the floating  
mists that enfold you ;

Of the landscape lying so far below,  
With its towns and rivers and  
desert places ;

And the splendour of light above,  
and the glow

Of the limitless, blue, ethereal  
spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,  
Or of Minnesingers in old black-  
letter,

Sound in his ears more sweet than  
yours,

And if yours are not sweeter and  
wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at  
his gate,

Where the boughs of the stately  
elms are meeting,

Some one hath lingered to meditate,  
And send him unseen this friend-  
ly greeting ;

That many another hath done the  
same,

Though not by a sound was the  
silence broken ;

The surest pledge of a deathless  
name

Is the silent homage of thoughts  
unspoken.



A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again  
From cruising about with his  
buccaneers ;

He has singed the beard of the  
King of Spain,

And carried away the Dean of Jaen  
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with  
its roof of tiles,

And weathercocks flying aloft in  
air,

There are silver tankards of antique  
styles,  
Plunder of convent and castle, and  
piles  
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the  
town,  
Overlooking the sluggish stream.  
With his Moorish cap and dressing-  
gown,  
The old sea-captain, hale and  
brown,  
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks  
Whenever he thinks of the King  
of Spain,  
And the listed tulips look like  
Turks,  
And the silent gardener as he  
works  
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost  
Verge of the landscape in the  
haze,  
To him are towers on the Spanish  
coast,  
With whiskered sentinels at their  
post,  
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,  
He sits and smokes by the blaz-  
ing brands,  
And old seafaring men come in,  
Goat-bearded, gray, and with  
double chin,  
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and  
shine  
Of the flickering fire of the winter  
night ;  
Figures in colour and design  
Like those by Rembrandt of the  
Rhine,  
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or  
won,  
And their talk is ever and ever  
the same,  
While they drink the red wine of  
Tarragon.  
From the cellars of some Spanish  
Don,  
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides  
He paces his parlour to and fro ;  
He is like a ship that at anchor  
rides,  
And swings with the rising and  
falling tides,  
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,  
Sound of the wind and sound of  
the sea,  
Are calling and whispering in his  
ear,  
' Simon Danz ! Why stayest thou  
here ?  
Come forth and follow me ! '

So he thinks he shall take to the  
sea again  
For one more cruise with his  
buccaneers,  
To singe the beard of the King of  
Spain,  
And capture another Dean of Jaen  
And sell him in Algiers.



### CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O  
Spain,  
Went out to thee in days of yore !  
What dreams romantic filled my  
brain,  
And summoned back to life again  
The Paladins of Charlemagne,  
The Cid Campeador !

And shapes more shadowy than these,

In the dim twilight half revealed ;  
Phœnician galleys on the seas,  
The Roman camps like hives of bees,  
The Goth uplifting from his knees  
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,  
From annals of remotest eld,  
That lent the colours of romance  
To every trivial circumstance,  
And changed the form and countenance  
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid  
In monkish chronicle or rhyme,  
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,  
Zamora and Valladolid,  
Toledo, built and walled amid  
The wars of Wamba's time ;

The long, straight line of the highway,  
The distant town that seems so near,  
The peasants in the fields, that stay  
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,  
When from the belfry at midday  
The Angelus they hear ;

White crosses in the mountain pass,  
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din  
Of muleteers, the tethered ass  
That crops the dusty wayside grass,  
And cavaliers with spurs of brass  
Alighting at the inn ;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,  
White cities slumbering by the sea,

White sunshine flooding square and street,  
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet

The river-beds are dry with heat,—  
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe  
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned ;  
A terror in the atmosphere,  
As if King Philip listened near,  
Or Torquemada, the austere,  
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies  
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom ;  
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,  
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,  
Making the land a paradise  
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among  
The palm, the olive, and the vine ;  
Gem of the South, by poets sung,  
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung  
As lamps the bells that once had rung  
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,  
The star of stars, the cynosure,  
The artist's and the poet's theme,  
The young man's vision, the old man's dream,—  
Granada by its winding stream,  
The city of the Moor !

And there the Alhambra still recalls  
Aladdin's palace of delight :  
Allah il Allah ! through its halls  
Whispers the fountain as it falls,  
The Darro darts beneath its walls,  
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with  
snow,  
And cold with blasts that bite  
and freeze ;

But in the happy vale below  
The orange and pomegranate grow,  
And wafts of air toss to and fro  
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,  
The fascination and allure  
Of the sweet landscape chains the  
will ;

The traveller lingers on the hill,  
His parted lips are breathing still  
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown  
With flowers that hide the rents  
of time,  
Stands now the Past that I have  
known,  
Castles in Spain, not built of stone  
But of white summer clouds, and  
blown  
Into this little mist of rhyme !



### VITTORIA COLONNA.

Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Inarimé), and there wrote the Ode upon his death, which gained her the title of Divine.

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé,  
I see thy purple hills !—once  
more  
I hear the billows of the bay  
Wash the white pebbles on thy  
shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the  
sands,  
Like a great galleon wrecked and  
cast  
Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,  
A mouldering landmark of the  
Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see  
A phantom gliding to and fro ;  
It is Colonna,—it is she  
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,  
The type of perfect womanhood,  
Whose life was love, the life of  
life,  
That time and change and death  
withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage  
band  
In others, only closer pressed  
The wedding-ring upon her hand  
And closer locked and barred  
her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,  
The weariness, the endless pain  
Of waiting for some one to come  
Who never more would come  
again.

The shadows of the chestnut-trees,  
The odour of the orange-blooms,  
The song of birds, and, more than  
these,  
The silence of deserted rooms ;

The respiration of the sea,  
The soft caresses of the air,  
All things in nature seemed to be  
But ministers of her despair ;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so  
long  
Imprisoned in itself, found vent  
And voice in one impassioned song  
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden  
from sight,  
Transmutes to gold the leaden  
mist,  
Her life was interfused with light,  
From realms that, though unseen,  
exist.

Inarimé ! Inarimé !

Thy castle on the crags above  
In dust shall crumble and decay,  
But not the memory of her  
love.

— — —  
**THE REVENGE OF RAIN-  
IN-THE-FACE.**

IN that desolate land and lone,  
Where the Big Horn and Yellow-  
stone

Roar down their mountain path,  
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs  
Muttered their woes and griefs  
And the menace of their wrath.

‘Revenge !’ cried Rain-in-the-  
Face,

‘Revenge upon all the race  
Of the White Chief with yellow  
hair !’

And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags re-echoed the  
cry  
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide  
By woodland and riverside,  
The Indian village stood ;  
All was silent as a dream,  
Save the rushing of the stream  
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,  
Like a bison among the reeds,  
In ambush the Sitting Bull  
Lay with three thousand braves  
Crouched in the clefts and caves,  
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare  
The White Chief with yellow hair  
And his three hundred men  
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;  
But of that gallant band  
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death  
Overwhelmed them like the breath  
And smoke of a furnace fire :  
By the river's bank, and between  
The rocks of the ravine,  
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,  
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight  
Uplifted high in air  
As a ghastly trophy, bore  
The brave heart, that beat no more,  
Of the White Chief with yellow  
hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong ?  
Sing it, O funeral song,  
With a voice that is full of tears,  
And say that our broken faith  
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,  
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

— — —  
**TO THE RIVER YVETTE.**

O LOVELY river of Yvette !  
O darling river ! like a bride,  
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Lisette,  
Thou goest to wed the Orge's  
tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,  
See and salute thee on thy way,  
And, with a blessing and a prayer,  
Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain  
Would hold thee in its fond em-  
brace ;  
Thou glidest from its arms again  
And hurriest on with swifter pace.

Thou wilt not stay ; with restless  
feet  
Pursuing still thine onward flight,  
Thou goest as one in haste to meet  
Her sole desire, her heart's de-  
light.

O lovely river of Yvette !  
O darling stream ! on balanced  
wings  
The wood-birds sang the chanson-  
nette  
That here a wandering poet sings.

### THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE.

'Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne  
pour faire un gant de cette grandeur ?' A play  
upon the words *gant*, a glove, and *Gand*, the  
French for Ghent.

ON St. Bavon's tower, commanding  
Half of Flanders, his domain,  
Charles the Emperor once was  
standing,  
While beneath him on the landing  
Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,  
Or a model made for show,  
With its pointed roofs and gables,  
Dormer windows, scrolls and la-  
bels,  
Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets  
and alleys  
Poured the populace of Ghent ;  
As a routed army rallies,  
Or as rivers run through valleys,  
Hurrying to their homes they  
went.

'Nest of Lutheran misbelievers !'  
Cried Duke Alva as he gazed ;  
'Haunt of traitors and deceivers,  
Stronghold of insurgent weavers,  
Let it to the ground be razed !'

On the Emperor's cap the feather  
Nods, as laughing he replies :  
'How many skins of Spanish  
leather,  
Think you, would, if stitched to-  
gether,  
Make a glove of such a size ?'

### A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*.

A FLEET with flags arrayed  
Sailed from the port of Brest,  
And the Admiral's ship displayed  
The signal : 'Steer southwest.'  
For this Admiral D'Anville  
Had sworn by cross and crown  
To ravage with fire and steel  
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumours in the street,  
In the houses there was fear  
Of the coming of the fleet,  
And the danger hovering near.  
And while from mouth to mouth  
Spread the tidings of dismay,  
I stood in the Old South,  
Saying humbly : 'Let us pray !'

'O Lord ! we would not advise ;  
But if in thy Providence  
A tempest should arise  
To drive the French Fleet hence,  
And scatter it far and wide,  
Or sink it in the sea,  
We should be satisfied,  
And thine the glory be.'

This was the prayer I made,  
For my soul was all on flame,  
And even as I prayed  
The answering tempest came ;  
It came with a mighty power,  
Shaking the windows and walls,  
And tolling the bell in the tower,  
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly  
Unsheathed its flaming sword,  
And I cried : 'Stand still, and see  
The salvation of the Lord !'  
The heavens were black with cloud,  
The sea was white with hail,  
And ever more fierce and loud  
Blew the October gale.



The fleet it overtook,  
And the broad sails in the van  
Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
Or the curtains of Midian.  
Down on the reeling decks  
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;  
Ah, never were there wrecks  
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke  
The great ships of the line ;  
They were carried away as a  
smoke,  
Or sank like lead in the brine.  
O Lord ! before thy path  
They vanished and ceased to be,  
When thou didst walk in wrath  
With thine horses through the  
sea !

### THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and  
fleet,  
His chestnut steed with four white  
feet,

Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,  
Son of the road and bandit chief,  
Seeking refuge and relief,  
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,  
Never yet could any steed  
Reach the dust-cloud in his  
course.

More than maiden, more than wife,  
More than gold and next to life  
Roushan the Robber loved his  
horse.

In the land that lies beyond  
Erzeroum and Trebizond,  
Garden-girt his fortress stood ;  
Plundered khan, or caravan  
Journeying north from Koordistan,  
Gave him wealth and wine and  
food.

Seven hundred and fourscore  
Men at arms his livery wore,  
Did his bidding night and day.  
Now, through regions all unknown,  
He was wandering, lost, alone,  
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,  
Sheer the precipice descends,  
Loud the torrent roars unseen ;  
Thirty feet from side to side  
Yawns the chasm ; on air must  
ride  
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,  
At the precipice's foot,  
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah  
Halted with his hundred men,  
Shouting upward from the glen,  
'La Illáh illa Alláh !'

Gently Roushan Beg caressed  
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ;  
Kissed him upon both his eyes ;  
Sang to him in his wild way,  
As upon the topmost spray  
Sings a bird before it flies.

'O my Kyrat, O my steed,  
Round and slender as a reed,  
Carry me this peril through !  
Satin housings shall be thine,  
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,  
O thou soul of Kurroglou !

'Soft thy skin as silken skein,  
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,  
Tender are thine eyes and true ;  
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,  
Polished bright ; O, life of mine,  
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou !'

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,  
Drew together his four white feet,  
Paused a moment on the verge,  
Measured with his eye the space,  
And into the air's embrace  
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand  
Bears a swimmer safe to land,  
Kyrat safe his rider bore ;  
Rattling down the deep abyss  
Fragments of the precipice  
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red  
Trembled not upon his head,  
Careless sat he and upright ;  
Neither hand nor bridle shook,  
Nor his head he turned to look,  
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,  
Seen a moment like the glare  
Of a sword drawn from its sheath ;  
Thus the phantom horseman  
passed,

And the shadow that he cast  
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath  
While this vision of life and death  
Passed above him. 'Allahu !'  
Cried he. 'In all Koordistan  
Lives there not so brave a man  
As this Robber Kurroglou !'

#### HAROUN AL RASCHID.

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read  
A book wherein the poet said :—  
'Where are the kings, and where  
the rest  
Of those who once the world pos-  
sessed ?

'They're gone with all their pomp  
and show,  
They're gone the way that thou  
shalt go.

'O thou who choosest for thy share  
The world, and what the world  
calls fair,

'Take all that it can give or lend,  
But know that death is at the end !'

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head :  
Tears fell upon the page he read.

#### KING TRISANKU.

VISWAMITRA the Magician,  
By his spells and incantations,  
Up to Indra's realms elysian  
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended  
Hurled him downward, and de-  
scending  
In the air he hung suspended,  
With these equal powers con-  
tending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,  
By misgivings downward driven,  
Human hearts are tossed and  
drifted  
Midway between earth and  
heaven.

#### A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

'Sir, I should build me a fortification, if  
I came to live here.'—BOSWELL'S *Johnson*.

ON the green little isle of Inch-  
kenneth,  
Who is it that walks by the shore,  
So gay with his Highland blue  
bonnet,  
So brave with his targe and  
claymore ?

His form is the form of a giant,  
But his face wears an aspect of  
pain ;  
Can this be the Laird of Inch-  
kenneth ?  
Can this be Sir Allan McLean ?

Ah, no ! It is only the Rambler,  
The Idler, who lives in Bolt  
Court,  
And who says, were he Laird of  
Inchkenneth,  
He would wall himself round  
with a fort.

### THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far  
away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Bal-  
tasar ;

Three Wise Men out of the East  
were they,  
And they travelled by night and  
they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful,  
wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large,  
and clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the at-  
mosphere,  
And by this they knew that the  
coming was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the  
prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their  
saddle-bows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden  
keys ;  
Their robes were of crimson silk  
with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and  
furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming  
almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into  
the West,  
Through the dusk of night, over  
hill and dell,  
And sometimes they nodded with  
beard on breast,  
And sometimes talked, as they  
paused to rest,  
With the people they met at some  
wayside well.

'Of the child that is born,' said  
Baltasar,  
'Good people, I pray you, tell us  
the news ;

For we in the East have seen his  
star,  
And have ridden fast, and have  
ridden far,  
To find and worship the King of  
the Jews.'

And the people answered, 'You  
ask in vain ;  
We know of no king but Herod  
the Great !'  
They thought the Wise Men were  
men insane,  
As they spurred their horses across  
the plain,  
Like riders in haste, and who  
cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusa-  
lem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard  
this thing,  
Sent for the Wise Men and ques-  
tioned them ;  
And said, 'Go down unto Beth-  
lehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new  
king.'

So they rode away ; and the star  
stood still,  
The only one in the gray of  
morn ;  
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its  
own free will,  
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David where Christ  
was born.

And the Three Kings rode through  
the gate and the guard,  
Through the silent street, till  
their horses turned  
And neighed as they entered the  
great inn-yard ;  
But the windows were closed, and  
the doors were barred,  
And only a light in the stable  
burned.

And cradled there in the scented  
hay,

In the air made sweet by the  
breath of kine,

The little child in the manger lay,  
The child, that would be king one  
day

Of a kingdom not human but  
divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth  
Sat watching beside his place of  
rest,

Watching the even flow of his  
breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of  
death

Were mingled together in her  
breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet :  
The gold was their tribute to a  
King,

The frankincense, with its odour  
sweet,

Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and  
bowed her head,

And sat as still as a statue of  
stone ;

Her heart was troubled yet com-  
forted,

Remembering what the Angel had  
said

Of an endless reign and of  
David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the  
city gate,

With a clatter of hoofs in proud  
array ;

But they went not back to Herod  
the Great,

For they knew his malice and  
feared his hate,

And returned to their homes by  
another way.

## SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and  
rest ;

Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know  
not where

Are full of trouble and full of care ;  
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and dis-  
tressed,

They wander east, they wander  
west,

And are baffled and beaten and  
blown about

By the winds of the wilderness of  
doubt ;

To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and  
rest ;

The bird is safest in its nest ;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and  
fly

A hawk is hovering in the sky ;  
To stay at home is best.

## THE WHITE CZAR.

The White Czar is Peter the Great.  
Batyushka, *Father dear*, and Gosudar,  
*Sovereign*, are titles the Russian people  
are fond of giving to the Czar in their  
popular songs.

DOST thou see on the rampart's  
height

That wreath of mist, in the light  
Of the midnight moon ? O, hie !

It is not a wreath of mist ;  
It is the Czar, the White Czar,

Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He has heard, among the dead,  
The artillery roll o'erhead ;

The drums and the tramp of feet  
Of his soldiery in the street ;

He is awake ! the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He has heard in the grave the cries  
Of his people : 'Awake ! arise !'  
He has rent the gold brocade  
Whereof his shroud was made ;  
He is risen ! the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

From the Volga and the Don  
He has led his armies on,  
Over river and morass,  
Over desert and mountain pass ;  
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He looks from the mountain-chain  
Toward the seas, that cleave in  
twain

The continents ; his hand  
Points southward o'er the land  
Of Roumili ! O Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

And the words break from his lips :  
'I am the builder of ships,  
And my ships shall sail these seas  
To the Pillars of Hercules !  
I say it ; the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

'The Bosphorus shall be free ;  
It shall make room for me ;  
And the gates of its water-streets  
Be unbarred before my fleets.  
I say it ; the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

'And the Christian shall no more  
Be crushed, as heretofore,  
Beneath thine iron rule,  
O Sultan of Istamboul !  
I swear it ; I the Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

---

DELIA.

SWEET as the tender fragrance that  
survives,  
When martyred flowers breathe  
out their little lives,  
Sweet as a song that once consoled  
our pain,  
But never will be sung to us again,  
Is thy remembrance. Now the  
hour of rest  
Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling,  
it is best.

# Tales of a Wayside Inn.

## PART I.

### PRELUDE.

#### THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,  
Across the meadows bare and brown,  
The windows of the wayside inn  
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves  
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves  
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old Colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality;  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,  
Now somewhat fallen to decay,  
With weather-stains upon the wall,  
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills!  
For there no noisy railway speeds,  
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;  
But noon and night, the panting teams  
Stop under the great oaks, that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below,

On roofs and doors and window-sills.

Across the road the barns display  
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay;  
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,  
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,  
And, half effaced by rain and shine,  
The Red Horse prances on the sign.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode  
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust

Went rushing down the country road,  
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,  
A moment quickened by its breath,  
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,  
And through the ancient oaks o'er-head  
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlour of the inn  
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,  
Like water rushing through a weir;  
Oft interrupted by the din  
Of laughter and of loud applause,  
And, in each intervening pause,  
The music of a violin.  
The firelight, shedding over all  
The splendour of its ruddy glow,  
Filled the whole parlour large and low;  
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,  
It touched with more than wonted grace  
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;

It bronzed the rafters overhead,  
On the old spinet's ivory keys  
It played inaudible melodies,  
It crowned the sombre clock with  
flame,  
The hands, the hours, the maker's  
name,  
And painted with a livelier red  
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;  
And, flashing on the window-pane,  
Emblazoned with its light and shade  
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,  
Writ near a century ago,  
By the great Major Molineaux,  
Whom Hawthorne has immortal  
made.

Before the blazing fire of wood  
Erect the rapt musician stood ;  
And ever and anon he bent  
His head upon his instrument,  
And seemed to listen, till he caught  
Confessions of its secret thought,—  
The joy, the triumph, the lament,  
The exultation and the pain ;  
Then, by the magic of his art,  
He soothed the throbbings of its  
heart,  
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease  
There sat a group of friends, en-  
tranced

With the delicious melodies ;  
Who from the far-off noisy town  
Had to the wayside inn come  
down,

To rest beneath its old oak-trees.  
The firelight on their faces glanced,  
Their shadows on the wainscot  
danced,

And, though of different lands and  
speech,

Each had his tale to tell, and each  
Was anxious to be pleased and  
please.

And while the sweet musician plays,  
Let me in outline sketch them all,  
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze

With its uncertain touch portrays  
Their shadowy semblance on the  
wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace :  
Grave in his aspect and attire ;  
A man of ancient pedigree,  
A Justice of the Peace was he,  
Known in all Sudbury as 'The  
Squire.'

Proud was he of his name and  
race,  
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,  
And in the parlour, full in view,  
His coat-of-arms, well framed and  
glazed,

Upon the wall in colours blazed ;  
He beareth gules upon his shield,  
A chevron argent in the field,  
With three wolf's-heads, and for  
the crest

A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
Upon a helmet barred ; below  
The scroll reads, 'By the name of  
Howe.'

And over this, no longer bright,  
Though glimmering with a latent  
light,

Was hung the sword his grandsire  
bore

In the rebellious days of yore,  
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,  
A Student of old books and days,  
To whom all tongues and lands  
were known

And yet a lover of his own ;  
With many a social virtue graced,  
And yet a friend of solitude ;  
A man of such a genial mood  
The heart of all things he em-  
braced,

And yet of such fastidious taste,  
He never found the best too good.  
Books were his passion and delight,  
And in his upper room at home  
Stood many a rare and sumptuous  
tome,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

In vellum bound, with gold bedight,  
Great volumes garmented in white,  
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.  
He loved the twilight that surrounds  
The borderland of old romance;  
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,  
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,  
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,  
And mighty warriors sweep along,  
Magnified by the purple mist,  
The dusk of centuries and of song.  
The chronicles of Charlemagne,  
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,  
Mingled together in his brain  
With tales of Flores and Blanche-  
fleur,  
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,  
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,  
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there;  
In sight of Etna born and bred,  
Some breath of its volcanic air  
Was glowing in his heart and brain,  
And, being rebellious to his liege,  
After Palermo's fatal siege,  
Across the western seas he fled,  
In good King Bomba's happy reign.  
His face was like a summer night,  
All flooded with a dusky light;  
His hands were small; his teeth  
shone white  
As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;  
His sinews supple and strong as oak;  
Clean shaven was he as a priest  
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,  
Save that upon his upper lip  
His beard, a good palm's length at least,  
Level and pointed at the tip,  
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.  
The poets read he o'er and o'er,  
And most of all the Immortal Four  
Of Italy; and next to those,

The story-telling bard of prose,  
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales

Of the Decameron, that make  
Fiesole's green hills and vales  
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.  
Much too of music was his thought;  
The melodies and measures fraught  
With sunshine and the open air,  
Of vineyards and the singing sea  
Of his beloved Sicily;  
And much it pleased him to peruse  
The songs of the Sicilian muse,—  
Bucolic songs by Meli sung  
In the familiar peasant tongue,  
That made men say, 'Behold!  
once more

The pitying gods to earth restore  
Theocritus of Syracuse!'

A Spanish Jew from Alicant  
With aspect grand and grave was there:

Vender of silks and fabrics rare,  
And attar of rose from the Levant.  
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,  
Abraham or Isaac, or at least  
Some later Prophet or High Priest;  
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,  
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,

The tumbling cataract of his beard.  
His garments breathed a spicy scent

Of cinnamon and sandal blent,  
Like the soft aromatic gales  
That meet the mariner, who sails  
Through the Moluccas, and the seas

That wash the shores of Celebes.  
All stories that recorded are  
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,

And it was rumoured he could say  
The Parables of Sandabar,  
And all the Fables of Pilpay,—  
Or if not all, the greater part!  
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,



## The Wayside Inn.

Talmud and Targum, and the lore  
Of Kabala; and evermore  
There was a mystery in his looks;  
His eyes seemed gazing far away,  
As if in vision or in trance  
He heard the solemn sackbut play,  
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school  
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was  
there;  
Skilful alike with tongue and pen,  
He preached to all men everywhere  
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,  
The New Commandment given to  
men,  
Thinking the deed, and not the  
creed,  
Would help us in our utmost need.  
With reverent feet the earth he  
trod,  
Nor banished nature from his plan,  
But studied still with deep research  
To build the Universal Church,  
Lofty as is the love of God,  
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse  
Was tender, musical, and terse;  
The inspiration, the delight,  
The gleam, the glory, the swift  
flight,  
Of thoughts so sudden, that they  
seem  
The revelations of a dream,  
All these were his; but with them  
came  
No envy of another's fame;  
He did not find his sleep less sweet  
For music in some neighbouring  
street,  
Nor rustling hear in every breeze  
The laurels of Miltiades.  
Honour and blessings on his head  
While living, good report when  
dead,  
Who, not too eager for renown,  
Accepts, but does not clutch, the  
crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood  
Illumined by that fire of wood;  
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect  
blithe,  
His figure tall and straight and  
lithe,  
And every feature of his face  
Revealing his Norwegian race;  
A radiance, streaming from within,  
Around his eyes and forehead  
beamed,  
The Angel with the violin,  
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.  
He lived in that ideal world  
Whose language is not speech, but  
song;  
Around him evermore the throng  
Of elves and sprites their dances  
whirled;  
The Strömkarl sang, the cataract  
hurled  
Its headlong waters from the height;  
And mingled in the wild delight  
The scream of sea-birds in their  
flight,  
The rumour of the forest trees,  
The plunge of the implacable  
seas,  
The tumult of the wind at night,  
Voices of eld, like trumpets blow-  
ing,  
Old ballads, and wild melodies  
Through mist and darkness pour-  
ing forth,  
Like Elivagar's river flowing  
Out of the glaciers of the North.  
The instrument on which he  
played  
Was in Cremona's workshops made,  
By a great master of the past,  
Ere yet was lost the art divine;  
Fashioned of maple and of pine,  
That in Tyrolian forests vast  
Had rocked and wrestled with the  
blast.  
Exquisite was it in design,  
Perfect in each minutest part,  
A marvel of the lutist's art;

And in its hollow chamber, thus,  
The maker from whose hands it  
came  
Had written his unrivalled name,—  
'Antonius Stradivarius.'

And when he played, the at-  
mosphere  
Was filled with magic, and the ear  
Caught echoes of that Harp of  
Gold,  
Whose music had so weird a  
sound,  
The hunted stag forgot to bound,  
The leaping rivulet backward  
rolled,  
The birds came down from bush  
and tree,  
The dead came from beneath the  
sea,  
The maiden to the harper's knee !

The music ceased ; the applause  
was loud,  
The pleased musician smiled and  
bowed ;  
The wood-fire clapped its hands of  
flame,  
The shadows on the wainscot  
stirred,  
And from the harpsichord there  
came  
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,  
A sound like that sent down at  
night  
By birds of passage in their flight,  
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed ; then began  
A clamour for the Landlord's  
tale,—  
The story promised them of old,  
They said, but always left un-  
told ;  
And he, although a bashful man,  
And all his courage seemed to  
fail,  
Finding excuse of no avail,  
Yielded ; and thus the story ran.

## THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall  
hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul  
Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in  
Seventy-five ;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day  
and year.

He said to his friend, 'If the British  
march  
By land or sea from the town to-  
night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry  
arch  
Of the North Church tower as a  
signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village  
and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and  
to arm.'

Then he said, 'Good night !' and  
with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown  
shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moor-  
ings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;  
A phantom ship, with each mast  
and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was  
magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.  
Meanwhile, his friend, through  
alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager  
ears,

## Paul Revere's Ride.

Till in the silence around him he  
hears  
The muster of men at the barrack  
door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp  
of feet,  
And the measured tread of the  
grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on  
the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the  
Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy  
tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their  
perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round  
him made  
Masses and moving shapes of  
shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and  
tall,  
To the highest window in the  
wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look  
down  
A moment on the roofs of the  
town,  
And the moonlight flowing over  
all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the  
dead,  
In their night-encampment on the  
hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and  
still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's  
tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, 'All is  
well!'  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the  
secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are  
bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the  
bay,—  
A line of black that bends and  
floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of  
boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and  
ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy  
stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul  
Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far  
and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the  
earth,

And turned and tightened his  
saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager  
search

The belfry-tower of the Old North  
Church,

As it rose above the graves on the  
hill,

Lonely and spectral and sombre  
and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's  
height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of  
light!

He springs to the saddle, the bridle  
he turns,

But lingers and gazes, till full on his  
sight

A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village  
street,

A shape in the moonlight, a bulk  
in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in  
passing, a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fearless  
and fleet:

That was all! And yet, through  
the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that  
night;  
And the spark struck out by that  
steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with  
its heat.

He has left the village and mounted  
the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and  
broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean  
tides;  
And under the alders, that skirt its  
edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on  
the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as  
he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into  
Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's  
dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes  
down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he  
passed,  
And the meeting-house windows,  
blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would  
look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in  
Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the  
trees,

And felt the breath of the morning  
breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his  
bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to  
fall,  
Who that day would be lying  
dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books  
you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and  
fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for  
ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-  
yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the  
lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge  
again  
Under the trees at the turn of the  
road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul  
Revere;  
And so through the night went his  
cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and  
farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock  
at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for ever-  
more!  
For, borne on a night-wind of the  
Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril  
and need,  
The people will waken and listen  
to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that  
steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul  
Revere.

**INTERLUDE.**

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,  
Then rising took down from its nail  
The sword that hung there, dim  
with dust,  
And cleaving to its sheath with rust,  
And said, 'This sword was in the  
fight.'

The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,  
'It is the sword of a good knight,  
Though homespun was his coat-of-  
mail ;

What matter if it be not named  
Joyeuse, Colado, Durindale,  
Excalibar, or Aroundight,  
Or other name the books record ?  
Your ancestor, who bore this sword  
As Colonel of the Volunteers,  
Mounted upon his old gray mare,  
Seen here and there and every-  
where,

To me a grander shape appears  
Than old Sir William, or what not,  
Clinking about in foreign lands  
With iron gauntlets on his hands,  
And on his head an iron pot !

All laughed ; the Landlord's face  
grew red

As his escutcheon on the wall ;  
He could not comprehend at all  
The drift of what the Poet said ;  
For those who had been longest  
dead

Were always greatest in his eyes ;  
And he was speechless with surprise  
To see Sir William's plumed head  
Brought to a level with the rest,  
And made the subject of a jest.  
And this perceiving, to appease  
The Landlord's wrath, the others'  
fears,

The Student said, with careless  
ease,

'The ladies and the cavaliers,  
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,  
The deeds of high emprise, I sing !

Thus Ariosto says, in words  
That have the stately stride and ring  
Of armed knights and clashing  
swords.

Now listen to the tale I bring ;  
Listen ! though not to me belong  
The flowing draperies of his song,  
The words that rouse, the voice that  
charms.

The Landlord's tale was one of  
arms,

Only a tale of love is mine,  
Blending the human and divine,  
A tale of the Decameron, told  
In Palmieri's garden old,  
By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,  
While her companions lay around,  
And heard the intermingled sound  
Of airs that on their errands sped,  
And wild birds gossiping overhead,  
And lisp of leaves, and fountain's  
fall,

And her own voice more sweet than  
all,

Telling the tale, which, wanting  
these,

Perchance may lose its power to  
please.'



**THE STUDENT'S TALE.**

**THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.**

ONE summer morning, when the  
sun was hot,

Weary with labour in his garden-  
plot,

On a rude bench beneath his cottage  
eaves,

Ser Federigo sat among the leaves  
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms  
outspread,

Hung its delicious clusters over-  
head.

Below him, through the lovely  
valley flowed

The river Arno, like a winding road,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And from its banks were lifted high  
in air  
The spires and roofs of Florence  
called the Fair ;  
To him a marble tomb, that rose  
above  
His wasted fortunes and his buried  
love.  
For there, in banquet and in tour-  
nament,  
His wealth had lavished been, his  
substance spent,  
To woo and lose, since ill his  
wooing sped,  
Monna Giovanna, who his rival  
wed,  
Yet ever in his fancy reigned su-  
preme,  
The ideal woman of a young man's  
dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and  
pain,  
To this small farm, the last of his  
domain,  
His only comfort and his only care  
To prune his vines, and plant the  
fig and pear ;  
His only forester and only guest  
His falcon, faithful to him, when  
the rest,  
Whose willing hands had found so  
light of yore  
The brazen knocker of his palace  
door,  
Had now no strength to lift the  
wooden latch,  
That entrance gave beneath a roof  
of thatch.

Companion of his solitary ways,  
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,  
On him this melancholy man be-  
stowed  
The love with which his nature  
overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years  
went round,

Vacant, though voiceful with pro-  
phetic sound,  
And so, that summer morn, he sat  
and mused  
With folded, patient hands, as he  
was used,  
And dreamily before his half-closed  
sight  
Floated the vision of his lost  
delight.

Beside him motionless the drowsy  
bird  
Dreamed of the chase, and in his  
slumbering heard  
The sudden, scythe-like sweep of  
wings, that dare  
The headlong plunge thro' eddying  
gulfs of air,  
Then, starting broad awake upon  
his perch,  
Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in  
a church,  
And, looking at his master, seemed  
to say,  
'Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-  
day ?'

Ser Federigo thought not of the  
chase ;  
The tender vision of her lovely  
face,  
I will not say he seems to see, he  
sees  
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,  
Herself, yet not herself ; a lovely  
child  
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide  
and wild,  
Coming undaunted up the garden  
walk,  
And looking not at him, but at the  
hawk.

' Beautiful falcon ! ' said he, ' would  
that I  
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see  
thee fly ! '

The voice was hers, and made  
strange echoes start

## The Falcon of Ser Federigo.

Through all the haunted chambers  
of his heart,  
As an Æolian harp through gusty  
doors  
Of some old ruin its wild music  
pours.

'Who is thy mother, my fair boy?'  
he said,  
His hand laid softly on that shining  
head.

'Monna Giovanna. Will you let  
me stay  
A little while, and with your falcon  
play?  
We live there, just beyond your  
garden wall,  
In the great house behind the  
poplars tall.'

So he spake on; and Federigo  
heard  
As from afar each softly uttered  
word,  
And drifted onward through the  
golden gleams  
And shadows of the misty sea of  
dreams,  
As mariners becalmed through  
vapours drift,  
And feel the sea beneath them  
sink and lift,  
And hear far off the mournful  
breakers roar,  
And voices calling faintly from the  
shore!  
Then, waking from his pleasant  
reveries,  
He took the little boy upon his  
knees,  
And told him stories of his gallant  
bird,  
Till in their friendship he became a  
third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her  
prime,  
Had come with friends to pass the  
summer time

In her grand villa, half-way up the  
hill,  
O'erlooking Florence, but retired  
and still;  
With iron gates, that opened  
through long lines  
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,  
And terraced gardens, and broad  
steps of stone,  
And sylvan deities, with moss o'er-  
grown,  
And fountains palpitating in the  
heat,  
And all Val d'Arno stretched be-  
neath its feet.  
Here in seclusion, as a widow may,  
The lovely lady whiled the hours  
away,  
Pacing in sable robes the statued  
hall,  
Herself the stateliest statue among  
all,  
And seeing more and more, with  
secret joy,  
Her husband risen and living in  
her boy,  
Till the lost sense of life returned  
again,  
Not as delight, but as relief from  
pain.  
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his  
strength,  
Stormed down the terraces from  
length to length;  
The screaming peacock chased in  
hot pursuit,  
And climbed the garden trellises  
for fruit.  
But his chief pastime was to watch  
the flight  
Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,  
Beyond the trees that fringed the  
garden wall,  
Then downward stooping at some  
distant call;  
And as he gazed full often wondered  
he  
Who might the master of the falcon  
be,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Until that happy morning, when  
he found  
Master and falcon in the cottage  
ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell  
On the great house, as if a passing-  
bell

Tolled from the tower, and filled  
each spacious room

With secret awe, and preternatural  
gloom ;

The petted boy grew ill, and day  
by day

Pined with mysterious malady  
away.

The mother's heart would not be  
comforted ;

Her darling seemed to her already  
dead,

And often, sitting by the sufferer's  
side,

'What can I do to comfort thee?'  
she cried.

At first the silent lips made no reply,  
But, moved at length by her im-  
portunate cry,

'Give me,' he answered, with  
imploping tone,

'Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!'

No answer could the astonished  
mother make ;

How could she ask, e'en for her  
darling's sake,

Such favour at a luckless lover's  
hand,

Well knowing that to ask was to  
command?

Well knowing, what all falconers  
confessed,

In all the land that falcon was the  
best,

The master's pride and passion  
and delight,

And the sole pursuivant of this  
poor knight.

But yet, for her child's sake, she  
could no less

Than give assent, to soothe his  
restlessness,  
So promised, and then promising  
to keep  
Her promise sacred, saw him fall  
asleep.

The morrow was a bright Septem-  
ber morn ;

The earth was beautiful as if new-  
born ;

There was that nameless splendour  
everywhere,

That wild exhilaration in the air,  
Which makes the passers in the  
city street

Congratulate each other as they  
meet.

Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak  
and hood,

Passed through the garden gate  
into the wood,

Under the lustrous leaves, and  
through the sheen

Of dewy sunshine showering down  
between.

The one, close-hooded, had the  
attractive grace

Which sorrow sometimes lends a  
woman's face ;

Her dark eyes moistened with the  
mists that roll

From the gulf-stream of passion in  
the soul ;

The other with her hood thrown  
back, her hair

Making a golden glory in the air,  
Her cheeks suffused with an auroral  
blush,

Her young heart singing louder  
than the thrush.

So walked, that morn, through  
mingled light and shade,

Each by the other's presence  
lovelier made,

Monna Giovanna and her bosom  
friend,

Intent upon their errand and its end.



## The Falcon of Ser Federigo.

They found Ser Federigo at his  
toil,  
Like banished Adam, delving in  
the soil;  
And when he looked and these  
fair women spied,  
The garden suddenly was glorified;  
His long-lost Eden was restored  
again,  
And the strange river winding  
through the plain  
No longer was the Arno to his  
eyes,  
But the Euphrates watering Para-  
dise!

Monna Giovanna raised her stately  
head,  
And with fair words of salutation  
said:  
'Ser Federigo, we come here as  
friends,  
Hoping in this to make some poor  
amends  
For past unkindness. I who ne'er  
before  
Would even cross the threshold of  
your door,  
I who in happier days such pride  
maintained,  
Refused your banquets, and your  
gifts disdained,  
This morning come, a self-invited  
guest,  
To put your generous nature to  
the test,  
And breakfast with you under your  
own vine.'  
To which he answered: 'Poor  
desert of mine,  
Not your unkindness call it, for if  
aught  
Is good in me of feeling or of  
thought,  
From you it comes, and this last  
grace outweighs  
All sorrows, all regrets of other  
days.'

And after further compliment and  
talk,  
Among the asters in the garden walk  
He left his guests; and to his cot-  
tage turned,  
And as he entered for a moment  
yearned  
For the lost splendours of the days  
of old,  
The ruby glass, the silver and the  
gold,  
And felt how piercing is the sting  
of pride,  
By want embittered and intensified.  
He looked about him for some  
means or way  
To keep this unexpected holiday;  
Searched every cupboard, and then  
searched again,  
Summoned the maid, who came,  
but came in vain;  
'The Signor did not hunt to-day,'  
she said,  
'There's nothing in the house but  
wine and bread.'

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon  
shook  
His little bells, with that sagacious  
look,  
Which said, as plain as language  
to the ear,  
'If anything is wanting, I am here!'  
Yes, everything is wanting, gallant  
bird!  
The master seized thee without  
further word.  
Like thine own lure, he whirled  
thee round; ah me!  
The pomp and flutter of brave  
falconry,  
The bells, the jesses, the bright  
scarlet hood,  
The flight and the pursuit o'er  
field and wood,  
All these for evermore are ended  
now;  
No longer victor, but the victim  
thou!

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread, Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread, Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot, The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot ; Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed, And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced. Ser Federigo, would not these suffice Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice ?	Though you betray it not, with what surprise You see me here in this familiar wise. You have no children, and you cannot guess What anguish, what unspeakable distress A mother feels, whose child is lying ill, Nor how her heart anticipates his will. And yet for this, you see me lay aside All womanly reserve and check of pride, And ask the thing most precious in your sight, Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight, Which if you find it in your heart to give, My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live.'
When all was ready, and the courtly dame With her companion to the cottage came, Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell The wild enchantment of a magic spell ! The room they entered, mean and low and small, Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall, With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown ; The rustic chair she sat on was a throne ; He ate celestial food, and a divine flavour was given to his country wine, And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice, A peacock was, or bird of paradise !	Ser Federigo listens, and replies, With tears of love and pity in his eyes : ' Alas, dear lady ! there can be no task So sweet to me as giving when you ask. One little hour ago, if I had known This wish of yours, it would have been my own. But thinking in what manner I could best Do honour to the presence of my guest, I deemed that nothing worthier could be Than what most dear and precious was to me, And so my gallant falcon breathed his last To furnish forth this morning our repast.'
When the repast was ended, they arose And passed again into the garden- close. Then said the lady, ' Far too well I know, Remembering still the days of long ago,	

## The Falcon of Ser Federigo.

In mute contrition, mingled with  
dismay,  
The gentle lady turned her eyes  
away,  
Grieving that he such sacrifice  
should make,  
And kill his falcon for a woman's  
sake,  
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's  
pride,  
That nothing she could ask for was  
denied;  
Then took her leave, and passed  
out at the gate  
With footstep slow and soul dis-  
consolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a  
passing bell  
Tolled from the little chapel in the  
dell;  
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard,  
and said,  
Breathing a prayer, 'Alas! her child  
is dead!'  
Three months went by; and lo! a  
merrier chime  
Rang from the chapel bells at  
Christmas time;  
The cottage was deserted, and no  
more  
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,  
But now, with servitors to do his will,  
In the grand villa, half-way up the  
hill,  
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at  
his side  
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,  
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,  
Enthroned once more in the old  
rustic chair,  
High-perched upon the back of  
which there stood  
The image of a falcon carved in  
wood,  
And underneath the inscription,  
with a date,  
'All things come round to him who  
will but wait.'

### INTERLUDE.

SOON as the story reached its end,  
One, over eager to commend,  
Crowned it with injudicious praise;  
And then the voice of blame found  
vent,  
And fanned the embers of dissent  
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;  
'These old Italian tales,' he said,  
'From the much-praised Decame-  
ron down

Through all the rabble of the rest,  
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;  
The gossip of a neighbourhood  
In some remote provincial town,  
A scandalous chronicle at best!  
They seem to me a stagnant fen,  
Grown rank with rushes and with  
reeds,

Where a white lily, now and then,  
Blooms in the midst of noxious  
weeds  
And deadly nightshade on its  
banks.'

To this the Student straight replied,  
'For the white lily, many thanks!  
One should not say, with too much  
pride,  
Fountain I will not drink of thee!  
Nor were it grateful to forget,  
That from these reservoirs and tanks  
Even imperial Shakespeare drew  
His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,  
And Romeo and Juliet,  
And many a famous comedy.'

Then a long pause; till some one  
said,  
'An Angel is flying overhead!'  
At these words spake the Spanish  
Jew,  
And murmured with an inward  
breath:  
'God grant, if what you say be true,  
It may not be the Angel of Death!'

And then another pause ; and then,  
 Stroking his beard, he said again :  
 'This brings back to my memory  
 A story in the Talmud told,  
 That book of gems, that book of  
 gold,  
 Of wonders many and manifold,  
 A tale that often comes to me,  
 And fills my heart, and haunts my  
 brain,  
 And never wearies nor grows old.'



# THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN  
 LLVI.

RABBI Ben Levi, on the Sabbath,  
 read  
 A volume of the Law, in which it  
 said,  
 'No man shall look upon my face  
 and live.'  
 And as he read, he prayed that  
 God would give  
 His faithful servant grace with  
 mortal eye  
 To look upon His face and yet not  
 die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the  
 page,  
 And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim  
 with age,  
 He saw the Angel of Death before  
 him stand,  
 Holding a naked sword in his right  
 hand.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous  
 man,  
 Yet through his veins a chill of  
 terror ran.  
 With trembling voice he said,  
 'What wilt thou here ?'  
 The Angel answered, 'Lo ! the time  
 draws near

When thou must die ; yet first, by  
 God's decree,  
 Whate'er thou askest shall be grant-  
 ed thee.'  
 Replied the Rabbi, 'Let these liv-  
 ing eyes  
 First look upon my place in Para-  
 dise.'

Then said the Angel, 'Come with  
 me and look.'  
 Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred  
 book,  
 And rising, and uplifting his gray  
 head,  
 'Give me thy sword,' he to the  
 Angel said,  
 'Lest thou shouldst fall upon me  
 by the way.'  
 The Angel smiled and hastened to  
 obey,  
 Then led him forth to the Celestial  
 Town,  
 And set him on the wall, whence,  
 gazing down,  
 Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living  
 eyes,  
 Might look upon his place in Para-  
 dise.

Then straight into the city of the  
 Lord  
 The Rabbi leaped with the Death-  
 Angel's sword,  
 And through the streets there  
 swept a sudden breath  
 Of something there unknown, which  
 men call death.  
 Meanwhile the Angel stayed with-  
 out, and cried,  
 'Come back !' To which the Rab-  
 bi's voice replied,  
 'No ! in the name of God, whom  
 I adore,  
 I swear that hence I will depart no  
 more !'

Then all the Angels cried, 'O Holy  
 One,

See what the son of Levi here hath done !

The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,

And in Thy name refuses to go hence !

The Lord replied, ' My Angels, be not wroth ;

Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath ?

Let him remain ; for he with mortal eye

Shall look upon my face and yet not die.'

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death

Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,

' Give back the sword, and let me go my way.'

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, ' Nay !

Anguish enough already hath it caused

Among the sons of men.' And while he paused

He heard the awful mandate of the Lord

Resounding through the air, ' Give back the sword !'

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer ;

Then said he to the dreadful Angel, ' Swear,

No human eye shall look on it again ;

But when thou takest away the souls of men,

Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,

Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord.'

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,

And walks on earth unseen for evermore.

## INTERLUDE.

HE ended : and a kind of spell Upon the silent listeners fell.

His solemn manner and his words Had touched the deep, mysterious chords,

That vibrate in each human breast Alike, but not alike confessed.

The spiritual world seemed near ; And close above them, full of fear,

Its awful adumbration passed, ' A luminous shadow, vague and vast.

They almost feared to look, lest there, "

Embodied from the impalpable air, They might behold the Angel stand,

Holding the sword in his right hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued, Not to disturb their dreamy mood,

Said the Sicilian : ' While you spoke,

Telling your legend marvellous, Suddenly in my memory woke

The thought of one, now gone from us,—

An old Abate, meek and mild, My friend and teacher, when a child,

Who sometimes in those days of old

The legend of an Angel told, Which ran, as I remember, thus.'



## THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane

And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,

Apparelled in magnificent attire,

With retinue of many a knight and squire,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, '*Deposuit potentes*  
*De sede, et exaltavit humiles*';  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer meet,  
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree.'  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
'Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne!'  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.  
When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.  
At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, 'Who is there?'  
Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
'Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?'  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
'This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!'  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.  
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemagne,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,

## King Robert of Sicily.

Strode on and thundered at the  
palace gate ;  
Rushed through the courtyard,  
thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal  
and page,  
And hurried up the broad and  
sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the  
torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with  
breathless speed ;  
Voices and cries he heard, but did  
not heed,  
Until at last he reached the ban-  
quet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing  
with perfume.

There on the dais sat another  
king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his  
signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form,  
and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic  
light !  
It was an Angel ; and his presence  
there  
With a divine effulgence filled the  
air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel  
recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless,  
amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the  
Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and  
surprise  
With the divine compassion of his  
eyes ;  
Then said, ' Who art thou ? and  
why com'st thou here ? '  
To which King Robert answered,  
with a sneer,  
' I am the King, and come to claim  
my own

From an impostor, who usurps my  
throne ! '  
And suddenly, at these audacious  
words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and  
drew their swords ;  
The Angel answered, with unruffled  
brow,  
' Nay, not the King, but the King's  
Jester, thou  
Henceforth shall wear the bells and  
scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead  
an ape ;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when  
they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in  
the hall ! '

Deaf to King Robert's threats and  
cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and  
down the stairs ;  
A group of tittering pages ran  
before,  
And as they opened wide the fold-  
ing door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with  
strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-  
at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar  
and ring  
With the mock plaudits of ' Long  
live the King ! '

Next morning, waking with the  
day's first beam,  
He said within himself, ' It was a  
dream ! '  
But the straw rustled as he turned  
his head,  
There were the cap and bells be-  
side his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, dis-  
coloured walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing  
in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting  
shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the  
wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he  
loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at  
his touch!

Days came and went; and now  
returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign:  
Under the Angel's governance  
benign  
The happy island danced with corn  
and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's  
burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to  
his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that  
Jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant  
stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as  
monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages  
laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only  
food  
What others left,—he still was un-  
subdued.

And when the Angel met him on  
his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest,  
would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he  
might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword  
of steel,  
'Art thou the King?' the passion  
of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless over-  
flow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he  
would fling

The haughty answer back, 'I am,  
I am the King!'

Almost three years were ended;  
when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and  
name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Alle-  
maine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that  
Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith  
to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of  
Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received  
his guests,  
And gave them presents of em-  
broidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich er-  
mine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest  
kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er  
the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more re-  
splendent made  
By the mere passing of that caval-  
cade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and  
housings, and the stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of goldenspur.

And lo! among the menials, in  
mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with sham-  
bling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in  
the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched  
behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge  
merriment  
In all the country towns through  
which they went.

The Pope received them with great  
pomp and blare



## King Robert of Sicily.

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint  
Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and  
with prayers

He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through  
the crowd,

Into their presence rushed, and  
cried aloud,

'I am the King! Look, and behold  
in me

Robert, your brother, King of  
Sicily!

This man, who wears my semblance  
to your eyes,

Is an impostor in a king's disguise.

Do you not know me? does no  
voice within

Answer my cry, and say we are  
akin?

The Pope in silence, but with  
troubled mien,

Gazed at the Angel's countenance  
serene;

The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It  
is strange sport

To keep a madman for thy Fool at  
court!'

And the poor, baffled Jester in  
disgrace

Was hustled back among the popu-  
lace.

In solemn state the Holy Week  
went by,

And Easter Sunday gleamed upon  
the sky;

The presence of the Angel, with its  
light,

Before the sun rose, made the city  
bright,

And with new fervour filled the  
hearts of men,

Who felt that Christ indeed had  
risen again.

Even the jester, on his bed of straw,

With haggard eyes the unwonted  
splendour saw;

He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his

chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of

the Lord

Sweep through the silent air, as-  
cending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once  
more

Valmond returning to the Danube's  
shore,

Homeward the Angel journeyed,  
and again

The land was made resplendent  
with his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by  
sea.

And when once more within Paler-  
mo's wall,

And, seated on the throne in his  
great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent  
towers,

As if the better world conversed  
with ours,

He beckoned to King Robert to  
draw nigher,

And with a gesture bade the rest  
retire;

And when they were alone, the  
Angel said,

'Art thou the King?' Then, bow-  
ing down his head,

King Robert crossed both hands  
upon his breast,

And meekly answered him: 'Thou  
knowest best!

My sins as scarlet are; let me go  
hence,

And in some cloister's school of  
penitence,

Across those stones, that pave the  
way to heaven,

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul  
be shriven!'

The Angel smiled, and from his  
radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud  
and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in  
the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the  
street:  
'He has put down the mighty from  
their seat,  
And has exalted them of low de-  
gree!'  
And through the chant a second  
melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single  
string:  
'I am an Angel, and thou art the  
King!'

King Robert, who was standing  
near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was  
alone!  
But all apparelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth  
of gold;  
And when his courtiers came, they  
found him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed  
in silent prayer.

### INTERLUDE.

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman  
told  
A Saga of the days of old.  
'There is,' said he, 'a wondrous  
book  
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,  
Of the dead kings of Norrøway,—  
Legends that once were told or  
sung  
In many a smoky fireside nook  
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,  
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;

Heimskringla is the volume called;  
And he who looks may find therein  
The story that I now begin.'

And in each pause the story made  
Upon his violin he played,  
As an appropriate interlude,  
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes  
That bound in one the separate  
runes,  
And held the mind in perfect mood,  
Entwining and encircling all  
The strange and antiquated rhymes  
With melodies of olden times;  
As over some half-ruined wall,  
Disjointed and about to fall,  
Fresh woodbines climb and inter-  
lace,  
And keep the loosened stones in  
place.

### THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

#### THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

##### I.

#### THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

I AM the God Thor,  
I am the War God,  
I am the Thunderer!  
Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and fortress,  
Reign I for ever!

Here amid icebergs  
Rule I the nations;  
This is my hammer,  
Mjölnir the mighty;  
Giants and sorcerers  
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets  
Wherewith I wield it,  
And hurl it afar off;  
This is my girdle;  
Whenever I brace it,  
Strength is redoubled!

## The Saga of King Olaf.

The light thou beholdest  
Stream through the heavens,  
In flashes of crimson,  
Is but my red beard  
Blown by the night-wind,  
Affrighting the nations !

Jove is my brother ;  
Mine eyes are the lightning ;  
The wheels of my chariot  
Roll in the thunder,  
The blows of my hammer  
Ring in the earthquake !

Force rules the world still,  
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;  
Meekness is weakness,  
Strength is triumphant,  
Over the whole earth  
Still is it Thor's-Day !

Thou art a God too,  
O Galilean !  
And thus single-handed  
Unto the combat,  
Gauntlet or Gospel,  
Here I defy thee !

### II.

#### KING OLAF'S RETURN.

AND King Olaf heard the cry,  
Saw the red light in the sky,  
Laid his hand upon his sword,  
As he leaned upon the railing,  
And his ships went sailing, sailing  
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed ;  
And the red light glanced and  
gleamed

On the armour that he wore ;  
And he shouted, as the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and  
shifted,

'I accept thy challenge, Thor !'

To avenge his father slain,  
And reconquer realm and reign,  
Came the youthful Olaf home,  
Through the midnight sailing, sail-  
ing,  
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,  
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name  
Of his mother Astrid came,  
And the tale she oft had told  
Of her flight by secret passes  
Through the mountains and mo-  
rasses,  
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded  
back  
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and  
wrack,  
And a hurried flight by sea ;  
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture  
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,  
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face  
In the Esthonian market-place,  
Scanned his features one by one,  
Saying, 'We should know each  
other ;  
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,  
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son !'

Then as Queen Allogia's page,  
Old in honours, young in age,  
Chief of all her men-at-arms ;  
Till vague whispers, and mys-  
terious,  
Reached King Valdemar, the im-  
perious,  
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,  
Westward to the Hebrides,  
And to Scilly's rocky shore ;  
And the hermit's cavern dismal,  
Christ's great name and rites bap-  
tismal  
In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and  
strife

Glimmered through his lurid life.

As the stars' intenser light  
Through the red flames o'er him  
trailing,

As his ships went sailing, sailing,  
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,  
Skilful in each manly sport,

Young and beautiful and tall ;  
Art of warfare, craft of chases,  
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe  
races,

Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,  
He along the bending oars

Outside of his ship could run.  
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,  
And his shining shield suspended  
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,  
Wield his sword with either hand,  
And at once two javelins throw ;  
At all feasts where ale was  
strongest

Sat the merry monarch longest,  
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen  
One so beautiful of mien,

One so royal in attire,  
When in arms completely fur-  
nished,  
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,  
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,  
When upon the night-wind blown  
Passed that cry along the shore ;  
And he answered, while the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and  
shifted,

'I accept thy challenge, Thor !'

III.

THORA OF RIMOL.

'THORA of Rimol ! hide me ! hide  
me !

Danger and shame and death be-  
tide me !

For Olaf the King is hunting me  
down

Through field and forest, through  
thorp and town !'

Thus cried Jarl Hakon

To Thora, the fairest of women.

'Hakon Jarl ! for the love I bear  
thee

Neither shall shame nor death come  
near thee !

But the hiding-place wherein thou  
must lie

Is the cave underneath the swine  
in the sty.'

Thus to Jarl Hakon

Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall  
Karker

Crouched in the cave, than a dun-  
geon darker,

As Olaf came riding, with men in  
mail,

Through the forest roads into Or-  
kadale,

Demanding Jarl Hakon

Of Thora, the fairest of women.

'Rich and honoured shall be who-  
ever

The head of Hakon Jarl shall dis-  
sever !'

Hakon heard him, and Karker the  
slave,

Through the breathing-holes of the  
darksome cave.

Alone in her chamber

Wept Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

## The Saga of King Olaf.

Said Karker, the crafty, 'I will not  
slay thee!

For all the king's gold I will never  
betray thee!

'Then why dost thou turn so pale,  
O churl,

And then again black as the earth?'  
said the Earl.

More pale and more faithful  
Was Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

From a dream in the night the  
thrall started, saying,

'Round my neck a gold ring King  
Olaf was laying!'

And Hakon answered, 'Beware of  
the King!

He will lay round thy neck a blood-  
red ring.'

At the ring on her finger  
Gazed Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with  
sorrows encumbered,

But screamed and drew up his feet  
as he slumbered;

The thrall in the darkness plunged  
with his knife,

And the Earl awakened no more  
in this life.

But wakeful and weeping  
Sat Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

At Nidarholm the priests are all  
singing,

Two ghastly heads on the gibbet  
are swinging;

One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his  
thrall's,

And the people are shouting from  
windows and walls;

While alone in her chamber  
Swoons Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men.

### IV.

#### QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

QUEEN Sigrid the Haughty sat  
proud and aloft

In her chamber, that looked over  
meadow and croft.

Heart's dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was  
besprent,

Filling the room with their fragrant  
scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw  
the sun shine,

The air of summer was sweeter than  
wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the  
bright river lay

Between her own kingdom and  
Norway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her  
hand,

The sword would be sheathed, the  
river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around  
her knee,

Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient  
rune

Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath  
of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and  
over it all

Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring  
of gold,

From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding  
gift,

But her thoughts as arrows were  
keen and swift.

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,  
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,  
Said, 'Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?'

And they answered: 'O Queen!  
if the truth must be told,  
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!'

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,  
She only murmured, she did not speak:

'If in his gifts he can faithless be,  
There will be no gold in his love to me.'

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,  
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,  
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered: 'O King,  
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?'

And the King: 'O speak not of Odin to me,  
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be.'

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows,  
She said, 'I keep true to my faith and my vows.'

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,  
He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

'Why, then, should I care to have thee?' he said,—  
'A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!'

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,  
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,  
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath,  
'This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!'  
Heart's dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

### v.

#### THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms  
His men-at-arms  
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;  
To his house at Angvalds-ness  
Fast they press,  
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door  
Came the roar  
Of the sea upon the Skerry;  
And its thunder loud and near  
Reached the ear,  
Mingling with their voices merry.

'Hark!' said Olaf to his Scald,  
Halfred the Bald,  
'Listen to that song, and learn it!  
Half my kingdom would I give,  
As I live,  
If by such songs you would earn it!

## The Saga of King Olaf.

'For of all the runes and rhymes  
Of all times,  
Best I like the ocean's dirges,  
When the old harper heaves and  
rocks,

His hoary locks  
Flowing and flashing in the surges!'

Halfred answered: 'I am called  
The Unappalled!  
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.  
Hearken to me, then, O King,

While I sing  
The great Ocean Song that haunts  
me.'

'I will hear your song sublime  
Some other time,'  
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,  
And retires; each laughing guest  
Applauds the jest;  
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,  
King Olaf's guard  
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping  
O'er the sands, and up the hill,  
Gathering still  
Round the house where they were  
sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,  
Nor misty flaw,  
That above the landscape brooded;  
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew  
Of warlocks blue  
With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,  
Weaving slow  
Magic circles to encumber  
And imprison in their ring  
Olaf the King,  
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapours dun  
The Easter sun  
Streamed with one broad track of  
splendour!

In their real forms appeared  
The warlocks weird,  
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,  
They groped and stared  
Round about with steps unsteady;  
From his window Olaf gazed,  
And, amazed,  
'Who are these strange people?'  
said he.

'Eyvind Kallda and his men!'  
Answered then  
From the yard a sturdy farmer;  
While the men-at-arms apace  
Filled the place,  
Busily buckling on their armour.

From the gates they sallied forth,  
South and north,  
Scoured the island coast around  
them,  
Seizing all the warlock band,  
Foot and hand  
On the Skerry's rocks they bound  
them.

And at eve the King again  
Called his train,  
And, with all the candles burning,  
Silent sat and heard once more  
The sullen roar  
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair  
Filled the air,  
Growing fainter as they listened;  
Then the bursting surge alone  
Sounded on;—  
Thus the sorcerers were christened!

'Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,  
Your ocean-rhyme,'  
Cried King Olaf: 'it will cheer me!'  
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,  
'The Skerry of Shrieks  
Sings too loud for you to hear me!'

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

### VI.

#### THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,

King Olaf feasted late and long :

The hoary Scalds together sang :

O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din ;

A blast of cold night-air came in,

And on the threshold shivering stood

A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King exclaimed, ' O graybeard pale !

Come warm thee with this cup of ale.'

The foaming draught the old man quaffed,

The noisy guests looked on and laughed.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then spake the King : ' Be not afraid ;

Sithere by me.' The guest obeyed,

And, seated at the table, told

Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,

The King demanded yet one more ;

Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,

' 'Tis late, O King, and time for bed.'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King retired ; the stranger guest

Followed and entered with the rest :

The lights were out, the pages gone.

But still the garrulous guest spake on.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

As one who from a volume reads,

He spake of heroes and their deeds,

Of lands and cities he had seen,

And stormy gulfs that tossed between.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then from his lips in music rolled

The Havamal of Odin old,

With sounds mysterious as the roar

Of billows on a distant shore.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

' Do we not learn from runes and rhymes

Made by the gods in elder times,

And do not still the great Scalds teach

That silence better is than speech ?'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,

' Thy lore is by thy tongue belied ;

For never was I so enthralled

Either by Saga-man or Scald.'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The Bishop said, ' Late hours we keep !

Night wanes, O King ! 'tis time for sleep !'

Then slept the King, and when he woke

The guest was gone, the morning broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.



## The Saga of King Olaf.

They found the doors securely  
barred,  
They found the watch-dog in the  
yard,  
There was no footprint in the  
grass,  
And none had seen the stranger  
pass.  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
sang.

King Olaf crossed himself and  
said:  
'I know that Odin the Great is  
dead ;  
Sure is the triumph of our Faith.  
The one-eyed stranger was his  
wraith.'  
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
sang.

### VII.

#### IRON-BEARD.

OLAF the King, one summer  
morn,  
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,  
Sending his signal through the land  
of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at  
Mere  
Gathered the farmers far and  
near,  
With their war weapons ready to  
confront him.

Ploughing under the morning  
star,  
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar  
Heard the summons, chuckling  
with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from  
his brow,  
Unharnessed his horses from the  
plough,  
And clattering came on horseback  
to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the  
churls ;  
Little he cared for king or earls ;  
Bitter as home-brewed ale were  
his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he  
wore,  
And by the Hammer of Thor he  
swore ;  
He hated the narrow town, and all  
its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his  
farm,  
His ale at night, by the fireside  
warm,  
Gudrun his daughter, with her  
flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his  
herds,  
The smell of the earth, and the  
song of birds,  
His well-filled barns, his brook with  
its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his  
frame ;  
His beard, from which he took  
his name,  
Frosty and fierce, like that of  
Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he ap-  
peared,  
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,  
On horseback, in an attitude de-  
fiant.

And to King Olaf he cried  
aloud,  
Out of the middle of the crowd,  
That tossed about him like a  
stormy ocean :

'Such sacrifices shalt thou bring ;  
To Odin and to Thor, O King,  
As other kings have done in their  
devotion!'

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

King Olaf answered : ' I com-  
mand  
This land to be a Christian  
land ;  
Here is my Bishop who the folk  
baptizes !

' But if you ask me to restore  
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,  
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

' Not slaves and peasants shall  
they be,  
But men of note and high  
degree,  
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar  
of Gryting !'

Then to their Temple strode he  
in,  
And loud behind him heard the  
din  
Of his men-at-arms and the pea-  
sants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in  
wood,  
The image of great Odin stood,  
And other gods, with Thor su-  
preme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the  
blade  
Of his huge war-axe, gold-inlaid,  
And downward shattered to the  
pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose with-  
out,  
From the contending crowd, a  
shout,  
A mingled sound of triumph and  
of wailing.

And there upon the trampled  
plain  
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,  
Midway between the assailed and  
the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway  
spoke :

' Choose ye between two things,  
my folk,  
To be baptized or given up to  
slaughter !'

And seeing their leader stark  
and dead,  
The people with a murmur said,  
' O King, baptize us with thy holy  
water.'

So all the Drontheim land became  
A Christian land in name and  
fame,  
In the old gods no more believing  
and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon  
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun ;  
And thus in peace ended the Dron-  
theim Hus-Ting !

### VIII.

#### GUDRUN.

ON King Olaf's bridal night  
Shines the moon with tender light,  
And across the chamber streams  
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,  
When all evil things have power,  
In the glimmer of the moon  
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,  
Something in her hand is pressed ;  
Like an icicle, its sheen  
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes  
Where her murdered father lies,  
And a voice remote and drear  
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this !  
Cold will be the dagger's kiss ;  
Laden with the chill of death  
Is its breath.

## The Saga of King Olaf.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps  
To the couch where Olaf sleeps ;  
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,  
His eyes meet hers.

'What is that,' King Olaf said,  
'Gleams so bright above thy  
head ?

Wherefore standest thou so white  
In pale moonlight ?'

'Tis the bodkin that I wear  
When at night I bind my hair ;  
It woke me falling on the floor ;  
'Tis nothing more.'

'Forests have ears, and fields have  
eyes ;  
Often treachery lurking lies  
Underneath the fairest hair !  
Gudrun beware !'

Ere the earliest peep of morn  
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn ;  
And for ever Sundered ride  
Bridegroom and bride !

### IX.

#### THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

SHORT of stature, large of limb,  
Burly face and russet beard,  
All the women stared at him,  
When in Iceland he appeared.  
'Look !' they said,  
With nodding head,  
'There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.'

All the prayers he knew by rote,  
He could preach like Chrysos-  
tome,  
From the Fathers he could quote,  
He had even been at Rome.  
A learned clerk,  
A man of mark,  
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,  
And impatient of control,  
Boisterous in the market crowd.  
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,  
Everywhere  
Would drink and swear,  
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.

In his house this malcontent  
Could the King no longer bear,  
So to Iceland he was sent  
To convert the heathen there,  
And away  
One summer day  
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books  
Pored the people day and  
night,  
But he did not like their looks,  
Nor the songs they used to  
write.  
'All this rhyme  
Is waste of time !'  
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,  
Came the Scalds and Saga-  
men ;  
Is it to be wondered at  
That they quarrelled now and  
then,  
When o'er his beer  
Began to leer  
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest ?

All the folk in Altafjord  
Boasted of their island grand ;  
Saying in a single word,  
'Iceland is the finest land  
That the sun  
Doth shine upon !'  
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's  
Priest.

And he answered : 'What's the use

Of this bragging up and down,  
When three women and one goose  
Make a market in your town !'

Every Scald

Satires scrawled

On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that ;

And what vexed him most of all  
Was a figure in shovel hat,  
Drawn in charcoal on the wall ;  
With words that go  
Sprawling below,

'This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.'

Hardly knowing what he did,  
Then he smote them might and main,

Thorvald Veile and Veterlid  
Lay there in the alehouse slain.

'To-day we are gold,  
To-morrow mould !'

Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,  
Back to Norway sailed he then.

'O, King Olaf ! little hope  
Is there of these Iceland men !'

Meekly said,  
With bending head,  
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

X.

RAUD THE STRONG.

'ALL the old gods are dead,  
All the wild warlocks fled ;  
But the White Christ lives and reigns,  
And throughout my wide domains  
His Gospel shall be spread !'  
On the Evangelists  
Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night  
Beheld he the crimson light,  
And heard the voice that defied  
Him who was crucified,  
And challenged him to the fight.  
To Sigurd the Bishop  
King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,  
'The old gods are not dead,  
For the great Thor still reigns,  
And among the Jarls and Thanes  
The old witchcraft still is spread.'  
Thus to King Olaf  
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

'Far north in the Salten Fiord,  
By rapine, fire, and sword,  
Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong ;  
All the Godoe Isles belong  
To him and his heathen horde.'  
Thus went on speaking  
Sigurd the Bishop.

'A warlock, a wizard is he,  
And lord of the wind and the sea ;  
And whichever way he sails,  
He has ever favouring gales,  
By his craft in sorcery.'  
Here the sign of the cross  
Made devoutly King Olaf.

'With rites that we both abhor,  
He worships Odin and Thor ;  
So it cannot yet be said,  
That all the old gods are dead,  
And the warlocks are no more,'  
Flushing with anger  
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud :  
'I will talk with this mighty Raud,  
And along the Salten Fiord  
Preach the Gospel with my sword,  
Or be brought back in my shroud !'  
So northward from Dron-  
them  
Sailed King Olaf !

## The Saga of King Olaf.

### XI.

#### BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD.

LOUD the angry wind was wailing  
As King Olaf's ships came sailing  
Northward out of Drontheim haven  
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray  
drenches  
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,  
Not a single heart is craven  
Of the champions there on  
board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,  
But within it storm and riot,  
Such as on his Viking cruises  
Raud the Strong was wont to  
ride.

And the sea through all its tide-  
ways  
Swept the reeling vessels sideways,  
As the leaves are swept through  
sluices,  
When the flood-gates open  
wide.

'Tis the warlock ! 'tis the demon  
Raud !' cried Sigurd to the seamen ;  
' But the Lord is not affrighted  
By the witchcraft of his foes.'

To the ship's bow he ascended,  
By his choristers attended,  
Round him were the tapers lighted,  
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,  
In his robes, as one transfigured,  
And the Crucifix he planted  
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled  
All the ship ; the mass-bells tinkled ;  
Loud the monks around him  
chanted,  
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,  
On each side the water parted ;  
Down a path like silver molten  
Steadily rowed King Olaf's  
ships ;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,  
And the White Christ through the  
vapours  
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,  
As through John's Apocalypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's  
dwelling  
On the little isle of Gelling ;  
Not a guard was at the doorway,  
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,  
Lay the dragon-ship he builded ;  
'Twas the grandest ship in Norway,  
With its crest and scales of  
green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,  
To the loft where Raud was sleep-  
ing,  
With their fists they burst asunder  
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they  
found him,  
Dragged him from his bed and  
bound him,  
While he stared with stupid wonder,  
At the look and garb they  
wore.

Then King Olaf said : ' O Sea-  
King !  
Little time have we for speaking,  
Choose between the good and  
evil ;  
Be baptized, or thou shalt die !'

But in scorn the heathen scoffer  
Answered : ' I disdain thine offer ;  
Neither fear I God nor Devil ;  
Thee and thy Gospel I defy !'

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Then between his jaws distended,  
When his frantic struggles ended,  
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,  
Touched by fire, they forced to  
glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,  
As he gnawed through bone and  
marrow;  
But without a groan or shudder.  
Raud the Strong blaspheming  
died.

Then baptized they all that re-  
gion,  
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,  
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,  
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin  
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,  
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,  
Preached the Gospel with his  
sword.

Then he took the carved and  
gilded  
Dragon-ship that Raud had build-  
ed,  
And the tiller single-handed,  
Grasping, steered into the mam.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er  
him,  
Southward sailed the ship that bore  
him,  
Till at Drontheim haven landed  
Olaf and his crew again.

### XII.

#### KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

At Drontheim, Olaf the King  
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,  
As he sat in his banquet-hall,  
Drinking the nut-brown ale,  
With his bearded Berserks hale  
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts  
He held with Bishops and Priests,  
And his horn filled up to the  
brim;  
But the ale was never too strong,  
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,  
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign  
He made of the cross divine,  
As he drank, and muttered his  
prayers;  
But the Berserks evermore  
Made the sign of the Hammer of  
Thor  
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance  
Upon helmet and hauberk and  
lance,  
And laugh in the eyes of the  
King;  
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,  
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,  
'Sing!'

'Sing me a song divine,  
With a sword in every line,  
And this shall be thy reward.'  
And he loosened the belt at his  
waist,  
And in front of the singer placed  
His sword.

'Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,  
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed  
The millstone through and  
through,  
And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the  
Strong,  
Were neither so broad nor so long,  
Nor so true.'

Then the Scald took his harp and  
sang,  
And loud through the music rang  
The sound of that shining  
word

## The Saga of King Olaf.

And the harp-strings a clangour  
made,  
As if they were struck with the  
blade  
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about  
Broke forth into a shout  
That made the rafters ring.  
They smote with their fists on the  
board,  
And shouted, 'Long live the Sword,  
And the King!'

But the King said, 'O my son,  
I miss the bright word in one  
Of thy measures and thy rhymes.'  
And Halfred the Scald replied,  
'In another 'twas multiplied  
Three times.'

Then King Olaf raised the hilt  
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,  
And said, 'Do not refuse;  
Count well the gain and the loss,  
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:  
Choose!'

And Halfred the Scald said, 'This  
In the name of the Lord I kiss,  
Who on it was crucified!'  
And a shout went round the board,  
'In the name of Christ the Lord,  
Who died!'

Then over the waste of snows  
The noonday sun uprose,  
Through the driving mists re-  
vealed,  
Like the lifting of the Host,  
By incense-clouds almost  
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast  
And shadowy cross was cast  
From the hilt of the lifted sword,  
And in foaming cups of ale  
The Berserks drank 'Was-hael!  
To the Lord!'

### XIII.

#### THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-  
builder,  
In his ship-yard by the sea,  
Whistling, said, 'It would bewilder  
Any man but Thorberg Skafting.  
Any man but me!'

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,  
Built of old by Raud the Strong,  
And King Olaf had commanded  
He should build another Dragon,  
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skaft-  
ing,  
As he sat with half-closed eyes,  
And his head turned sideways,  
drafting  
That new vessel for King Olaf  
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and ham-  
mered  
Mallet huge and heavy axe:  
Workmen laughed and sang and  
clamoured;  
Whirred the wheels, that into rig-  
ging  
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,—  
It was music to his ear;  
Fancy whispered all the faster,  
'Men shall hear of Thorberg Skaft-  
ing  
For a hundred year!'

Workmen sweating at the forges  
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,  
Like a warlock's midnight orgies  
Smoked and bubbled the black  
caldron  
With the boiling tar.

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,  
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?  
Could you not be gone a minute  
But some mischief must be doing,  
Turning bad to worse?

'Twas an ill wind that came waft-  
ing  
From his homestead words of  
woe;  
To his farm went Thorberg Skaft-  
ing,  
Oft repeating to his workmen,  
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning  
Came the master back by night;  
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,  
Hurried he, and did not leave it  
Till the morning's light.

'Come and see my ship, my dar-  
ling,'  
On the morrow said the King:  
'Finished now from keel to carling;  
Never yet was seen in Norway  
Such a wondrous thing!'

In the ship-yard, idly talking,  
At the ship the workmen stared:  
Some one, all their labour balking,  
Down her sides had cut deep  
gashes,  
Not a plank was spared!

'Death be to the evil-doer!'  
With an oath King Olaf spoke;  
'But rewards to his pursuer!'  
And with wrath his face grew redder  
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smil-  
ing,

Answered thus the angry King:  
'Cease blaspheming and reviling,  
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting  
Who has done this thing!'

Then he chipped and smoothed the  
planking,  
Till the King, delighted, swore,  
With much lauding and much  
thanking,  
'Handsome is now my Dragon  
Than she was before!'

Seventy ells and four extended  
On the grass the vessel's keel;  
High above it, gilt and splendid,  
Rose the figure-head ferocious  
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the  
tressels,  
In the ship-yard by the sea;  
She was the grandest of all vessels,  
Never ship was built in Norway  
Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she  
christened.  
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!  
They who to the Saga listened  
Heard the name of Thorberg  
Skafting  
For a hundred year!

### XIV.

#### THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT.

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim  
bay  
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,  
And, striped with white and  
blue,  
Downward fluttered sail and  
banner,  
As alights the screaming lanner;  
Lustily cheered, in their wild  
manner,  
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the  
Red;  
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,  
His teeth as large and white;



## The Saga of King Olaf.

His beard, of gray and russet  
    blended,  
Round as a swallow's nest descended;  
As standard-bearer he defended  
    Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,  
Like the King in garb and face,  
    So gallant and so hale;  
Every cabin-boy and varlet  
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;  
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,  
    Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,  
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,  
    A figure gaunt and grand;  
On his hairy arm imprinted  
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;  
Like Thor's hammer, huge and  
    dinted  
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare  
To the winds his golden hair,  
    By the mainmast stood;  
Graceful was his form, and slender,  
And his eyes were deep and tender  
As a woman's in the splendour  
    Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork  
Watched the sailors at their work:  
    Heavens! how they swore!  
Thirty men they each commanded,  
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,  
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,  
    Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,  
With King Olaf sailed the seas,  
    Till the waters vast  
Filled them with a vague devotion,  
With the freedom and the motion,  
With the roll and roar of ocean  
    And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,  
How they roared through Dron-  
    them's street,  
Boisterous as the gale!  
How they laughed and stamped  
    and pounded,  
Till the tavern roof resounded,  
And the host looked on astounded  
    As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea  
Such a gallant company  
    Sail its billows blue!  
Never, while they cruised and  
    quarrelled,  
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth  
    Harald,  
Owned a ship so well appalled,  
    Boasted such a crew!

### xv.

#### A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE bird in the air  
Is singing of Thyri the fair,  
    The sister of Svend the Dane;  
And the song of the garrulous  
    bird  
In the streets of the town is heard,  
And repeated again and again.  
    Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,  
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,  
    And a sorrowful bride went she;  
And after a week and a day,  
She has fled away and away,  
    From his town by the stormy  
    sea.  
    Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and  
    through cold,  
Through weald, they say, and  
    through wold,  
By day and by night, they say,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

She has fled ; and the gossips report  
She has come to King Olaf's court,  
And the town is all in dismay.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,  
Has talked with the beautiful  
Queen ;

And they wonder how it will end :  
For surely, if here she remain,  
It is war with King Svend the Dane,  
And King Burislaf the Vend !  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all !  
It is published in hamlet and hall,  
It roars like a flame that is  
fanned !

The King—yes, Olaf the King—  
Has wedded her with his ring,  
And Thyri is Queen in the land !  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

### XVI.

#### QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS.

NORTHWARD over Drontheim  
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,  
Sang the lark and linnet  
From the meadows green ;

Weeping in her chamber,  
Lonely and unhappy,  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows  
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,  
On the roof above her  
Softly cooed the dove ;

But the sound she heard not,  
Nor the sunshine heeded,  
For the thoughts of Thyri  
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,  
Beautiful as morning,  
Like the sun at Easter  
Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried  
Angelicas uprooted,  
With delicious fragrance  
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Even the smile of Olaf  
Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her  
With a gracious gesture,  
And with words as pleasant  
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,  
And her jewelled fingers  
Through the green leaves glistened  
Like the dews of morn ;

But she cast them from her,  
Haughty and indignant,  
On the floor she threw them  
With a look of scorn.

' Richer presents,' said she,  
' Gave King Harald Gormson  
To the Queen, my mother,  
Than such worthless weeds ;

' When he ravaged Norway,  
Laying waste the kingdom,  
Seizing scatt and treasure  
For her royal needs.

' But thou dardest not venture  
Through the Sound to Vendland,  
My domains to rescue  
From King Burislaf ;

' Lest King Svend of Denmark,  
Forked Beard, my brother,  
Scatter all thy vessels  
As the wind the chaff.'

## The Saga of King Olaf.

Then up sprang King Olaf.  
Like a reindeer bounding,  
With an oath he answered  
Thus the luckless Queen :

‘Never yet did Olaf  
Fear King Svend of Denmark ;  
This right hand shall hale him  
By his forked chin !’

Then he left the chamber,  
Thundering through the doorway,  
Loud his steps resounded  
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,  
Through the streets of Drontheim  
Strode he red and wrathful,  
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,  
Summoned all his forces,  
Making his war levy  
In the region round ;

Down the coast of Norway,  
Like a flock of sea-gulls,  
Sailed the fleet of Olaf  
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,  
Steered he the Long Serpent,  
Strained the creaking cordage,  
Bent each boom and gaff ;

Till in Vendland landing,  
The domains of Thyri  
He redeemed and rescued  
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,  
‘Not ten yoke of oxen  
Have the power to draw us  
Like a woman’s hair !’

‘Now will I confess it,  
Better things are jewels  
Than angelica stalks are  
For a Queen to wear.’

### XVII.

#### KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

LOUDLY the sailors cheered  
Svend of the Forked Beard,  
As with his fleet he steered  
Southward to Vendland ;  
Where with their courses hauled  
All were together called,  
Under the Isle of Svald  
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild’s death,  
So the old Saga saith,  
Plighted King Svend his faith  
To Sigrid the Haughty ;  
And to avenge his bride,  
Soothing her wounded pride,  
Over the waters wide  
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,  
Blushing with deep disgrace,  
Bore she the crimson trace  
Of Olaf’s gauntlet ;  
Like a malignant star,  
Blazing in heaven afar,  
Red shone the angry scar  
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,  
‘For thine own honour’s sake  
Shalt thou swift vengeance take  
On the vile coward !’  
Until the King at last,  
Gusty and overcast,  
Like a tempestuous blast  
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,  
Svend of the Forked Beard  
High his red standard reared,  
Eager for battle ;  
While every warlike Dane,  
Seizing his arms again,  
Left all unsown the grain,  
Unhoused the cattle.

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Likewise the Swedish King  
Summoned in haste a Thing,  
Weapons and men to bring  
In aid of Denmark ;  
Eric the Norseman, too,  
As the war-tidings flew,  
Sailed with a chosen crew  
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day  
Sailed the three kings away,  
Out of the sheltered bay,  
In the bright season ;  
With them Earl Sigvald came,  
Eager for spoil and fame ;  
Pity that such a name  
Stooped to such treason !

Safe under Svald at last,  
Now were their anchors cast,  
Safe from the sea and blast,  
Plotted the three kings :  
While, with a base intent,  
Southward Earl Sigvald went,  
On a foul errand bent,  
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course,  
Unto King Olaf's force,  
Lying within the hoarse  
Mouths of Stet-haven ;  
Him to ensnare and bring  
Unto the Danish king,  
Who his dead corse would fling  
Forth to the raven !

### XVIII.

#### KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD.

ON the gray sea-sands  
King Olaf stands,  
Northward and seaward  
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl  
The sea-tides curl,  
Washing the sandals  
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,  
The ships swing about,  
The yards are all hoisted,  
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,  
The anchors are weighed,  
Like moths in the distance  
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,  
The harbour lies dead,  
As a corse on the sea-shore,  
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day,  
The histories say,  
Seventy vessels  
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide  
O'er the billows they ride,  
While Sigvald and Olaf  
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl : ' Follow me !  
I your pilot will be,  
For I know all the channels  
Where flows the deep sea ! '

So into the strait  
Where his foes lie in wait,  
Gallant King Olaf  
Sails to his fate !

Then the sea-fog veils  
The ships and their sails ;  
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,  
Thy vengeance prevails !

### XIX.

#### KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

' Strike the sails ! ' King Olaf said ;  
' Never shall men of mine take  
flight ;  
Never away from battle I fled,  
Never away from my foes !  
Let God dispose  
Of my life in the fight ! '

## The Saga of King Olaf.

'Sound the horns!' said Olaf the King;  
And suddenly through the drifting  
    brume  
The blare of the horns began to ring,  
Like the terrible trumpet shock  
    Of Regnarock,  
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns  
    sang  
Over the level floor of the flood;  
All the sails came down with a  
    clang,  
And there in the mist overhead  
    The sun hung red  
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet  
Threetogether the ships were lashed,  
So that neither should turn and re-  
    treat;

In the midst, but in front of the  
    rest  
    The burnished crest  
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-  
    deck.

With bow of ash and arrows of oak,  
His gilded shield was without a  
    fleck,  
His helmet inlaid with gold,  
And in many a fold  
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red  
Watched the lashing of the ships;  
'If the Serpent lie so far ahead,  
We shall have hard work of it here,  
    Said he with a sneer  
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,  
'Have I a coward on board?' said  
    he.

'Shoot it another way, O King!'  
Sullenly answered Ulf,  
    The old sea-wolf;  
'You have need of me!'

In front came Svend, the King of  
    the Danes,  
Sweeping down with his fifty row-  
    ers;  
To the right, the Swedish king with  
    his thanes;  
And on board of the Iron Beard  
    Earl Eric steered  
To the left with his oars.

'These soft Danes and Swedes'  
    said the King,  
'At home with their wives had  
    better stay,  
Than come within reach of my Ser-  
    pent's sting:  
But where Eric the Norseman leads  
    Heroic deeds  
Will be done to-day!'

Then as together the vessels crash-  
    ed,

Eric severed the cables of hide,  
With which King Olaf's ships were  
    lashed,  
And left them to drive and drift  
    With the currents swift  
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and  
    snarl,  
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!  
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl  
A death-drink salt as the sea  
    Pledges to thee,  
Olaf the King!

### XX.

#### EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver  
Stood beside the mast;  
From his yew-bow, tipped with  
    silver,  
Flew the arrows fast;  
Aimed at Eric unavailing,  
As he sat concealed,  
Half behind the quarter-railing,  
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,  
Just above his head :  
' Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,'  
Then Earl Eric said.  
' Sing the song of Hakon dying,  
Sing his funeral wail !'  
And another arrow flying  
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,  
As the arrow passed,  
Said Earl Eric, ' Shoot that bow-  
man  
Standing by the mast.'  
Sooner than the word was spoken  
Flew the yeoman's shaft ;  
Einar's bow in twain was broken,  
Einar only laughed.

' What was that ?' said Olaf, stand-  
ing  
On the quarter-deck.  
' Something heard I like the strand-  
ing  
Of a shattered wreck.'  
Einar then, the arrow taking  
From the loosened string,  
Answered, ' That was Norway  
breaking  
From thy hand, O King !'

' Thou art but a poor diviner,'  
Straightway Olaf said ;  
' Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,  
Let thy shafts be sped.'  
Of his bows the fairest choosing,  
Reached he from above ;  
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing  
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow ;  
At the first assay,  
O'er its head he drew the arrow,  
Flung the bow away ;  
Said, with hot and angry temper  
Flushing in his cheek,  
' Olaf ! for so great a Kämpfer  
Are thy bows too weak !'

Then, with smile of joy defiant  
On his beardless lip,  
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,  
Eric's dragon-ship.  
Loose his golden locks were flow-  
ing,  
Bright his armour gleamed ;  
Like Saint Michael overthrowing  
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI.

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged,  
All day have the ships engaged,  
But not yet is assuaged  
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,  
The arrows of death are sped,  
The ships are filled with the dead,  
And the spears the champions  
hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,  
The grappling irons are plied,  
The boarders climb up the side,  
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah ! never shall Norway again  
See her sailors come back o'er the  
main ;  
They all lie wounded or slain,  
Or asleep in the billows blue !

On the deck stands Olaf the  
King,  
Around him whistle and sing  
The spears that the foemen fling,  
And the stones they hurl with  
their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the  
spears,  
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,  
His shield in the air he uprears,  
By the side of King Olaf he  
stands.

## The Saga of King Olaf.

Over the slippery wreck  
Of the Long Serpent's deck  
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,  
His lips with anger are pale ;

He hews with his axe at the mast,  
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,  
Like a snow-covered pine in the  
vast  
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,  
He rushes aft with his men,  
As a hunter into the den  
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

'Remember Jarl Hakon !' he cries ;  
When lo ! on his wondering eyes,  
Two kingly figures arise,  
Two Olafs in warlike array !

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear  
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,  
In a whisper that none may hear,  
With a smile on his tremulous lip ;

Two shields raised high in the air,  
Two flashes of golden hair,  
Two scarlet meteors' glare,  
And both have leaped from the  
ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats  
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,  
And cry, from their hairy throats,  
'See ! it is Olaf the King !'

While far on the opposite side  
Floats another shield on the tide,  
Like a jewel set in the wide  
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,  
How the King stripped off his mail,  
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,  
As he swam beneath the main ;

But the young grew old and gray,  
And never, by night or by day,  
In his kingdom of Norroway  
Was King Olaf seen again !

XXII.

THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

In the convent of Drontheim,  
Alone in her chamber  
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,  
At midnight, adoring,  
Beseeching, entreating  
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence  
The voice of one speaking,  
Without in the darkness,  
In gusts of the night-wind  
Now louder, now nearer,  
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger  
It seemed as she listened,  
Of some one who answered,  
Beseeching, imploring,  
A cry from afar off  
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,  
The beloved disciple,  
Who wandered and waited  
The Master's appearance,  
Alone in the darkness,  
Unsheltered and friendless.

'It is accepted  
The angry defiance,  
The challenge of battle !  
It is accepted,  
But not with the weapons  
Of war that thou wieldest !

'Cross against corselet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry for war-cry !  
Patience is powerful ;  
He that o'ercometh  
Hath power o'er the nations !

'As torrents in summer,  
Half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, though the  
Sky is still cloudless,  
For rain has been falling  
Far off at their fountains ;

' So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to o'erflowing,  
And they that behold it  
Marvel, and know not  
That God at their fountains  
Far off has been raining!

' Stronger than steel  
Is the sword of the Spirit ;  
Swifter than arrows  
The light of the truth is,  
Greater than anger  
Is love, and subdueth !

' Thou art a phantom,  
A shape of the sea-mist,  
A shape of the brumal  
Rain, and the darkness  
Fearful and formless ;  
Day dawns and thou art not !

' The dawn is not distant,  
Nor is the night starless ;  
Love is eternal !  
God is still God, and  
His faith shall not fail us ;  
Christ is eternal !'



#### INTERLUDE.

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,  
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,  
That with its cadence, wild and  
sweet,  
Made the long Saga more complete.

' Thank God,' the Theologian said,  
' The reign of violence is dead,  
Or dying surely from the world ;  
While Love triumphant reigns instead,  
And in a brighter sky o'erhead  
His blessed banners are unfurled.  
And most of all thank God for  
this :  
The war and waste of clashing  
creeds

Now end in words, and not in  
deeds,  
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,  
Forthoughts that men call heresies.

' I stand without here in the porch,  
I hear the bell's melodious din,  
I hear the organ peal within,  
I hear the prayer, with words that  
scorch  
Like sparks from an inverted torch,  
I hear the sermon upon sin,  
With threatenings of the last account.

And all, translated in the air,  
Reach me but as our dear Lord's  
Prayer,  
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

' Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?  
Must it be Athanasian creeds,  
Or holy water, books, and beads ?  
Must struggling souls remain content

With councils and decrees of Trent?  
And can it be enough for these  
The Christian Church the year  
embalms

With evergreens and boughs of  
palms,

And fills the air with litanies ?

' I know that yonder Pharisee  
Thanks God that he is not like me ;  
In my humiliation dressed,  
I only stand and beat my breast,  
And pray for human charity.

' Not to one church alone, but  
seven,  
The voice prophetic spake from  
heaven ;  
And unto each the promise came,  
Diversified, but still the same ;  
For him that overcometh are  
The new name written on the stone,  
The raiment white, the crown, the  
throne,  
And I will give him the Morning  
Star!



'Ah! to how many Faith has been  
No evidence of things unseen,  
But a dim shadow, that recasts  
The creed of the Phantasiasts,  
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,  
For whom the Tragedy Divine  
Was but a symbol and a sign,  
And Christ a phantom crucified !

'For others a diviner creed  
Is living in the life they lead.  
The passing of their beautiful feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street,  
And all their looks and words repeat  
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,  
Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
The Holy Ghost came from above.

'And this brings back to me a tale  
So sad the hearer well may quail,  
And question if such things can be ;  
Yet in the chronicles of Spain  
Down the dark pages runs this stain,  
And naught can wash them white again,  
So fearful is the tragedy.'



## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

### TORQUEMADA.

IN the heroic days when Ferdinand  
And Isabella ruled the Spanish  
land,  
And Torquemada, with his subtle  
brain,  
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor  
of Spain,  
In a great castle near Valladolid,  
Moated and high and by fair wood-  
lands hid,  
There dwelt, as from the chronicles  
we learn,  
An old Hidalgo proud and taci-  
turn,

Whose name has perished, with  
his towers of stone,  
And all his actions save this one  
alone ;  
This one, so terrible, perhaps  
'twere best  
If it, too, were forgotten with the  
rest ;  
Unless, perchance, our eyes can  
see therein  
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the  
sin ;  
A double picture, with its gloom  
and glow,  
The splendour overhead, the death  
below.

This sombre man counted each  
day as lost  
On which his feet no sacred thresh-  
hold crossed ;  
And when he chanced the passing  
Host to meet,  
He knelt and prayed devoutly in  
the street ;  
Oft he confessed ; and with each  
mutinous thought,  
As with wild beasts at Ephesus,  
he fought.  
In deep contrition scourged him-  
self in Lent,  
Walked in processions, with his  
head down bent,  
At plays of Corpus Christi oft was  
seen,  
And on Palm Sunday bore his  
bough of green.

His sole diversion was to hunt the  
boar  
Through tangled thickets of the  
forest hoar,  
Or with his jingling mules to hurry  
down  
To some grand bull-fight in the  
neighbouring town,  
Or in the crowd with lighted taper  
stand,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

<p>When Jews were burned, or ban- ished from the land. Then stirred within him a tumult- uous joy; The demon whose delight is to destroy Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone, Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!</p> <p>And now, in that old castle in the wood, His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood, Returning from their convent school, had made Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade, Reminding him of their dead mother's face, When first she came into that gloomy place,— A memory in his heart as dim and sweet As moonlight in a solitary street, Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone. These two fair daughters of a mother dead Were all the dream had left him as it fled. A joy at first, and then a growing care, As if a voice within him cried, 'Beware!' A vague presentiment of impend- ing doom, Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room, Haunted him day and night; a formless fear That death to some one of his house was near, With dark surmises of a hidden crime,</p>	<p>Made life itself a death before its time. Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame, A spy upon his daughters he be- came; With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors, He glided softly through half- open doors; Now in the room, and now upon the stair, He stood beside them ere they were aware; He listened in the passage when they talked, He watched them from the case- ment when they walked, He saw the gipsy haunt the river's side, He saw the monk among the cork- trees glide; And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt Of some dark secret, past his find- ing out, Baffled he paused; then reassured again Pursued the flying phantom of his brain. He watched them even when they knelt in church; And then, descending lower in his search, Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes Listened incredulous to their re- plies; The gipsy? none had seen her in the wood! The monk? a mendicant in search of food!</p> <p>At length the awful revelation came, Crushing at once his pride of birth and name; The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,</p>
---	--

And the ancestral glories of the  
past,  
All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,  
A turret rent from battlement to base.  
His daughters talking in the dead  
of night  
In their own chamber, and without  
a light,  
Listening, as he was wont, he over-  
heard,  
And learned the dreadful secret,  
word by word ;  
And hurrying from his castle, with  
a cry  
He raised his hands to the un-  
pitying sky,  
Repeating one dread word, till  
bush and tree  
Caught it, and shuddering answer-  
ed, 'Heresy!'

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat  
drawn o'er his face,  
Now hurrying forward, now with  
lingering pace,  
He walked all night the alleys of  
his park,  
With one unseen companion in  
the dark,  
The Demon who within him lay in  
wait,  
And by his presence turned his  
love to hate,  
For ever muttering in an undertone,  
'Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find  
out his own !'

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,  
While yet the dew was glistening  
on the grass,  
And all the woods were musical  
with birds,  
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful  
words,  
Walked homeward with the Priest,  
and in his room

Summoned his trembling daugh-  
ters to their doom.  
When questioned, with brief  
answers they replied,  
Nor when accused evaded or de-  
nied ;  
Expostulations, passionate appeals,  
All that the human heart most  
fears or feels,  
In vain the Priest with earnest  
voice essayed ;  
In vain the father threatened, wept,  
and prayed ;  
Until at last he said, with haughty  
mien,  
'The Holy Office, then, must in-  
tervene !'

And now the Grand Inquisitor of  
Spain,  
With all the fifty horsemen of his  
train,  
His awful name resounding, like  
the blast  
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward  
passed,  
Came to Valladolid, and there be-  
gan  
To harry the rich Jews with fire  
and ban.  
To him the Hidalgo went, and at  
the gate  
Demanded audience on affairs of  
state,  
And in a secret chamber stood  
before  
A venerable graybeard of fourscore,  
Dressed in the hood and habit of a  
friar ;  
Out of his eyes flashed a consum-  
ing fire,  
And in his hand the mystic horn  
he held,  
Which poison and all noxious  
charms dispelled.  
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's  
tale,  
Then answered in a voice that  
made him quail :

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

'Son of the Church! when Abraham of old  
To sacrifice his only son was told,  
He did not pause to parley nor protest,  
But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.  
In him it was accounted righteousness;  
The Holy Church expects of thee  
no less!'

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,  
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.  
Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?  
His daughters he accused, and the same day  
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,  
That dismal antechamber of the tomb,  
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,  
The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more  
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,  
And said: 'When Abraham offered up his son,  
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.  
By his example taught, let me too bring  
Wood from the forest for my offering!'  
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied:  
'Son of the Church! by faith now justified,  
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;  
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!'

Then this most wretched father went his way  
Into the woods, that round his castle lay,  
Where once his daughters in their childhood played  
With their young mother in the sun and shade.  
Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare  
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,  
And screaming from their eyries overhead  
The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.  
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound  
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,  
And on his mules, caparisoned and gay  
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent,  
Again to the Inquisitor he went,  
And said: 'Behold, the fagots I have brought,  
And now, lest my atonement be as naught,  
Grant me one more request, one last desire,—  
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!'  
And Torquemada answered from his seat,  
'Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;  
Her servants through all ages shall not cease  
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!'

Upon the market-place, builded of stone  
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.

At the four corners, in stern attitude,  
Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,  
Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes  
Upon this place of human sacrifice,  
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,  
With clamour of voices, dissonant and loud,  
And every roof and window was alive  
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,  
Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,  
A line of torches smoked along the street,  
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,  
And, with its banners floating in the air,  
Slowly the long procession crossed the square,  
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,  
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.  
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,  
And louder sang the monks with bell and book,  
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,  
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,  
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,  
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain

For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?  
O pitiless earth! why open no abyss  
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke  
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,  
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,  
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.  
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,  
And as the villagers in terror gazed,  
They saw the figure of that cruel knight  
Lean from a window in the turret's height,  
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,  
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,  
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell  
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones  
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;  
His name has perished with him, and no trace  
Remains on earth of his afflicted race;  
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,  
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,  
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,  
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

INTERLUDE.

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,  
That cast upon each listener's face  
Its shadow, and for some brief space  
Unbroken silence filled the room.  
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;  
Upon his memory thronged and pressed  
The persecution of his race,  
Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace;  
His head was sunk upon his breast,  
And from his eyes alternate came  
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The Student first the silence broke,  
As one who long has lain in wait,  
With purpose to retaliate,  
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.

'In such a company as this,  
A tale so tragic seems amiss,  
That by its terrible control  
O'ermasters and drags down the soul

Into a fathomless abyss.  
The Italian Tales that you disdain,  
Some merry Night of Straparole,  
Or Machiavelli's Belphagor,  
Would cheer us and delight us more,

Give greater pleasure and less pain

Than your grim tragedies of Spain !'

And here the Poet raised his hand,  
With such entreaty and command,  
It stopped discussion at its birth,  
And said : 'The story I shall tell  
Has meaning in it, if not mirth ;  
Listen, and hear what once befell  
The merry birds of Killingworth !'

THE POET'S TALE.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

IT was the season, when through  
all the land  
The merle and mavis build, and  
building sing  
Those lovely lyrics, written by His  
hand,  
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the  
Blitheheart King :  
When on the boughs the purple  
buds expand,  
The banners of the vanguard of  
the Spring,  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and  
leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals  
from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping  
loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards  
with their glee ;  
The sparrows chirped as if they  
still were proud  
Their race in Holy Writ should  
mentioned be ;  
And hungry crows assembled in a  
crowd,  
Clamoured their piteous prayer  
incessantly,  
Knowing who hears the ravens cry,  
and said :  
'Give us, O Lord, this day our  
daily bread !'

Across the Sound the birds of pas-  
sage sailed,  
Speaking some unknown lan-  
guage strange and sweet  
Of tropic isle remote, and passing  
hailed  
The village with the cheers of all  
their fleet ;  
Or quarrelling together, laughed  
and railed

## The Birds of Killingworth.

Like foreign sailors, landed in  
the street  
Of seaport town, and with out-  
landish noise  
Of oaths and gibberish frightening  
girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in  
Killingworth,  
In fabulous days, some hundred  
years ago;  
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled  
the earth,  
Heard with alarm the cawing of  
the crow,  
That mingled with the universal  
mirth,  
Cassandra-like, prognosticating  
woe;  
They shook their heads, and doom-  
ed with dreadful words  
To swift destruction the whole race  
of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened  
straightway  
To set a price upon the guilty  
heads  
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of  
pay,  
Levied blackmail upon the gar-  
den beds  
And cornfields, and beheld with-  
out dismay  
The awful scarecrow, with his  
fluttering shreds;  
The skeleton that waited at their  
feast,  
Whereby their sinful pleasure was  
increased.

Then from his house, a temple  
painted white,  
With fluted columns, and a roof  
of red,  
The Squire came forth, august and  
splendid sight!  
Slowly descending, with majestic  
tread,

Three flights of steps, nor looking  
left nor right,  
Down the long street he walked,  
as one who said,  
'A town that boasts inhabitants  
like me  
Can have no lack of good society!'

The Parson, too, appeared, a man  
austere,  
The instinct of whose nature  
was to kill;  
The wrath of God he preached  
from year to year,  
And read, with fervour, Edwards  
on the Will;  
His favourite pastime was to slay  
the deer  
In summer on some Adirondac  
hill;  
E'en now, while walking down the  
rural lane,  
He lopped the wayside lilies with  
his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry  
crowned  
The hill of Science with its vane  
of brass,  
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly  
round,  
Now at the clouds, and now at  
the green grass,  
And all absorbed in reveries pro-  
found  
Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
Who was, as in a sonnet he had  
said,  
As pure as water, and as good as  
bread.

And next the Deacon issued from  
his door,  
In his voluminous neckcloth  
white as snow;  
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;  
His form was ponderous, and his  
step was slow;

There never was so wise a man  
before;  
He seemed the incarnate 'Well,  
I told you so!'  
And to perpetuate his great renown  
There was a street named after  
him in town.

These came together in the new  
town-hall,  
With sundry farmers from the  
region round.  
The Squire presided, dignified and  
tall,  
His air impressive and his rea-  
soning sound:  
Ill fared it with the birds, both  
great and small;  
Hardly a friend in all that crowd  
they found,  
But enemies enough, who every one  
Charged them with all the crimes  
beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his  
place apart,  
Rose the Preceptor, to redress  
the wrong,  
And, trembling like a steed before  
the start,  
Looked round bewildered on the  
expectant throng;  
Then thought of fair Almira, and  
took heart  
To speak out what was in him,  
clear and strong,  
Alike regardless of their smile or  
frown,  
And quite determined not to be  
laughed down.

'Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,  
From his Republic banished  
without pity  
The Poets; in this little town of  
yours,  
You put to death, by means of a  
Committee,

The ballad-singers and the Trou-  
badours,  
The street-musicians of the hea-  
venly city,—  
The birds,—who make sweet music  
for us all  
In our dark hours, as David did  
for Saul.

The thrush that carols at the dawn  
of day  
From the green steeples of the  
piny wood;  
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,  
Jargoning like a foreigner at his  
food;  
The bluebird balanced on some  
topmost spray,  
Flooding with melody the neigh-  
bourhood;  
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all  
the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the  
gift of song.

'You slay them all! and wherefore?  
for the gain  
Of a scant handful more or less  
of wheat,  
Orrye, or barley, or some other grain,  
Scratched up at random by in-  
dustrious feet,  
Searching for worm or weevil after  
rain!  
Or a few cherries, that are not  
so sweet  
As are the songs these uninvited  
guests  
Sing at their feast with comfortable  
breasts.

'Do you ne'er think what wondrous  
beings these?  
Do you ne'er think who made  
them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where  
melodies  
Alone are the interpreters of  
thought?



## The Birds of Killingworth.

Whose household words are songs  
in many keys,  
Sweeter than instrument of man  
e'er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops  
even

Are half-way houses on the road to  
heaven!

'Think, every morning when the  
sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows  
of the grove,

How jubilant the happybirds renew  
Their old, melodious madrigals  
of love!

And when you think of this, re-  
member too

'Tis always morning somewhere,  
and above

The awakening continents, from  
shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing  
evermore.

'Think of your woods and orchards  
without birds!

Of empty nests that cling to  
boughs and beams

As in an idiot's brain remembered  
words

Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs  
of his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of  
herds

Make up for the lost music, when  
your teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and  
no more

The feathered gleaners follow to  
your door?

'What! would you rather see the  
incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the  
hay,

And hear the locust and the grass-  
hopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies  
play?

Is this more pleasant to you than  
the whir

Of meadow-lark, and her sweet  
roundelay,

Or twitter of little field-fares, as  
you take

Your nooning in the shade of bush  
and brake?

'You call them thieves and pil-  
lagers; but know,

They are the winged wardens of  
your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the  
insidious foe,

And from your harvests keep a  
hundred harms;

Even the blackest of them all, the  
crow,

Renders good service as your  
man-at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of  
mail,

And crying havoc on the slug and  
snail.

'How can I teach your children  
gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and re-  
verence

For Life, which, in its weakness or  
excess,

Is still a gleam of God's omni-  
potence,

Or Death, which, seeming dark-  
ness, is no less

The self-same light, although  
averted hence,

When by your laws, your actions,  
and your speech,

You contradict the very things I  
teach?

With this he closed; and through  
the audience went

A murmur, like the rustle of dead  
leaves;

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

The farmers laughed and nodded,  
 and some bent  
 Their yellow heads together like  
 their sheaves ;  
 Men have no faith in fine-spun  
 sentiment  
 Who put their trust in bullocks  
 and in beeves.  
 The birds were doomed ; and, as  
 the record shows,  
 A bounty offered for the heads of  
 crows.

There was another audience out  
 of reach,  
 Who had no voice nor vote in  
 making laws,  
 But in the papers read his little  
 speech,  
 And crowned his modest temples  
 with applause ;  
 They made him conscious, each  
 one more than each,  
 He still was victor, vanquished  
 in their cause.  
 Sweetest of all the applause he won  
 from thee,  
 O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre  
 began ;  
 O'er fields and orchards, and  
 o'er woodland crests,  
 The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
 Dead fell the birds, with blood-  
 stains on their breasts,  
 Or wounded crept away from sight  
 of man,  
 While the young died of famine  
 in their nests ;  
 A slaughter to be told in groans,  
 not words,  
 The very St. Bartholomew of  
 Birds !

The Summer came, and all the  
 birds were dead ;  
 The days were like hot coals ;  
 the very ground

Was burned to ashes ; in the  
 orchards fed  
 Myriads of caterpillars, and  
 around  
 The cultivated fields and garden beds  
 Hosts of devouring insects  
 crawled, and found  
 No foe to check their march, till  
 they had made  
 The land a desert without leaf or  
 shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod,  
 was the town,  
 Because, like Herod, it had ruth-  
 lessly  
 Slaughtered the Innocents. From  
 the trees spun down  
 The cankerworms upon the  
 passers-by,  
 Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl,  
 and gown,  
 Who shook them off with just a  
 little cry ;  
 They were the terror of each  
 favourite walk,  
 The endless theme of all the village  
 talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a  
 few  
 Confessed their error, and would  
 not complain,  
 For after all, the best thing one can  
 do  
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.  
 Then they repealed the law,  
 although they knew  
 It would not call the dead to life  
 again ;  
 As schoolboys, finding their mis-  
 take too late,  
 Draw a wet sponge across the  
 accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the  
 Autumn came  
 Without the light of his majestic  
 look,

## The Birds of Killingworth.

The wonder of the falling tongues  
of flame,  
The illumined pages of his  
Doomsday book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson  
with their shame,  
And drowned themselves des-  
pairing in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning  
everywhere,  
Lamenting the dead children of  
the air!

But the next Spring, a stranger sight  
was seen,  
A sight that never yet by bard  
was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have  
been

If some dumb animal had found  
a tongue!

A wagon, overarched with ever-  
green,

Upon whose boughs were wicker  
cages hung,

All full of singing birds, came down  
the street,

Filling the air with music wild and  
sweet.

From all the country round these  
birds were brought,

By order of the town, with  
anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicker  
prisons, sought

In woods and fields the places  
they loved best,

Singing loud canticles, which many  
thought

Were satires to the authorities  
addressed,

While others, listening in green  
lanes, averred

Such lovely music never had been  
heard!

But blither still and louder carolled  
they

Upon the morrow, for they  
seemed to know

It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,  
And everywhere, around, above,  
below,

When the Preceptor bore his bride  
away,

Their songs burst forth in joyous  
overflow,

And a new heaven bent over a new  
earth

Amid the sunny farms of Killing-  
worth.



### FINALE.

THE hour was late; the fire burned  
low,

The Landlord's eyes were closed in  
sleep,

And near the story's end a deep  
Sonorous sound at times was heard,

As when the distant bagpipes blow.  
At this all laughed; the Landlord

stirred,

As one awaking from a swoon,  
And, gazing anxiously around,

Protested that he had not slept,  
But only shut his eyes, and kept

His ears attentive to each word.  
Then all arose, and said 'Good

Night.'  
Alone remained the drowsy Squire

To rake the embers of the fire,  
And quench the waning parlour

light;  
While from the windows, here and

there,  
The scattered lamps a moment

gleamed,  
And the illumined hostel seemed

The constellation of the Bear,  
Downward, athwart the misty air,

Sinking and setting toward the sun.  
Far off the village clock struck one.

PART II.

PRELUDE.

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,  
That washed each southern win-  
dow-pane,  
And made a river of the road ;  
A sea of mist that overflowed  
The house, the barns, the gilded  
vane,  
And drowned the upland and the  
plain,  
Through which the oak-trees,  
broad and high,  
Like phantom ships went drifting  
by :

And, hidden behind a watery  
screen,  
The sun unseen, or only seen  
As a faint pallor in the sky ;—  
Thus cold and colourless and gray,  
The morn of that autumnal day,  
As if reluctant to begin,  
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,  
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not  
hear  
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,  
Who on the empty threshing-floor,  
Disdainful of the rain outside,  
Was strutting with a martial stride,  
As if upon his thigh he wore  
The famous broadsword of the  
Squire,  
And said, ' Behold me, and  
admire ! '

Only the Poet seemed to hear,  
In drowse or dream, more near and  
near  
Across the border-land of sleep  
The blowing of a blithesome horn,  
That laughed the dismal day to  
scorn ;  
A splash of hoofs and rush of  
wheels

Through sand and mire like strand-  
ing keels,  
As from the road with sudden  
sweep  
The Mail drove up the little steep,  
And stopped beside the tavern  
door ;  
A moment stopped, and then again  
With crack of whip and bark of dog  
Plunged forward through the sea  
of fog,  
And all was silent as before,—  
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came  
down,  
And greeted with a smile the Squire,  
Who sat before the parlour fire,  
Reading the paper fresh from town.  
First the Sicilian, like a bird,  
Before his form appeared, was heard  
Whistling and singing down the  
stair ;

Then came the Student, with a look  
As placid as a meadow-brook ;  
The Theologian, still perplexed  
With thoughts of this world and  
the next ;

The Poet then, as one who seems  
Walking in visions and in dreams,  
Then the Musician, like a fair  
Hyperion from whose golden hair  
The radiance of the morning  
streams ;

And last the aromatic Jew  
Of Alicant, who, as he threw  
The door wide open, on the air  
Breathed round about him a per-  
fume  
Of damask roses in full bloom,  
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued  
The promptings of his various  
mood ;

Beside the fire in silence smoked  
The taciturn, impassive Jew,  
Lost in a pleasant reverie ;  
While, by his gravity provoked,  
His portrait the Sicilian drew,  
And wrote beneath it 'Edrehi,  
At the Red Horse in Sudbury.'

By far the busiest of them all,  
The Theologian in the hall  
Was feeding robins in a cage,—  
Two corpulent and lazy birds,  
Vagrants and pilferers at best,  
If one might trust the hostler's  
words,  
Chief instrument of their arrest ;  
Two poets of the Golden Age,  
Heirs of a boundless heritage  
Of fields and orchards, east and  
west,  
And sunshine of long summer days,  
Though outlawed now and dispos-  
sessed !—  
Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held dis-  
course  
With the Musician, on the source  
Of all the legendary lore  
Among the nations, scattered wide  
Like silt and seaweed by the force  
And fluctuation of the tide ;  
The tale repeated o'er and o'er,  
With change of place and change  
of name,  
Disguised, transformed, and yet  
the same  
We've heard a hundred times be-  
fore.

The Poet at the window mused,  
And saw, as in a dream confused,  
The countenance of the Sun, dis-  
crowned,  
And haggard with a pale despair,  
And saw the cloud-rack trail and  
drift  
Before it, and the trees uplift  
Their leafless branches, and the air

Filled with the arrows of the rain,  
And heard amid the mist below,  
Like voices of distress and pain,  
That haunt the thoughts of men  
insane,  
The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud be-  
srent,  
And drenched with rain from head  
to hoof,  
The raindrops dripping from his  
mane  
And tail as from a pent-house roof,  
A jaded horse, his head down bent,  
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had  
grown  
Impatient longer to abide  
A prisoner, greatly mortified  
To see completely overthrown  
His plans for angling in the brook,  
And, leaning o'er the bridge of  
stone,  
To watch the speckled trout glide  
by,  
And float through the inverted sky,  
Still round and round the baited  
hook—  
Now paced the room with rapid  
stride,  
And, pausing at the Poet's side,  
Looked forth, and saw the wretched  
steed,  
And said : 'Alas for human greed,  
That with cold hand and stony eye  
Thus turns an old friend out to die,  
Or beg his food from gate to gate !  
This brings a tale into my mind,  
Which, if you are not disinclined  
To listen, I will now relate.'

All gave assent ; all wished to hear,  
Not without many a jest and jeer,  
The story of a spavined steed ;  
And even the Student with the rest  
Put in his pleasant little jest

Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus  
Is but a horse that with all speed  
Bears poets to the hospital;  
While the Sicilian, self-possessed,  
After a moment's interval  
Began his simple story thus.

# THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

## THE BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant  
renown,  
One of those little places that have  
run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing  
sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to  
say,  
'I climb no farther upward, come  
what may,'—  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to  
fame,  
So many monarchs since have  
borne the name,  
Had a great bell hung in the  
market-place  
Beneath a roof, projecting some  
small space,  
By way of shelter from the sun and  
rain.  
Then rode he through the streets  
with all his train,  
And, with a blast of trumpets loud  
and long,  
Made proclamation, that whenever  
wrong  
Was done to any man, he should  
but ring  
The great bell in the square, and  
he, the King,  
Would cause the Syndic to decide  
thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King  
John.

How swift the happy days in Atri  
sped,  
What wrongs were righted, need  
not here be said.  
Suffice it that, as all things must  
decay,  
The hempen rope at length was  
worn away,  
Unravelled at the end, and, strand  
by strand,  
Loosened and wasted in the ring-  
er's hand,  
Till one, who noted this in passing  
by,  
Mended the rope with braids of  
briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of  
the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a  
shrine.  
By chance it happened that in Atri  
dwelt  
A knight, with spur on heel and  
sword in belt,  
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar  
in the woods,  
Who loved his falcons with their  
crimson hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses,  
and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and  
courts;—  
Loved, or had loved them; for at  
last, grown old,  
His only passion was the love of  
gold.  
He sold his horses, sold his hawks  
and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his  
garden-grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favourite  
steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in  
his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard  
and spare.

## The Gift of Atri.

At length he said: 'What is the use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways;  
I want him only for the holidays.'  
So the old steed was turned into the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,  
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!  
The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace  
Went panting forth into the market-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:  
'Some one hath done a wrong,  
hath done a wrong!'

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman born,  
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
'Domeneddio!' cried the Syndic straight,  
'This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.'

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.  
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King;  
then said:

'Pride goeth forth on horseback  
grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs  
its way;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic  
deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of  
weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I  
fear  
They never yet have reached your  
knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honour,  
what repute  
Can come to you from starving this  
poor brute?  
He who serves well and speaks not,  
merits more  
Than they who clamour loudest at  
the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as  
this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth  
you shall take heed  
To comfort his old age, and to  
provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field  
beside.'

The Knight withdrew abashed;  
the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to  
his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and  
laughed in glee,  
And cried aloud: 'Right well it  
pleaseth me!  
Church-bells at best but ring us to  
the door;  
But go not in to mass; my bell  
doth more:  
It cometh into court and pleads the  
cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown  
to the laws;  
And this shall make, in every  
Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all  
time.'

INTERLUDE.

'YES, well your story pleads the  
cause  
Of those dumb mouths that have  
no speech,  
Only a cry from each to each  
In its own kind, with its own laws;  
Something that is beyond the reach  
Of human power to learn or teach,—  
An inarticulate moan of pain,  
Like the immeasurable main  
Breaking upon an unknown beach.'

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;  
Then added, with impassioned cry,  
As one who feels the words he  
speaks,  
The colour flushing in his cheeks,  
The fervour burning in his eye:  
'Among the noblest in the land,  
Though he may count himself the  
least,  
That man I honour and revere  
Who without favour, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand  
The friend of every friendless beast,  
And tames with his unflinching  
hand  
The brutes that wear our form and  
face,  
The were-wolves of the human  
race!'  
Then paused, and waited with a  
frown,  
Like some old champion of romance,  
Who, having thrown his gauntlet  
down,  
Expectant leans upon his lance;  
But neither Knight nor Squire is  
found  
To raise the gauntlet from the  
ground,  
And try with him the battle's chance.

'Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi!  
Or dreaming speak to us, and make  
A feint of being half awake,



And tell us what your dreams may be.  
 Out of the hazy atmosphere  
 Of cloud-land deign to reappear  
 Among us in this Wayside Inn;  
 Tell us what visions and what scenes  
 Illuminate the dark ravines  
 In which you grope your way.  
 Begin!

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew  
 Made no reply, but only smiled,  
 As men unto a wayward child,  
 Not knowing what to answer, do.  
 As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown  
 With moss and intertangled vines,  
 A streamlet leaps into the light  
 And murmurs over root and stone  
 In a melodious undertone;  
 Or as amid the noonday night  
 Of sombre and wind-haunted pines,  
 There runs a sound as of the sea;  
 So from his bearded lips there came  
 A melody without a name,  
 A song, a tale, a history,  
 Or whatsoever it may be,  
 Writ and recorded in these lines.



## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu,  
 By the road that leadeth to Is-  
 pahan,  
 At the head of his dusty caravan,  
 Laden with treasure from realms  
 afar,  
 Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,  
 Rode the great captain Alau.  
 The Khan from his palace-window  
 gazed,  
 And saw in the thronging street  
 beneath,

In the light of the setting sun, that  
 blazed  
 Through the clouds of dust by the  
 caravan raised,  
 The flash of harness and jewelled  
 sheath,  
 And the shining scymitars of the  
 guard,  
 And the weary camels that bared  
 their teeth,  
 As they passed and passed through  
 the gates unbarred  
 Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu  
 Rode the great captain Alau;  
 And he stood before the Khan, and  
 said:  
 'The enemies of my lord are dead;  
 All the Kalifs of all the West  
 Bow and obey thy least behest;  
 The plains are dark with the mul-  
 berry-trees,  
 The weavers are busy in Samarcand,  
 The miners are sifting the golden  
 sand,  
 The divers plunging for pearls in  
 the seas,  
 And peace and plenty are in the  
 land.

'Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,  
 Rose in revolt against thy throne:  
 His treasures are at thy palace-  
 door,  
 With the swords and the shawls and  
 the jewels he wore;  
 His body is dust o'er the desert  
 blown.

'A mile outside of Baldacca's gate  
 I left my forces to lie in wait,  
 Concealed by forests and hillocks  
 of sand,  
 And forward dashed with a handful  
 of men,  
 To lure the old tiger from his den  
 Into the ambush I had planned.

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread, For we heard the sound of gongs from within; And with clash of cymbals and warlike din The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled; And the garrison sallied forth and pursued, With the gray old Kalif at their head, And above them the banner of Mohammed: So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.	And keep thine honour sweet and clear. These grains of gold are not grains of wheat; These bars of silver thou canst not eat; These jewels and pearls and pre- cious stones Cannot cure the aches in thy bones, Nor keep the feet of Death one hour From climbing the stairways of thy tower!"
'As in at the gate we rode, behold, A tower that is called the Tower of Gold! For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth, Heaped and hoarded and piled on high, Like sacks of wheat in a granary; And thither the miser crept by stealth To feel of the gold that gave him health, And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye On jewels that gleamed like a glow- worm's spark, Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.	'Then into his dungeon I locked the drone, And left him to feed there all alone In the honey-cells of his golden hive: Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan Was heard from those massive walls of stone, Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!
'I said to the Kalif: "Thou art old, Thou hast no need of so much gold. Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here, Till the breath of battle was hot and near, But have sown through the land these useless hoards To spring into shining blades of swords,	'When at last we unlocked the door, We found him dead upon the floor; The rings had dropped from his withered hands, His teeth were like bones in the desert sands: Still clutching his treasure he had died; And as he lay there, he appeared A statue of gold with a silver beard, His arms outstretched as if cruci- fied.'
	This is the story, strange and true, That the great captain Alau Told to his brother the Tartar Khan, When he rode that day into Kam- balu By the road that leadeth to Ispa- han.

## The Cobbler of Hagenau.

### INTERLUDE.

'I THOUGHT before your tale began,  
The Student murmured, 'we should  
have

Some legend written by Judah Rav  
In his Gemara of Babylon;  
Or something from the Gulistan,—  
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,  
Or of that King of Khorasan  
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one  
That had a hundred years been  
dead

Still moving restless in his head,  
Undimmed, and gleaming with the  
lust

Of power, though all the rest was  
dust.

'But lo! your glittering caravan  
On the road that leadeth to Ispahan  
Hath led us farther to the East  
Into the regions of Cathay.  
Spite of your Kalif and his gold,  
Pleasant has been the tale you told,  
And full of colour; that at least  
No one will question or gainsay.  
And yet on such a dismal day  
We need a merrier tale to clear  
The dark and heavy atmosphere.  
So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,  
Without a preface, what befell  
A simple cobbler, in the year—  
No matter; it was long ago;  
And that is all we need to know.'



### THE STUDENT'S TALE.

#### THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU.

I TRUST that somewhere and some-  
how

You all have heard of Hagenau,  
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town  
Among the green Alsatian hills,  
A place of valleys, streams, and  
mills,

Where Barbarossa's castle, brown  
With rust of centuries, still looks  
down

On the broad, drowsy land below,—  
On shadowy forests filled with  
game,  
And the blue river winding slow  
Through meadows, where the  
hedges grow  
That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,  
While yet the Master-singers filled  
The noisy workshop and the guild  
With various melodies and rhymes,  
That here in Hagenau there dwelt  
A cobbler,—one who loved debate,  
And, arguing from a postulate,  
Would say what others only felt;  
A man of forecast and of thrift,  
And of a shrewd and careful mind  
In this world's business, but in-  
clined  
Somewhat to let the next world  
drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he  
read,  
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,  
For their poetic fame had spread  
Even to the town of Hagenau;  
And some Quick Melody of the  
Plough,  
Or Double Harmony of the Dove,  
Was always running in his head.  
He kept, moreover, at his side,  
Among his leathers and his tools,  
Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,  
Or Eulenspiegel, open wide;  
With these he was much edified;  
He thought them wiser than the  
Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,  
Liked not these worldly themes to  
hear;  
The Psalter was her book of  
songs;

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

The only music to her ear  
Was that which to the Church be-  
longs,  
When the loud choir on Sunday  
chanted,  
And the two angels carved in wood,  
That by the windy organ stood,  
Blew on their trumpets loud and  
clear,  
And all the echoes, far and near,  
Gibbered as if the church were  
haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon,  
This humble votary of the muse  
Sat in the narrow strip of shade  
By a projecting cornice made,  
Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,  
And singing a familiar tune:—

‘Our ingress into the world  
Was naked and bare;  
Our progress through the world  
Is trouble and care;  
Our egress from the world  
Will be nobody knows where:  
But if we do well here  
We shall do well there;  
And I could tell you no more,  
Should I preach a whole year!’

Thus sang the cobbler at his work;  
And with his gestures marked the  
time,  
Closing together with a jerk  
Of his waxed thread the stitch and  
rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame  
Was leaning o’er the window-sill,  
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,  
Gazing impatiently to see  
What the great throng of folk might  
be

That onward in procession came,  
Along the unfrequented street,  
With horns that blew, and drums  
that beat,

And banners flying, and the flame  
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet  
Voices of nuns; and as they sang  
Suddenly all the church-bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,  
There sat a monk in ample hood,  
Who with his right hand held aloft  
A red and ponderous cross of wood,  
To which at times he meekly  
bowed.

In front three horsemen rode, and  
oft,

With voice and air importunate,  
A boisterous herald cried aloud:  
‘The grace of God is at your gate!’  
So onward to the church they  
passed.

The cobbler slowly turned his last,  
And, wagging his sagacious head,  
Unto his kneeling housewife said:  
‘’Tis the monk Tetzal. I have  
heard

The cawings of that reverend bird.  
Don’t let him cheat you of your  
gold;  
Indulgence is not bought and sold.’

The church of Hagenau, that night,  
Was full of people, full of light;  
An odour of incense filled the  
air,

The priest intoned, the organ  
groaned

Its inarticulate despair;  
The candles on the altar blazed,  
And full in front of it upraised  
The red cross stood against the  
glare.

Below, upon the altar-rail  
Indulgences were set to sale,  
Like ballads at a country fair.  
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound  
And carved with many a quaint  
device,

Received, with a melodious sound,  
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,  
Tetzal the monk, with fiery glow,  
Thundered upon the crowd below.  
‘Good people all, draw near!’ he  
said;

## The Cobbler of Hagenu.

'Purchase these letters, signed and sealed,  
By which all sins, though unrevealed  
And unrepented, are forgiven!  
Count but the gain, count not the loss!  
Your gold and silver are but dross,  
And yet they pave the way to heaven.  
I hear your mothers and your sires  
Cry from their purgatorial fires,  
And will ye not their ransom pay?  
O senseless people! when the gate  
Of heaven is open, will ye wait?  
Will ye not enter in to-day?  
To-morrow it will be too late;  
I shall be gone upon my way.  
Make haste! bring money while ye may!'

The women shuddered, and turned pale;  
Allured by hope or driven by fear,  
With many a sob and many a tear,  
All crowded to the altar-rail.  
Pieces of silver and of gold  
Into the tinkling strong-box fell  
Like pebbles dropped into a well;  
And soon the ballads were all sold.  
The cobbler's wife among the rest  
Slipped into the capacious chest  
A golden florin; then withdrew,  
Hiding the paper in her breast;  
And homeward through the darkness went  
Comforted, quieted, content;  
She did not walk, she rather flew,  
A dove that settles to her nest,  
When some appalling bird of prey  
That scared her has been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone,  
The summer passed, the winter came;  
Though seasons changed, yet still the same

The daily round of life went on:  
The daily round of household care,  
The narrow life of toil and prayer.  
But in her heart the cobbler's dame  
Had now a treasure beyond price,  
A secret joy without a name,  
The certainty of Paradise.  
Alas, alas! Dust unto dust!  
Before the winter wore away,  
Her body in the churchyard lay,  
Her patient soul was with the just!  
After her death, among the things  
That even the poor preserve with care,—  
Some little trinkets and cheap rings,  
A locket with her mother's hair,  
Her wedding gown, the faded flowers  
She wore upon her wedding day,—  
Among these memories of past hours,  
That so much of the heart reveal,  
Carefully kept and put away,  
The Letter of Indulgence lay  
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved  
and pained,  
Waited and wondered that no word  
Of mass or requiem he heard,  
As by the Holy Church ordained:  
Then to the Magistrate complained,  
That as this woman had been dead  
A week or more, and no mass said,  
It was rank heresy, or at least  
Contempt of Church; thus said the Priest;  
And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,  
But rather doubtful of the laws.  
The Justice from his elbow-chair  
Gave him a look that seemed to say:  
'Thou standest before a Magistrate,

Therefore do not prevaricate !'  
Then asked him in a business  
way,  
Kindly but cold : 'Is thy wife  
dead ?'

The cobbler meekly bowed his  
head ;  
'She is,' came struggling from his  
throat

Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote  
The words down in a book, and  
then

Continued, as he raised his pen :  
'She is ; and hath a mass been said  
For the salvation of her soul ?  
Come, speak the truth ! confess  
the whole !'

The cobbler without pause replied :  
'Of mass or prayer there was no  
need ;

For at the moment when she died  
Her soul was with the glorified !'  
And from his pocket with all speed  
He drew the priestly title-deed,  
And prayed the Justice he would  
read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed ;  
And as he read his mirth increased ;  
At times his shaggy brows he  
raised,

Now wondering at the cobbler  
gazed,

Now archly at the angry Priest.  
'From all excesses, sins, and  
crimes

Thou hast committed in past times  
Thee I absolve ! And furthermore,  
Purified from all earthly taints,  
To the communion of the Saints  
And to the sacraments restore !

All stains of weakness, and all  
trace

Of shame and censure I efface ;  
Remit the pains thou shouldst  
endure,

And make thee innocent and pure,  
So that in dying, unto thee  
The gates of heaven shall open be !

Though long thou livest, yet this  
grace

Until the moment of thy death  
Unchangeable continueth !'

Then said he to the Priest : 'I find  
This document is duly signed  
Brother John Tetzl, his own hand.  
At all tribunals in the land

In evidence it may be used :  
Therefore acquitted is the accused.'

Then to the cobbler turned : 'My  
friend,

Pray tell me, didst thou ever read  
Reynard the Fox ?'—'O yes, in-  
deed !'—

'I thought so. Don't forget the  
end.'

# INTERLUDE.

'WHAT was the end ? I am  
ashamed

Not to remember Reynard's fate ;  
I have not read the book of late ;  
Was he not hanged ?' the Poet said.  
The Student gravely shook his  
head,

And answered : 'You exaggerate.  
There was a tournament pro-  
claimed,

And Reynard fought with Isegrim  
The Wolf, and having vanquished  
him,

Rose to high honour in the State,  
And Keeper of the Seals was  
named !'

At this the gay Sicilian laughed :  
'Fight fire with fire, and craft with  
craft ;

Successful cunning seems to be  
The moral of your tale,' said he.

'Mine had a better, and the Jew's  
Had none at all, that I could see,  
His aim was only to amuse.'

## The Ballad of Carmilhan.

Meanwhile from out its ebon case  
His violin the Minstrel drew,  
And having tuned its strings anew,  
Now held it close in his embrace,  
And poising in his outstretched  
hand

The bow, like a magician's wand,  
He paused, and said, with beaming  
face :

'Last night my story was too long;  
To-day I give you but a song,  
An old tradition of the North;  
But first, to put you in the mood,  
I will a little while prelude,  
And from this instrument draw  
forth  
Something by way of overture.'

He played; at first the tones were  
pure

And tender as a summer night,  
The full moon climbing to her  
height,

The sob and ripple of the seas,  
The flapping of an idle sail;  
And then by sudden and sharp  
degrees

The multiplied, wild harmonies  
Freshened and burst into a gale;  
A tempest howling through the  
dark,

A crash as of some shipwrecked  
bark,

A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale  
Told by the Minstrel; and at  
times

He paused amid its varying  
rhymes,

And at each pause again broke in  
The music of his violin,

With tones of sweetness or of fear,  
Movements of trouble or of calm,  
Creating their own atmosphere;

As sitting in a church we hear  
Between the verses of the psalm  
The organ playing soft and clear,  
Or thundering on the startled ear.

### THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

#### THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

##### I.

AT Straalsund, by the Baltic Sea,  
Within the sandy bar,  
At sunset of a summer's day,  
Ready for sea, at anchor lay  
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the  
waves,  
And played along her side;  
And through the cabin windows  
streamed  
In ripples of golden light, that  
seemed  
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his  
friends,

Old skippers brown and hale,  
Who smoked and grumbled o'er  
their grog,  
And talked of iceberg and of fog,  
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn  
About Klaboterman,  
The Kobold of the sea; a spright  
Invisible to mortal sight,  
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the  
hold,  
Sometimes upon the mast,  
Sometimes abeam, sometimes  
abaft,  
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,  
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,  
And toiled with jovial din;  
He helped them hoist and reef the  
sails,

He helped them stow the casks  
and bales,

And heave the anchor in.

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

But woe unto the lazy louts,  
The idlers of the crew;  
Them to torment was his delight,  
And worry them by day and  
night,  
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes  
Klaboterman behold.  
It is a certain sign of death!—  
The cabin-boy here held his breath,  
He felt his blood run cold.

### II.

THE jolly skipper paused awhile,  
And then again began;  
'There is a Spectre Ship,' quoth  
he,  
'A ship of the Dead that sails the  
sea,  
And is called the Carmilhan.

'A ghostly ship, with a ghostly  
crew,  
In tempests she appears;  
And before the gale, or against the  
gale,  
She sails without a rag of sail,  
Without a helmsman steers.

'She haunts the Atlantic north and  
south,  
But mostly the mid-sea,  
Where three great rocks rise bleak  
and bare  
Like furnace-chimneys in the air,  
And are called the Chimneys  
Three.

'And ill betide the luckless ship  
That meets the Carmilhan;  
Over her decks the seas will leap,  
She must go down into the deep,  
And perish mouse and man.'

The captain of the Valdemar  
Laughed loud with merry heart.  
'I should like to see this ship,'  
said he;  
'I should like to find these Chim-  
neys Three,  
That are marked down in the  
chart.

'I have sailed right over the spot,'  
he said,  
'With a good stiff breeze behind,  
When the sea was blue, and the  
sky was clear,—  
You can follow my course by these  
pin-holes here,—  
And never a rock could find.'

And then he swore a dreadful oath,  
He swore by the Kingdoms  
Three,  
That, should he meet the Carmil-  
han,  
He would run her down, although  
he ran  
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro,  
The cabin-boy had heard;  
He lingered at the door to hear,  
And drank in all with greedy  
ear,  
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,  
But of a roving mind.  
'O, it must be like heaven,' thought  
he,  
'Those far-off foreign lands to  
see,  
And fortune seek and find!'

But in the fo'castle, when he heard  
The mariners blaspheme,  
He thought of home, he thought of  
God,  
And his mother under the church-  
yard sod,  
And wished it were a dream.



## The Ballad of Carmilhan.

One friend on board that ship had  
he ;

'Twas the Klaboterman,  
Who saw the Bible in his chest,  
And made a sign upon his breast,  
All evil things to ban.

### III.

THE cabin windows have grown  
blank

As eyeballs of the dead :  
No more the glancing sunbeams  
burn  
On the gilt letters of the stern,  
But on the figure-head ;

On Valdemar Victorious,  
Who looketh with disdain  
To see his image in the tide  
Dismembered float from side to  
side,  
And reunite again.

'It is the wind,' those skippers  
said,  
'That swings the vessel so ;  
It is the wind ; it freshens fast,  
'Tis time to say farewell at last,  
'Tis time for us to go.'

They shook the captain by the  
hand,  
'Good luck ! good luck !' they  
cried ;

Each face was like the setting sun,  
As, broad and red, they one by one  
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon  
rose,  
Serene o'er field and flood ;  
And all the winding creeks and  
bays  
And broad sea-meadows seemed  
ablaze,—  
The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and  
fair,  
As fair as wind could be ;  
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,  
With all sail set, the Valdemar  
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky  
As one who walks in dreams ;  
A tower of marble in her light,  
A wall of black, a wall of white,  
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast  
The lights begin to burn ;  
And now, uplifted high in air,  
They kindle with a fiercer glare,  
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,  
The sea is all around ;  
Then on each hand low hills of sand  
Emerge and form another land ;  
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack  
She flitteth like a ghost :  
By day and night, by night and day,  
She bounds, she flies upon her way  
Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,  
Cape Finisterre is past ;  
Into the open ocean stream  
She floats, the vision of a dream  
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet  
There is no land in sight ;  
The liquid planets overhead  
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,  
And longer stays the night.

### IV.

AND now along the horizon's edge  
Mountains of cloud uprose,  
Black as with forests underneath,  
Above their sharp and jagged teeth  
Were white as drifted snows.

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,  
But flushed each snowy peak  
A little while with rosy light  
That faded slowly from the sight  
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all  
black;

The clouds were everywhere ;  
There was a feeling of suspense  
In nature, a mysterious sense  
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar  
Was still as still could be ;  
Save when the dismal ship-bell  
told,

As ever and anon she rolled,  
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck  
Went striding to and fro ;  
Now watched the compass at the  
wheel,

Now lifted up his hand to feel  
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,  
And now upon the deep ;  
In every fibre of his frame  
He felt the storm before it came,  
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,  
With a great rush of rain,  
Making the ocean white with  
spume,

In darkness like the day of doom,  
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud  
to cloud,

And rent the sky in two ;  
A jagged flame, a single jet  
Of white fire, like a bayonet,  
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,  
And blacker than before ;  
But in that single flash of light  
He had beheld a fearful sight,  
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the  
Dead,

The ghostly Carmilhan !  
Her masts were stripped, her yards  
were bare,  
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,  
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck  
Or clambering up the shrouds ;  
The boatswain's whistle, the cap-  
tain's hail,  
Were like the piping of the gale,  
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan  
There rose up from the sea,  
As from a foundered ship of stone,  
Three bare and splintered masts  
alone :

They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar  
And leaped into the dark ;  
A denser mist, a colder blast,  
A little shudder, and she had passed  
Right through the Phantom  
Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy  
hulk,  
But cleft it unaware ;  
As when, careering to her nest,  
The sea-gull severs with her breast  
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again  
They saw the Carmilhan,  
Whole as before in hull and spar :  
But now on board of the Valdemar  
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was  
sealed ;  
They knew that death was near ;  
Some prayed who never prayed  
before,  
And some they wept, and some  
they swore,  
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,  
And louder than wind or sea  
A cry burst from the crew on deck,  
As she dashed and crashed, a  
hopeless wreck,  
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed,  
the light  
To streak the east began;  
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,  
Survived the wreck, and only he,  
To tell of the Carmilhan.

INTERLUDE.

WHEN the long murmur of applause  
That greeted the Musician's lay  
Had slowly buzzed itself away,  
And the long talk of Spectre Ships  
That followed died upon their lips  
And came unto a natural pause,  
'These tales you tell are one and

all  
Of the Old World,' the Poet said,  
'Flowers gathered from a crumbling  
wall,

Dead leaves that rustle as they  
fall;

Let me present you in their stead  
Something of our New England  
earth,

A tale which, though of no great  
worth,

Has still this merit, that it yields  
A certain freshness of the fields,  
A sweetness as of home-made  
bread.'

The Student answered: 'Be dis-  
creet;

For if the flour be fresh and sound,  
And if the bread be light and  
sweet,

Who careth in what mill 'twas  
ground,

Or of what oven felt the heat,

Unless, as old Cervantes said,  
You are looking after better bread  
Than any that is made of wheat?  
You know that people nowadays  
To what is old give little praise;  
All must be new in prose and verse:  
They want hot bread, or something  
worse,  
Fresh every morning, and half  
baked;  
The wholesome bread of yesterday,  
Too stale for them, is thrown away,  
Nor is their thirst with water slaked.'

As oft we see the sky in May  
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,  
The Poet's face, before so gay,  
Was clouded with a look of pain,  
But suddenly brightened up again;  
And without further let or stay  
He told his tale of yesterday.

THE POET'S TALE.

LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and some-  
thing more,

In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at  
her tavern door,

Neat as a pin, and blooming as a  
rose,

Stood Mistress Stavers in her  
furbelows,

Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking  
nine.

Above her head, resplendent on  
the sign,

The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,  
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,

Surveyed at leisure all her varied  
charms,

Her cap, her bodice, her white  
folded arms,

And half resolved, though he was  
past his prime,

And rather damaged by the lapse  
of time,  
To fall down at her feet, and to  
declare  
The passion that had driven him  
to despair.  
For from his lofty station he had  
seen  
Stavers, her husband, dressed in  
bottle-green,  
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach,  
four in hand,  
Down the long lane, and out into  
the land,  
And knew that he was far upon  
the way  
To Ipswich and to Boston on the  
Bay!

Just then the meditations of the  
Earl  
Were interrupted by a little girl,  
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected  
hair,  
Eyes full of laughter, neck and  
shoulders bare,  
A thin slip of a girl, like a new  
moon,  
Sure to be rounded into beauty  
soon,  
A creature men would worship and  
adore,  
Though now in mean habiliments  
she bore  
A pail of water, dripping, through  
the street,  
And bathing, as she went, her naked  
feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of  
grace,—  
The slender form, the delicate, thin  
face;  
The swaying motion, as she hurried  
by;  
The shining feet, the laughter in  
her eye,  
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed  
and glanced,

As in her pail the shifting sunbeam  
danced :  
And with uncommor feelings of  
delight  
The Earl of Halifax beheld the  
sight.  
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard  
her say  
These words, or thought he did, as  
plain as day :  
'O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare  
you go  
About the town half dressed, and  
looking so!'  
At which the gipsy laughed, and  
straight replied :  
'No matter how I look; I yet shall  
ride  
In my own chariot, ma'am.' And  
on the child  
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,  
As with her heavy burden she  
passed on,  
Looked back, then turned the corner,  
and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable  
day,  
Arrested his attention was a gay  
And brilliant equipage, that flashed  
and spun,  
The silver harness glittering in the  
sun,  
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and  
lank,  
Pounding the saddles as they rose  
and sank,  
While all alone within the chariot  
sat  
A portly person with three-cornered  
hat,  
A crimson velvet coat, head high  
in air,  
Gold-headed cane, and nicely pow-  
dered hair,  
And diamond buckles sparkling at  
his knees,  
Dignified, stately, florid, much at  
ease.

## Lady Wentworth.

Onward the pageant swept, and as  
it passed,  
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied  
low and fast ;  
For this was Governor Wentworth,  
driving down  
To Little Harbour, just beyond the  
town,  
Where his Great House stood  
looking out to sea,  
A goodly place, where it was good  
to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode  
Near and yet hidden from the great  
high-road,  
Sequestered among trees, a noble  
pile,  
Baronial and colonial in its style ;  
Gables and dormer-windows every-  
where,  
And stacks of chimneys rising high  
in air,—  
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds  
that blew  
Made mournful music the whole  
winter through.  
Within, unwonted splendours met  
the eye,  
Panels, and floors of oak, and  
tapestry ;  
Carved chimney-pieces, where on  
brazen dogs  
Revelled and roared the Christmas  
fires of logs ;  
Doors opening into darkness un-  
aware,  
Mysterious passages, and flights of  
stairs ;  
And on the walls, in heavy gilded  
frames,  
The ancestral Wentworths with  
Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the  
great man dwelt,  
A widower and childless ; and he  
felt

The loneliness, the uncongenial  
gloom,  
That like a presence haunted every  
room ;  
For though not given to weakness,  
he could feel  
The pain of wounds, that ache  
because they heal.

The years came and the years  
went,—seven in all,  
And passed in cloud and sunshine  
o'er the Hall ;  
The dawns their splendour through  
its chambers shed,  
The sunsets flushed its western  
windows red ;  
The snow was on its roofs, the  
wind, the rain ;  
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare  
again ;  
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs  
bloomed and died,  
In the broad river ebbd and flowed  
the tide,  
Ships went to sea, and ships came  
home from sea,  
And the slow years sailed by and  
ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha  
Hilton served  
In the Great House, not wholly un-  
observed :  
By day, by night, the silver crescent  
grew,  
Though hidden by clouds, her  
light still shining through ;  
A maid of all work, whether coarse  
or fine,  
A servant who made service seem  
divine !  
Through her each room was fair to  
look upon ;  
The mirrors glistened, and the  
brasses shone,  
The very knocker on the outer door,  
If she but passed, was brighter  
than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of  
the mill  
Of Time, that never for an hour  
stands still,  
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth  
birthday,  
And powdered his brown hair with  
silver-gray.  
The robin, the forerunner of the  
spring,  
The bluebird with his jocund carol-  
ing,  
The restless swallows building in  
the eaves,  
The golden buttercups, the grass,  
the leaves,  
The lilacs tossing in the winds of  
May,  
All welcomed this majestic holi-  
day !  
He gave a splendid banquet, served  
on plate,  
Such as became the Governor of  
the State,  
Who represented England and the  
King,  
And was magnificent in every-  
thing.  
He had invited all his friends and  
peers, —  
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and  
the Lears,  
The Sparhawks, the Penhalls,  
and the rest ;  
For why repeat the name of every  
guest ?  
But I must mention one, in bands  
and gown,  
The rector there, the Reverend  
Arthur Brown  
Of the Established Church ; with  
smiling face  
He sat beside the Governor and  
said grace ;  
And then the feast went on, as  
others do,  
But ended as none other I e'er  
knew.

When they had drunk the King,  
with many a cheer,  
The Governor whispered in a ser-  
vant's ear,  
Who disappeared, and presently  
there stood  
Within the room, in perfect woman-  
hood,  
A maiden, modest and yet self-  
possessed,  
Youthful and beautiful, and simply  
dressed.  
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It  
must be !  
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other  
she !  
Dowered with the beauty of her  
twenty years,  
How ladylike, how queenlike she  
appears ;  
The pale, thin crescent of the days  
gone by  
Is Dian now in all her majesty !  
Yet scarce a guest perceived that  
she was there,  
Until the Governor, rising from his  
chair,  
P'layed slightly with his ruffles, then  
looked down,  
And said unto the Reverend Arthur  
Brown :  
'This is my birthday : it shall like-  
wise be  
My wedding-day ; and you shall  
marry me !'  
  
The listening guests were greatly  
mystified,  
None more so than the rector, who  
replied :  
'Marry you ? Yes, that were a  
pleasant task,  
Your Excellency ; but to whom ? I  
ask.'  
The Governor answered : 'To this  
lady here ;'  
And beckoned Martha Hilton to  
draw near.

## The Legend Beautiful.

She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.

The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:

'This is the lady; do you hesitate? Then I command you as Chief Magistrate.'

The rector read the service loud and clear:

'Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,'

And so on to the end. At his command

On the fourth finger of her fair left hand

The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:

Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

I told last night, and wish almost It had remained untold, my friends; For Torquemada's awful ghost

Came to me in the dreams I dreamed, And in the darkness glared and gleamed

Like a great lighthouse on the coast.'

The Student laughing said: 'Far more

Like to some dismal fire of bale Flaring portentous on a hill;

Or torches lighted on a shore By wreckers in a midnight gale.

No matter; be it as you will, Only go forward with your tale.'

### INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased the audience heard the tale.

The Theologian said: 'Indeed, To praise you there is little need; One almost hears the farmer's flail Thresh out your wheat, nor does there fail

A certain freshness, as you said, And sweetness as of home-made bread.

But not less sweet and not less fresh Are many legends that I know, Writ by the monks of long-ago, Who loved to mortify the flesh, So that the soul might purer grow, And rise to a diviner state; And one of these—perhaps of all Most beautiful—I now recall, And with permission will narrate; Hoping thereby to make amends For that grim tragedy of mine, As strong and black as Spanish wine,

### THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

#### THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

'HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!'

That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone, Kneeling on the floor of stone, Prayed the Monk in deep contrition For his sins of indecision, Prayed for greater self-denial In temptation and in trial; It was noonday by the dial, And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened, An unwonted splendour brightened All within him and without him In that narrow cell of stone; And he saw the Blessed Vision Of our Lord, with light Elysian Like a vesture wrapped about him, Like a garment round him thrown. Not as crucified and slain, Not in agonies of pain,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see ;  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest-field,  
Halt and lame and blind he healed,  
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that  
reignest,  
Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
To reveal thyself to me ?  
Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor  
With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before.  
It was now the appointed hour  
When alike in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;  
And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration ;  
Should he go, or should he stay ?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away ?  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight this visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial

Beggars at the convent gate ?  
Would the Vision there remain ?  
Would the Vision come again ?  
Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear  
As if to the outward ear :  
' Do thy duty ; that is best ;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! '

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by ;  
Grown familiar with disfavour,  
Grown familiar with the savour  
Of the bread by which men die !  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure ;  
What we see not, what we see ;  
And the inward voice was saying :  
' Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me ! '

Unto me ! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,



## The Baron of St. Castine.

As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face,  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck  
feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
'Hadst thou stayed, I must have  
fled !'

### INTERLUDE.

ALL praised the Legend more or  
less ;  
Some liked the moral, some the  
verse ;  
Some thought it better, and some  
worse  
Than other legends of the past ;  
Until, with ill-concealed distress  
At all their cavilling, at last  
The Theologian gravely said :  
'The Spanish proverb, then, is  
right ;  
Consult your friends on what you do,  
And one will say that it is white,  
And others say that it is red.'  
And 'Amen !' quoth the Spanish  
Jew.

'Six stories told ! We must have  
seven,  
A cluster like the Pleiades,  
And lo ! it happens, as with these,  
That one is missing from our  
heaven.

Where is the Landlord ? Bring  
him here ;  
Let the Lost Pleiad reappear.'

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went  
Forthwith to seek his missing star,  
But did not find him in the bar,  
A place that landlords most fre-  
quent,  
Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,  
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall ;  
It was in vain to ask or call,  
There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast  
head,

Exclaiming : 'Well, our bashful  
host

Hath surely given up the ghost.  
Another proverb says the dead  
Can tell no tales ; and that is true.  
It follows, then, that one of you  
Must tell a story in his stead.  
You must,' he to the Student said,  
'Who know so many of the best,  
And tell them better than the rest.'

Straight, by these flattering words  
beguiled,

The Student, happy as a child  
When he is called a little man,  
Assumed the double task imposed,  
And without more ado unclosed  
His smiling lips, and thus began.

### THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE.

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine  
Has left his chateau in the Pyrenees,  
And sailed across the western seas.  
When he went away from his fair  
demesne  
The birds were building, the woods  
were green ;

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And now the winds of winter blow  
Round the turrets of the old château,  
The birds are silent and unseen,  
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,  
And the Pyrenees are white with  
snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,  
Sits by the fireside day by day,  
Thinking ever one thought of care ;  
Through the southern windows,  
narrow and tall,  
The sun shines into the ancient  
hall,  
And makes a glory round his hair.  
The house-dog, stretched beneath  
his chair,  
Groans in his sleep as if in pain,  
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps  
again,  
So silent is it everywhere,—  
So silent you can hear the mouse  
Run and rummage along the beams  
Behind the wainscot of the wall ;  
And the old man rouses from his  
dreams,  
And wanders restless through the  
house,  
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor  
Of a distant passage, and pause  
awhile ;  
He is standing by an open door  
Looking long, with a sad, sweet  
smile,  
Into the room of his absent son.  
There is the bed on which he lay,  
There are the pictures bright and  
gay,  
Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas ;  
There are his powder-flask and gun,  
And his hunting-knives in shape of  
a fan ;  
The chair by the window where he  
sat,  
With the clouded tiger-skin for a  
mat,

Looking out on the Pyrenees,  
Looking out on Mount Marboré  
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.  
Ah me ! he turns away and sighs ;  
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,  
Wind or rain or starry heaven,  
Just as the clock is striking seven,  
Those who look from the windows  
see  
The village Curate, with lantern  
and maid,  
Come through the gateway from  
the park  
And cross the courtyard damp and  
dark,—  
A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he  
stands,  
His voice is cheery. his heart ex-  
pands,  
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze  
Of the fire of fagots, about old days.  
And Cardinal Mazarin and the  
Fronde,  
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and  
fond,  
And what they did, and what they  
said,  
When they heard his Eminence was  
dead.

And after a pause the old man  
says,  
His mind still coming back again  
To the one sad thought that haunts  
his brain,  
'Are there any tidings from over  
sea ?  
Ah, why has that wild boy gone  
from me ?'  
And the Curate answers, looking  
down,  
Harmless and docile as a lamb,  
'Young blood ! young blood ! It  
must so be !'

## The Baron of St. Castine.

And draws from the pocket of his  
gown  
A handkerchief like an oriflamb,  
And wipes his spectacles, and they  
play  
Their little game of lansquenet  
In silence for an hour or so,  
Till the clock at nine strikes loud  
and clear  
From the village lying asleep below,  
And across the courtyard, into the  
dark  
Of the winding pathway in the  
park,  
Curate and lantern disappear,  
And darkness reigns in the old  
château.

The ship has come back from over  
sea,

She has been signalled from below,  
And into the harbour of Bordeaux  
She sails with her gallant company.  
But among them is nowhere seen  
The brave young Baron of St.  
Castine;  
He hath tarried behind, I ween.  
In the beautiful land of Acadie !

And the father paces to and fro  
Through the chambers of the old  
château,  
Waiting, waiting to hear the hum  
Of wheels on the road that runs  
below,  
Of servants hurrying here and  
there,  
The voice in the courtyard, the step  
on the stair,  
Waiting for some one who doth not  
come !  
But letters there are, which the old  
man reads  
To the Curate, when he comes at  
night,  
Word by word, as an acolyte  
Repeats his prayers and tells his  
beads ;

Letters full of the rolling sea,  
Full of a young man's joy to be  
Abroad in the world, alone and free;  
Full of adventures and wonderful  
scenes,  
Of hunting the deer through forests  
vast  
In the royal grant of Pierre du  
Gast ;  
Of nights in the tents of the  
Tarratines ;  
Of Madocawando the Indian chief,  
And his daughters, glorious as  
queens,  
And beautiful beyond belief ;  
And so soft the tones of their native  
tongue,  
The words are not spoken, they are  
sung !

And the Curate listens, and smiling  
says :

' Ah yes, dear friend ! in our young  
days

We should have liked to hunt the  
deer

All day amid those forest scenes,  
And to sleep in the tents of the  
Tarratines ;

But now it is better sitting here  
Within four walls, and without the  
fear

Of losing our hearts to Indian  
queens ;

For man is fire and woman is tow,  
And the Somebody comes and  
begins to blow.

Then a gleam of distrust and vague  
surmise

Shines in the father's gentle eyes,  
As firelight on a window-pane  
Glimmers and vanishes again ;  
But naught he answers ; he only  
sighs,

And for a moment bows his head ;  
Then, as their custom is, they play  
Their little game of lansquenet,  
And another day is with the dead.

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Another day, and many a day  
And many a week and month  
depart,

When a fatal letter wings its way  
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,  
And strikes and tears the old man's  
heart.

Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,  
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,  
Has married a dusky Tarratine,  
Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's  
hand;

Though the sinews of his heart are  
wrung,

He utters no cry, he breathes no  
prayer,

No malediction falls from his  
tongue;

But his stately figure, erect and  
grand,

Bends and sinks like a column of  
sand

In the whirlwind of his great  
despair.

Dying, yes, dying! His latest  
breath

Of parley at the door of death  
Is a blessing on his wayward son.

Lower and lower on his breast  
Sinks his gray head; he is at rest;

No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château  
Lies tenantless and desolate;

Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,  
About its gables caws the crow;

Only the porter at the gate  
Is left to guard it, and to wait

The coming of the rightful heir;  
No other life or sound is there;

No more the Curate comes at  
night,

No more is seen the unsteady light,  
Threading the alleys of the park;

The windows of the hall are dark,  
The chambers dreary, cold, and

bare!

At length, at last, when the winter  
is past,

And birds are building, and woods  
are green,

With flying skirts is the Curate  
seen

Speeding along the woodland way,  
Humming gaily, 'No day is so

long  
But it comes at last to vesper-song.'

He stops at the porter's lodge to  
say

That at last the Baron of St.  
Castine

Is coming home with his Indian  
queen,

Is coming without a week's delay;  
And all the house must be swept

and clean,  
And all things set in good array!

And the solemn porter shakes his  
head;

And the answer he makes is:  
'Lackaday!

We will see, as the blind man  
said!'

Alert since first the day began,  
The cock upon the village church

Looks northward from his airy  
perch,

As if beyond the ken of man  
To see the ships come sailing on,

And pass the Isle of Oléron,  
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.

In the church below is cold in clay  
The heart that would have leaped

for joy—  
O tender heart of truth and trust!—

To see the coming of that day;  
In the church below the lips are

dust;  
Dust are the hands, and dust the

feet,  
That would have been so swift to

meet  
The coming of that wayward boy.

## The Baron of St. Castine.

At night the front of the old château  
Is a blaze of light above and below ;  
There's a sound of wheels and  
hoofs in the street,  
A cracking of whips, and scamper  
of feet,  
Bells are ringing, and horns are  
blown,  
And the Baron hath come again to  
his own.

The Curate is waiting in the hall,  
Most eager and alive of all  
To welcome the Baron and  
Baroness ;

But his mind is full of vague  
distress,

For he hath read in Jesuit books  
Of those children of the wilderness,  
And now, good, simple man ! he  
looks

To see a painted savage stride  
Into the room, with shoulders bare,  
And eagle feathers in her hair,  
And around her a robe of panther's  
hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret  
shame

A form of beauty undefined,  
A loveliness without a name,  
Not of degree, but more of kind ;  
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,  
But a new mingling of them all.  
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,  
Transfigured and transfused, he  
sees

The lady of the Pyrenees,  
The daughter of the Indian chief.

Beneath the shadow of her hair  
The gold-bronze colour of the skin  
Seems lighted by a fire within,  
As when a burst of sunlight shines  
Beneath a sombre grove of pines,—  
A dusky splendour in the air.

The two small hands, that now are  
pressed

In his, seem made to be caressed,

They lie so warm and soft and still,  
Like birds half hidden in a nest,  
Trustful, and innocent of ill.

And ah ! he cannot believe his ears  
When her melodious voice he hears  
Speaking his native Gascon tongue ;  
The words she utters seem to be  
Part of some poem of Goudouli,  
They are not spoken, they are sung !  
And the Baron smiles, and says,

'You see,  
I told you but the simple truth ;  
Ah, you may trust the eyes of  
youth !'

Down in the village day by day  
The people gossip in their way,  
And stare to see the Baroness pass  
On Sunday morning to early Mass ;  
And when she kneeleth down to  
pray,

They wonder, and whisper to-  
gether, and say,

'Surely this is no heathen lass !'  
And in course of time they learn to  
bless

The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate  
learns

A secret so dreadful, that by turns  
He is ice and fire, he freezes and  
burns.

The Baron at confession hath said,  
That though this woman be his  
wife,

He hath wed her as the Indians  
wed,

He hath bought her for a gun and  
a knife !

And the Curate replies : 'O pro-  
fligate,

O Prodigal Son ! return once more  
To the open arms and the open  
door

Of the Church, or ever it be too late.  
Thank God, thy father did not live  
To see what he could not forgive ;

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

On thee, so reckless and perverse,  
He left his blessing, not his curse.  
But the nearer the dawn the darker  
the night,  
And by going wrong all things come  
right ;  
Things have been mended that  
were worse,  
And the worse, the nearer they are  
to mend.  
For the sake of the living and the  
dead,  
Thou shalt be wed as Christians  
wed,  
And all things come to a happy  
end.'

O sun, that followest the night,  
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,  
And pourest thine impartial light  
Alike on mountain and on moor,  
Pause for a moment in thy course,  
And bless the bridegroom and the  
bride !  
O Gave, that from thy hidden  
source  
In yon mysterious mountain-side  
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,  
And leaping down its steps of  
stone,  
Along the meadow-lands demure  
Stealest away to the Adour,  
Pause for a moment in thy course  
To bless the bridegroom and the  
bride !

The choir is singing the matin song,  
The doors of the church are opened  
wide,  
The people crowd, and press, and  
throng  
To see the bridegroom and the  
bride.  
They enter and pass along the  
nave ;  
They stand upon the father's  
grave ;  
The bells are ringing soft and  
slow ;

The living above and the dead  
below  
Give their blessing on one and  
twain ;  
The warm wind blows from the  
hills of Spain,  
The birds are building, the leaves  
are green,  
And Baron Castine of St. Castine  
Hath come at last to his own again.

### FINALE.

'*Nunc plaudite*.' the Student  
cried,  
When he had finished ; ' now ap-  
plaud,  
As Roman actors used to say  
At the conclusion of a play ;'  
And rose, and spread his hands  
abroad,  
And smiling bowed from side to  
side,  
As one who bears the palm away.  
And generous was the applause and  
loud,  
But less for him than for the sun,  
That even as the tale was done  
Burst from its canopy of cloud,  
And lit the landscape with the blaze  
Of afternoon on autumn days,  
And filled the room with light, and  
made  
The fire of logs a painted shade.  
A sudden wind from out the west  
Blew all its trumpets loud and  
shrill ;  
The windows rattled with the blast,  
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,  
And straight, as if by fear  
possessed,  
The cloud encampment on the hill  
Broke up, and fluttering flag and  
tent  
Vanished into the firmament,

## Prelude.

And down the valley fled again  
The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky  
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow  
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,  
Was heaped together, vast and  
high,  
On which a shattered rainbow hung,  
Not rising like the ruined arch  
Of some aerial aqueduct.  
But like a roseate garland plucked

From an Olympian god, and flung  
Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon  
gloom,  
Like birds escaping from a snare,  
Like schoolboys at the hour of  
play,  
All left at once the pent-up room,  
And rushed into the open air;  
And no more tales were told that  
day.

## PART III.

### PRELUDE.

THE evening came; the golden  
vane

A moment in the sunset glanced.  
Then darkened, and then gleamed  
again,

As from the east the moon  
advanced

And touched it with a softer light;  
While underneath, with flowing  
mane,

Upon the sign the Red Horse  
pranced,  
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon  
That followed the dark day of rain,  
And brighter than the golden vane  
That glistened in the rising moon,  
Within the ruddy firelight  
gleamed;

And every separate window-pane,  
Backed by the outer darkness,  
showed

A mirror, where the flamelets  
gleamed

And flickered to and fro, and  
seemed

A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,  
Like an old actor on the stage,  
With the uncertain voice of age,  
The singing chimney chanted low  
The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of  
yore,

When midnight winds were in his  
hall;

A ghostly and appealing call,  
A sound of days that are no more!

And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,  
And listened to the sound, and  
knew

The passing of the airy hosts,  
The gray and misty cloud of ghosts

In their interminable flight;  
And listening muttered "in his

beard,  
With accent indistinct and weird,

"Who are ye, children of the  
Night?"

Beholding his mysterious face,  
'Tell me,' the gay Sicilian said,  
'Why was it that in breaking bread  
At supper, you bent down your head  
And, musing, paused a little space,  
As one who says a silent grace?'

The Jew replied, with solemn air,  
'I said the Manichæan's prayer.  
It was his faith,—perhaps is  
mine,—

That life in all its forms is one,  
And that its secret conduits run  
Unseen, but in unbroken line,  
From the great fountain-head  
divine,

Through man and beast, through  
grain and grass.

Howe'er we struggle, strive, and  
cry,

From death there can be no escape,  
And no escape from life, alas !  
Because we cannot die, but pass  
From one into another shape :  
It is but into life we die.

'Therefore the Manichæan said  
This simple prayer on breaking  
bread,

Lest he with hasty hand or knife  
Might wound the incarcerated life,  
The soul in things that we call dead:  
"I did not reap thee, did not bind  
thee,

I did not thrash thee, did not grind  
thee,

Nor did I in the oven bake thee !  
It was not I, it was another  
Did these things unto thee, O  
brother ;

I only have thee, hold thee, break  
thee ! "'

'That birds have souls I can con-  
cede,'

The poet cried, with glowing  
cheeks ;

'The flocks that from their beds of  
reed

Uprising north or southward fly,  
And flying write upon the sky  
The biforked letter of the Greeks,  
As hath been said by Rucellai ;  
All birds that sing or chirp or cry,  
Even those migratory bands,  
The minor poets of the air,

The plover, peep, and sanderling,  
That hardly can be said to sing,  
But pipe along the barren sands,—  
All these have souls akin to ours ;  
So hath the lovely race of flowers :  
Thus much I grant, but nothing  
more.

The rusty hinges of a door  
Are not alive because they creak ;  
This chimney, with its dreary roar,  
These rattling windows, do not  
speak !'

'To me they speak,' the Jew  
replied ;

'And in the sounds that sink and  
soar,

I hear the voices of a tide  
That breaks upon an unknown  
shore !'

Here the Sicilian interfered :

'That was your dream, then, as you  
dozed

A moment since, with eyes half-  
closed,

And murmured something in your  
beard.'

The Hebrew smiled, and answered,  
'Nay ;

Not that, but something very near ;  
Like, and yet not the same, may  
seem

The vision of my waking dream ;  
Before it wholly dies away,  
Listen to me, and you shall hear.'



## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

AZRAEL.

KING SOLOMON, before his palace  
gate

At evening, on the pavement tes-  
sellate

Was walking with a stranger from  
the East,

Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,



The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned  
man,  
And Rajah of the realms of Hindo-  
dostan.  
And as they walked the guest  
became aware  
Of a white figure in the twilight air.  
Gazing intent, as one who with  
surprise  
His form and features seemed to  
recognise ;  
And in a whisper to the king he  
said :  
‘What is yon shape, that, pallid as  
the dead,  
Is watching me, as if he sought to  
trace  
In the dim light the features of my  
face ?’

The king looked, and replied : ‘ I  
know him well ;  
It is the Angel men call Azrael,  
’Tis the Death Angel ; what hast  
thou to fear ?’  
And the guest answered : ‘ Lest he  
should come near.  
And speak to me, and take away  
my breath !  
Save me from Azrael, save me from  
death ;  
O king, that hast dominion o’er the  
wind,  
Bid it arise and bear me hence to  
Ind.’

The king gazed upward at the  
cloudless sky,  
Whispered a word, and raised his  
hand on high,  
And lo ! the signet-ring of chryso-  
prase  
On his uplifted finger seemed to  
blaze  
With hidden fire, and rushing from  
the west  
There came a mighty wind, and  
seized the guest

And lifted him from earth, and on  
they passed,  
His shining garments streaming in  
the blast.  
A silken banner o’er the walls up-  
reared,  
A purple cloud, that gleamed and  
disappeared.  
Then said the Angel, smiling : ‘ If  
this man  
Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindo-  
stan,  
Thou hast done well in listening to  
his prayer ;  
I was upon my way to seek him  
there.’



### INTERLUDE.

‘ O EDREHI, forbear to-night  
Your ghostly legends of affright,  
And let the Talmud rest in peace ;  
Spare us your dismal tales of death  
That almost take away one’s breath ;  
So doing, may your tribe increase.’

Thus the Sicilian said ; then went  
And on the spinet’s rattling keys  
Played Marianina, like a breeze  
From Naples and the Southern  
seas,  
That brings us the delicious scent  
Of citron and of orange trees,  
And memories of soft days of ease  
At Capri and Amalfi spent.

‘ Not so,’ the eager Poet said ;  
‘ At least, not so before I tell  
The story of my Azrael,  
An angel mortal as ourselves,  
Which in an ancient tome I found  
Upon a convent’s dusty shelves,  
Chained with an iron chain, and  
bound  
In parchment, and with clasps of  
brass,

Lest from its prison, some dark day,  
It might be stolen or steal away,  
While the good friars were singing  
mass.

'It is a tale of Charlemagne,  
When like a thunder-cloud, that  
lowers  
And sweeps from mountain-crest  
to coast,  
With lightning flaming through its  
showers,  
He swept across the Lombard plain,  
Beleaguering with his warlike train  
Pavia, the country's pride and  
boast,  
The City of the Hundred Towers.'  
Thus heralded the tale began,  
And thus in sober measure ran.

### THE POET'S TALE.

#### CHARLEMAGNE.

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,  
King of the Lombards, on a lofty  
tower  
Stood gazing northward o'er the  
rolling plains,  
League after league of harvests, to  
the foot  
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw  
approach  
A mighty army, thronging all the  
roads  
That led into the city. And the  
King  
Said unto Olger, who had passed  
his youth  
As hostage at the court of France,  
and knew  
The Emperor's form and face :  
'Is Charlemagne  
Among that host?' And Olger  
answered : 'No.'

And still the innumerable multitude  
Flowed onward and increased, until  
the King

Cried in amazement : 'Surely  
Charlemagne

Is coming in the midst of all these  
knights !'

And Olger answered slowly : 'No ;  
not yet ;

He will not come so soon.' Then  
much disturbed

King Desiderio asked : 'What  
shall we do,

If he approach with a still greater  
army ?'

And Olger answered : 'When he  
shall appear,

You will behold what manner of  
man he is :

But what will then befall us I know  
not.'

Then came the guard that never  
knew repose,

The Paladins of France ; and at  
the sight

The Lombard King o'ercome with  
terror cried :

'This must be Charlemagne !' and  
as before

Did Olger answer : 'No ; not yet,  
not yet.'

And then appeared in panoply  
complete

The Bishops and the Abbots and  
the Priests

Of the imperial chapel, and the  
Counts ;

And Desiderio could no more en-  
dure

The light of day, nor yet encounter  
death,

But sobbed aloud and said : 'Let  
us go down

And hide us in the bosom of the  
earth,

Far from the sight and anger of  
a foe

## Charlemagne.

So terrible as this !' And Olger said :

'When you behold the harvests in the fields

Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino

Lashing the city walls with iron waves,

Then may you know that Charlemagne is come.'

And even as he spake, in the north-west,

Lo ! there uprose a black and threatening cloud,

Out of whose bosom flashed the light of arms

Upon the people pent up in the city ;  
A light more terrible than any darkness ;

And Charlemagne appeared ;— a Man of Iron !

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves

Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves

And tassets were of iron, and his shield.

In his left hand he held an iron spear,

In his right hand his sword invincible.

The horse he rode on had the strength of iron,

And colour of iron. All who went before him,

Beside him and behind him, his whole host,

Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them

Were stronger than the armour that they wore.

The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,

And points of iron glistened in the sun

And shed a terror through the city streets.

This at a single glance Olger the Dane

Saw from the tower, and turning to the King

Exclaimed in haste : ' Behold ! this is the man

You looked for with such eagerness ! ' and then

Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.



### INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased all listened to the tale,

That drew, the Student said, its pith

And marrow from the ancient myth Of some one with an iron flail ;

Or that portentous Man of Brass Hephæstus made in days of yore,

Who stalked about the Cretan shore,

And saw the ships appear and pass, And threw stones at the Argonauts,

Being filled with indiscriminate ire That tangled and perplexed his

thoughts ; But, like a hospitable host,

When strangers landed on the coast, Heated himself red-hot with fire,

And hugged them in his arms, and pressed

Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered : ' No, not thus The legend rose ; it sprang at first

Out of the hunger and the thirst In all men for the marvellous.

And thus it filled and satisfied The imagination of mankind,

And this ideal to the mind Was truer than historic fact.

Fancy enlarged and multiplied The terrors of the awful name

Of Charlemagne, till he became Armipotent in every act,

And, clothed in mystery, appeared  
Not what men saw, but what they  
feared.

Besides, unless my memory fail,  
Your some one with an iron flail  
Is not an ancient myth at all,  
But comes much later on the  
scene

As Talus in the Faerie Queene,  
The iron groom of Artegall,  
Who threshed out falsehood and  
deceit,

And truth upheld, and righted  
wrong,

As was, as is the swallow, fleet,  
And as the lion is, was strong.'

The Theologian said : ' Perchance  
Your chronicler in writing this  
Had in his mind the Anabasis,  
Where Xenophon describes the  
advance

Of Artaxerxes to the fight ;  
At first the low gray cloud of dust,  
And then a blackness o'er the fields  
As of a passing thunder-gust,  
Then flash of brazen armour bright,  
And ranks of men, and spears up-  
thrust,

Bowmen and troops with wicker  
shields,

And cavalry equipped in white,  
And chariots ranged in front of  
these

With scythes upon their axle-trees.'

To this the Student answered :  
' Well,

I also have a tale to tell  
Of Charlemagne ; a tale that throws  
A softer light, more tinged with  
rose,

Than your grim apparition cast  
Upon the darkness of the past.

Listen, and hear in English rhyme  
What the good Monk of Lauresheim  
Gives as the gossip of his time,  
In mediæval Latin prose.'

## THE STUDENT'S TALE.

EMMA AND EGINHARD.

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of  
Charlemagne,

In the free schools of Aix, how  
kings should reign,

And with them taught the children  
of the poor

How subjects should be patient and  
endure,

He touched the lips of some, as  
best befitted,

With honey from the hives of Holy  
Writ ;

Others intoxicated with the wine  
Of ancient history, sweet but less  
divine ;

Some with the wholesome fruits of  
grammar fed ;

Others with mysteries of the stars  
o'erhead,

That hang suspended in the vaulted  
sky

Like lamps in some fair palace vast  
and high.

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to  
see

That Saxon monk, with hood and  
rosary,

With inkhorn at his belt, and pen  
and book,

And mingled love and reverence  
in his look,

Or hear the cloister and the court  
repeat

The measured footfalls of his san-  
dalled feet,

Or watch him with the pupils of  
his school,

Gentle of speech, but absolute of  
rule.

Among them, always earliest in  
his place,

Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish  
race,

## Emma and Eginhard.

Whose face was bright with flashes  
that forerun  
The splendours of a yet unrisen  
sun.  
To him all things were possible,  
and seemed  
Not what he had accomplished,  
but had dreamed,  
And what were tasks to others were  
his play,  
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's,  
said,  
With many a shrug and shaking of  
the head,  
Surely some demon must possess  
the lad,  
Who showed more wit than ever  
schoolboy had,  
And learned his Trivium thus with-  
out the rod ;  
But Alcuin said it was the grace of  
God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-  
device,  
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhe-  
toric nice ;  
Science of Numbers, Geometric  
art,  
And lore of Stars, and Music knew  
by heart ;  
A Minnesinger, long before the  
times  
Of those who sang their love in  
Suabian rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this  
good report  
Of Eginhard much buzzed about  
the court,  
Said to himself, 'This stripling  
seems to be  
Purposely sent into the world for  
me ;  
He shall become my scribe, and  
shall be schooled

In all the arts whereby the world  
is ruled.'  
Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain  
To honour in the court of Charle-  
magne ;  
Became the sovereign's favourite,  
his right hand,  
So that his fame was great in all  
the land,  
And all men loved him for his  
modest grace  
And comeliness of figure and of  
face.  
An inmate of the palace, yet re-  
cluse,  
A man of books, yet sacred from  
abuse  
Among the armed knights with spur  
on heel,  
The tramp of horses and the clang  
of steel ;  
And as the Emperor promised he  
was schooled  
In all the arts by which the world  
is ruled.  
But the one art supreme, whose  
law is fate,  
The Emperor never dreamed of  
till too late.

Home from her convent to the  
palace came  
The lovely Princess Emma, whose  
sweet name,  
Whispered by seneschal or sung by  
bard,  
Had often touched the soul of  
Eginhard.  
He saw her from his window, as in  
state  
She came, by knights attended  
through the gate ;  
He saw her at the banquet of that  
day,  
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful  
as May ;  
He saw her in the garden, as she  
strayed

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Among the flowers of summer with her maid, And said to him, 'O Eginhard, disclose The meaning and the mystery of the rose ;' And trembling he made answer : 'In good sooth, Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!'	No more the garden lessons, nor the dark And hurried meetings in the twilight park : But now the studious lamp, and the delights Of firesides in the silent winter nights, And watching from his window hour by hour The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower.
How can I tell the signals and the signs By which one heart another heart divines? How can I tell the many thousand ways By which it keeps the secret it betrays?	At length one night, while musing by the fire, O'ercome at last by his insane desire,— For what will reckless love not do and dare?— He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair, With some feigned message in the Emperor's name ; But when he to the lady's presence came He knelt down at her feet, until she laid Her hand upon him, like a naked blade, And whispered in his ear : ' Arise, Sir Knight, To my heart's level, O my heart's delight.'
O mystery of love! O strange romance! Among the Peers and Paladins of France, Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds, Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds, The Princess Emma had no words nor looks But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.	And there he lingered till the crowing cock, The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock, Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear, To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near. And then they parted ; but at parting, lo! They saw the palace courtyard white with snow, And, placid as a nun, the moon on high
The summer passed, the autumn came ; the stalks Of lilies blackened in the garden walks ; The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red, Love-letters thought the poet fancy-led, Or Jove descending in a shower of gold Into the lap of Danae of old ; For poets cherish many a strange conceit, And love transmutes all nature by its heat.	

## Emma and Eginhard.

Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.

'Alas!' he said, 'how hide the fatal line

Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,

And none returning!' Ah, he little knew

What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares

And troubles that attend on state affairs,

Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed

Into the silent night, as one amazed To see the calm that reigned o'er

all supreme,

When his own reign was but a troubled dream.

The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,

And the white roofs, and half the court below,

And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower

Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower,—

A woman, who upon her shoulders bore

Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,

And then returned in haste, but still essayed

To tread the footprints she herself had made;

And as she passed across the lighted space,

The Emperor saw his daughter Emma's face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,

But seemed as one who hath been turned to stone;

And stood there like a statue, nor awoke

Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke,

Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,

And o'er the towers and steeples of the town

Came the gray daylight: then the sun, who took

The empire of the world with sovereign look,

Suffusing with a soft and golden glow

All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,

Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,

Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,

And kindling park and palace as he came;

The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.

And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,

Demure and modest with his comely beard

And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask,

As was his wont, the day's appointed task.

The Emperor looked upon him with a smile,

And gently said: 'My son, wait yet a while;

This hour my council meets upon some great

And very urgent business of the state.

Come back within the hour. On thy return

The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn.'

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,

He summoned straight his council, and secure

And steadfast in his purpose, from  
the throne  
All the adventure of the night made  
known ;  
Then asked for sentence ; and with  
eager breath  
Some answered banishment, and  
others death.

Then spake the king : 'Your  
sentence is not mine ;  
Life is the gift of God, and is  
divine ;  
Nor from these palace walls shall  
one depart  
Who carries such a secret in his  
heart ;  
My better judgment points another  
way.

Good Alcuin, I remember how one  
day

When my Pepino asked you, "What  
are men?"

You wrote upon his tablets with  
your pen,  
"Guests of the grave and travellers  
that pass!"

This being true of all men, we, alas!  
Being all fashioned of the selfsame  
dust,

Let us be merciful as well as just ;  
This passing traveller, who hath  
stolen away

The brightest jewel of my crown  
to-day,

Shall of himself the precious gem  
restore ;

By giving it, I make it mine once  
more.

Over those fatal footprints I will  
throw

My ermine mantle like another  
snow.'

Then Eginhard was summoned to  
the hall,  
And entered, and in presence of  
them all,

The Emperor said : 'My son, for  
thou to me  
Hast been a son, and evermore  
shalt be,  
Long hast thou served thy  
sovereign, and thy zeal  
Pleads to me with importunate  
appeal,  
While I have been forgetful to  
requite  
Thy service and affection as was  
right.  
But now the hour is come, when I,  
thy Lord,  
Will crown thy love with such  
supreme reward,  
A gift so precious kings have  
striven in vain  
To win it from the hands of  
Charlemagne.'

Then sprang the portals of the  
chamber wide,  
And Princess Emma entered, in  
the pride  
Of birth and beauty, that in part  
o'ercame  
The conscious terror and the blush  
of shame.  
And the good Emperor rose up  
from his throne,  
And taking her white hand within  
his own  
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said :  
'My son,  
This is the gift thy constant zeal  
hath won ;  
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,  
And cover up the footprints in the  
snow.'



# INTERLUDE.

THUS ran the Student's pleasant  
rhyme  
Of Eginhard and love and youth ;  
Some doubted its historic truth,



## Interlude.

But while they doubted, ne'er-  
theless  
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,  
And thanked the Monk of Laures-  
hém.

This they discussed in various  
mood;

Then in the silence that ensued  
Was heard a sharp and sudden  
sound

As of a bowstring snapped in air;  
And the Musician with a bound  
Sprang up in terror from his chair,  
And for a moment listening stood,  
Then strode across the room, and  
found

His dear, his darling violin  
Still lying safe asleep within  
Its little cradle, like a child  
That gives a sudden cry of pain,  
And wakes to fall asleep again;  
And as he looked at it and smiled,  
By the uncertain light beguiled,  
Despair! two strings were broken  
in twain.

While all lamented and made moan,  
With many a sympathetic word  
As if the loss had been their own,  
Deeming the tones they might have  
heard

Sweeter than they had heard before,  
They saw the Landlord at the door,  
The missing man, the portly Squire!  
He had not entered, but he stood  
With both arms full of seasoned  
wood,  
To feed the much-devouring fire,  
That like a lion in a cage  
Lashed its long tail and roared with  
rage.

The missing man! Ah, yes, they  
said,  
Missing, but whither had he fled?  
Where had he hidden himself  
away?  
No farther than the barn or shed;

He had not hidden himself, nor  
fled;

How should he pass the rainy day  
But in his barn with hens and hay,  
Or mending harness, cart, or sled?  
Now, having come, he needs must  
stay

And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only:  
'These

Are logs from the dead apple-trees  
Of the old orchard planted here  
By the first Howe of Sudbury.  
Nor oak nor maple has so clear  
A flame, or burns so quietly,  
Or leaves an ash so clean and  
white;

Thinking by this to put aside  
The impending tale that terrified;  
When suddenly, to his delight,  
The Theologian interposed,  
Saying that when the door was  
closed,  
And they had stopped that draft of  
cold,

Unpleasant night air, he proposed  
To tell a tale world-wide apart  
From that the Student had just  
told;

World-wide apart, and yet akin,  
As showing that the human heart  
Beats on for ever as of old,  
As well beneath the snow-white  
fold

Of Quaker kerchief, as within  
Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,  
And without preface would begin.

And then the clamorous clock  
struck eight,  
Deliberate, with sonorous chime  
Slow measuring out the march of  
time,

Like some grave Consul of old  
Rome

In Jupiter's temple driving home  
The nails that marked the year and  
date.

Thus interrupted in his rhyme,  
The Theologian needs must wait;  
But quoted Horace, where he sings  
The dire Necessity of things,  
That drives into the roofs sublime  
Of new-built houses of the great  
The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon  
To herald from its wooden tower  
The important transit of the  
hour,  
The Theologian hastened on,  
Content to be allowed at last  
To sing his Idyl of the Past.

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## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

ELIZABETH.

I.

'AH, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!  
In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest  
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,  
Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight;  
Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!'

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,  
As in the farmhouse kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlour,  
By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape  
White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,  
By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.  
Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the  
meadows.

Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing  
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

'Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:  
'Beautiful winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,  
If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.  
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it  
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,  
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going;  
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches.  
There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;  
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,  
Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen; and then,  
too,  
How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day?'

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving:  
'Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow he sayeth,  
Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth; he is it  
Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost.'  
So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,  
Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there  
Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter  
Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,  
Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle.  
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen teapot,  
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, 'Lo! Joseph is long on his errand.  
I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing  
For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph :  
In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing.'

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid  
Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and  
was silent,  
While her mistress went on : 'The house is far from the village ;  
We should be lonely here, were it not for friends that in passing  
Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming.'

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal :  
'Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern ;  
Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons  
In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,  
Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the  
sunshine.'

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered :  
'All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it ;  
I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people  
Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.  
His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them  
Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.  
Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing ;  
Though he came not himself, I came ; for the Lord was my guidance,  
Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others  
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table.'

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid ;  
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer :  
'Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,  
When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,  
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission ?  
No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,  
Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,  
Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong  
wind  
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.'

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

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Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,  
Wherefore I do not know ; but strong is the feeling within me  
That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten.'

### II.

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,  
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,  
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,  
Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners.  
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,  
And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the housemaid,  
'It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him.'

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern  
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,  
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,  
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow  
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,  
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.  
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger.  
Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air ;  
And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,  
As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,  
And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected,  
Quietly gave him her hand, and said, 'Thou art welcome, John Estaugh.'  
And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behaviour,  
'Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth ? After so many  
Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.  
Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold.  
For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence  
On His ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,  
Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside  
Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch,  
How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza,  
Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,  
Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.  
So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,  
And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,  
How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,  
Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country.  
And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,  
And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,  
Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labours of love thou art doing.'

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely  
Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,  
'Surely the hand of the Lord is in it ; His Spirit hath led thee  
Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside.'

## Elizabeth.

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Then, with stamping of feet, the door was opened, and Joseph Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out, Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper ; For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons, But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace, Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood, Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots, Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter ! Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table, Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh, Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood ; How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet inflowings Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded, And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her people Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that followed Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order. And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, ' The maiden Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward.' Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue, and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken ! Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended. But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendour, Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens, Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway Through the drifts of snow ; the horses already were harnessed, And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold, Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May ; while above them Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic, Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement, As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window, Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow ; and Robin the Redbreast  
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other.  
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely  
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,  
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the cruel Uncle, and only  
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were  
building.

With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon  
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.  
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,  
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly  
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,  
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting  
In the neighbouring town ; and with them came riding John Estaugh.  
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting  
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey  
Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden ;  
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,  
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.  
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning  
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh :  
'Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,  
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others ;  
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth.'  
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.  
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest ;  
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning !

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,  
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded :  
'I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee ;  
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh.'

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had  
spoken,  
'Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit ;  
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate white-  
ness,  
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.  
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.  
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labour completed  
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness  
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance.'

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,  
'So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.  
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow  
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not  
When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,  
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me.'  
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

IV.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.  
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth laboured, in all things  
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,  
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the housemaid,  
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,  
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,  
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behaviour,  
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmising,  
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,  
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing  
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,  
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness  
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odour.  
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!  
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!  
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps,  
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was  
offered,  
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.  
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,  
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,  
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.  
Such were the marriage-rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,  
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid;  
For when he asked her the question, she answered, 'Nay'; and then  
added,  
'But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph.'

INTERLUDE.

'A PLEASANT and a winsome tale,'  
The Student said, 'though somewhat pale  
And quiet in its colouring,  
As if it caught its tone and air  
From the gray suits that Quakers  
wear ;

Yet worthy of some German bard,  
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,  
Who love of humble themes to sing,  
In humble verse ; but no more true  
Than was the tale I told to you.'

The Theologian made reply,  
And with some warmth, 'That I  
deny ;

'Tis no invention of my own,  
But something well and widely  
known

To readers of a riper age,  
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote  
The Indian tale of Hobomok,  
And Philothea's classic page.  
I found it like a waif afloat,  
Or dulse uprooted from its rock,  
On the swift tides that ebb and flow  
In daily papers, and at flood  
Bear freighted vessels to and fro,  
But later, when the ebb is low,  
Leave a long waste of sand and  
mud.'

'It matters little,' quoth the Jew ;  
'The cloak of truth is lined with  
lies,  
Sayeth some proverb old and wise ;  
And Love is master of all arts,  
And puts it into human hearts  
The strangest things to say and do.'

And here the controversy closed  
Abruptly, ere 'twas well begun ;  
For the Sicilian interposed  
With, 'Lordlings, listen, every one  
That listen may, unto a tale  
That's merrier than the nightingale ;

A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,  
A single rag or shred of truth ;  
That does not leave the mind in  
doubt  
As to the with it or without ;  
A naked falsehood and absurd  
As mortal ever told or heard.  
Therefore I tell it ; or, maybe,  
Simply because it pleases me.'



THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE.

ONCE on a time, some centuries  
ago,  
In the hot sunshine two Fran-  
ciscan friars  
Wended their weary way with foot-  
steps slow  
Back to their convent, whose  
white walls and spires  
Gleamed on the hillside like a patch  
of snow ;  
Covered with dust they were, and  
torn by briars,  
And bore like sumpter-mules upon  
their backs  
The badge of poverty, their beggar's  
sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a  
spare  
And silent man, with pallid  
cheeks and thin,  
Much given to vigils, penance,  
fasting, prayer,  
Solemn and gray, and worn with  
discipline,  
As if his body but white ashes were,  
Heaped on the living coals that  
glowed within ;  
A simple monk, like many of his  
day,  
Whose instinct was to listen and  
obey.



## The Monk of Casal Maggiore.

A different man was Brother Timothy,  
Of larger mould and of a coarser paste ;  
A rubicund and stalwart monk was he,  
Broad in the shoulders, broader in the waist,  
Who often filled the dull refectory  
With noise by which the convent was disgraced,  
But to the mass-book gave but little heed,  
By reason he had never learned to read.

Now, as they passed the outskirts of a wood,  
They saw, with mingled pleasure and surprise,  
Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that stood  
Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes.

The farmer Gilbert of that neighbourhood  
His owner was, who, looking for supplies  
Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed,  
Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied  
The patient animal, he said :  
' Good-lack !  
Thus for our needs doth Providence provide ;  
We'll lay our wallets on the creature's back.'

This being done, he leisurely untied  
From head and neck the halter of the jack,  
And put it round his own, and to the tree  
Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh,

He cried to Brother Anthony :  
' Away !  
And drive the ass before you with your staff :  
And when you reach the convent you may say  
You left me at a farm, half tired and half  
Ill with a fever, for a night and day,  
And that the farmer lent this ass to bear  
Our wallets, that are heavy with good fare.'

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks  
Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade  
Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks,  
But, being obedient, silently obeyed :  
And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks,  
Drove him before him over hill and glade.

Safe with his provend to the convent gate,  
Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire,  
Forth issued from the wood, and stood aghast  
To see the ponderous body of the friar  
Standing where he had left his donkey last.

Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher,  
But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast ;  
For, being credulous and of little wit,  
He thought it was some demon from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

<p>And dropped his load of fagots on the ground, Quoth Brother Timothy: 'Be not amazed That where you left a donkey should be found A poor Franciscan friar, half- starved and crazed, Standing demure and with a halter bound ; But set me free, and hear the piteous story Of Brother Timothy of Casal- Maggiore.</p> <p>'I am a sinful man, although you see I wear the consecrated cowl and cape ; You never owned an ass, but you owned me, Changed and transformed from my own natural shape All for the deadly sin of gluttony, From which I could not other- wise escape, Than by this penance, dieting on grass, And being worked and beaten as an ass.</p> <p>'Think of the ignominy I endured ; Think of the miserable life I led, The toil and blows to which I was inured, My wretched lodging in a windy shed, My scanty fare so grudgingly pro- cured, The damp and musty straw that formed my bed ! But, having done this penance for my sins, My life as man and monk again begins.'</p> <p>The simple Gilbert, hearing words like these, Was conscience-stricken, and fell down apace</p>	<p>Before the friar upon his bended knees, And with a suppliant voice im- plored his grace ; And the good monk, now very much at ease, Granted him pardon with a smiling face, Nor could refuse to be that night his guest, It being late, and he in need of rest.</p> <p>Upon a hillside, where the olive thrives, With figures painted on its white- washed walls, The cottage stood ; and near the humming hives Made murmurs as of far-off waterfalls ; A place where those who love se- cluded lives Might live content, and, free from noise and brawls, Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona here Measure by fruits the slow-revolv- ing year.</p> <p>And, coming to this cottage of content, They found his children, and the buxom wench His wife, Dame Cicely, and his father, bent With years and labour, seated on a bench, Repeating over some obscure event In the old wars of Milanese and French ; All welcomed the Franciscan, with a sense Of sacred awe and humble reve- rence.</p> <p>When Gilbert told them what had come to pass, How beyond question, cavil, or surmise,</p>
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## The Monk of Casal Maggiore.

Good Brother Timothy had been  
their ass,

You should have seen the wonder  
in their eyes;

You should have heard them cry,  
'Alas! alas!'

Have heard their lamentations  
and their sighs!

For all believed the story, and began  
To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a  
grand repast,

To satisfy the craving of the friar  
After so rigid and prolonged a fast;

The bustling housewife stirred  
the kitchen fire;

Then her two barnyard fowls, her  
best and last,

Were put to death, at her express  
desire,

And served up with a salad in a  
bowl,

And flasks of country wine to crown  
the whole.

It would not be believed should I  
repeat

How hungry Brother Timothy  
appeared;

It was a pleasure but to see him eat,  
His white teeth flashing through

his russet beard,

His face aglow and flushed with  
wine and meat,

His roguish eyes that rolled and  
laughed and leered!

Lord! how he drank the blood-red  
country wine

As if the village vintage were divine!

And all the while he talked without  
surcease,

And told his merry tales with  
jovial glee

That never flagged, but rather did  
increase,

And laughed aloud as if insane  
were he,

And wagged his red beard, matted  
like a fleece,

And cast such glances at Dame  
Cicely

That Gilbert now grew angry with  
his guest,

And thus in words his rising wrath  
expressed.

'Good father,' said he, 'easily we  
see

How needful in some persons,  
and how right,

Mortification of the flesh may be.

The indulgence you have given  
it to-night,

After long penance, clearly proves  
to me

Your strength against temptation  
is but slight,

And shows the dreadful peril you  
are in

Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

'To-morrow morning, with the  
rising sun,

Go back unto your convent, nor  
refrain

From fasting and from scourging,  
for you run

Great danger to become an ass  
again,

Since monkish flesh and asinine  
are one;

Therefore be wise, nor longer  
here remain,

Unless you wish the scourge  
should be applied

By other hands, that will not spare  
your hide.'

When this the monk had heard, his  
colour fled

And then returned, like lightning  
in the air,

Till he was all one blush from foot  
to head,

And even the bald spot in his  
russet hair

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Turned from its usual pallor to  
bright red !  
The old man was asleep upon  
his chair.  
Then all retired, and sank into the  
deep  
And helpless imbecility of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day  
drew near,  
Till the cock should have crowed,  
but did not crow,  
For they had slain the shining  
chanticleer  
And eaten him for supper, as you  
know.

The monk was up betimes and of  
good cheer,  
And, having breakfasted, made  
haste to go,  
As if he heard the distant matin  
bell,  
And had but little time to say  
farewell.

Fresh was the morning as the  
breath of kine ;  
Odours of herbs commingled with  
the sweet  
Balsamic exhalations of the pine ;  
A haze was in the air presaging  
heat ;  
Uprose the sun above the Apen-  
nine,  
And all the misty valleys at its  
feet  
Were full of the delirious song of  
birds,  
Voices of men, and bells, and low  
of herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was  
naught ;  
He did not care for scenery, nor  
here  
His busy fancy found the thing it  
sought ;  
But when he saw the convent  
walls appear,

And smoke from kitchen chim-  
neys upward caught  
And whirled aloft into the at-  
mosphere,  
He quickened his slow footsteps,  
like a beast  
That scents the stable a league off  
at least.

And as he entered through the  
convent gate  
He saw there in the court the  
ass, who stood  
Twirling his ears about, and  
seemed to wait,  
Just as he found him waiting in  
the wood ;  
And told the Prior that, to alle-  
viate  
The daily labours of the brother-  
hood,  
The owner, being a man of means  
and thrift,  
Bestowed him on the convent as  
a gift.

And thereupon the Prior for many  
days  
Revolved this serious matter in  
his mind,  
And turned it over many different  
ways,  
Hoping that some safe issue he  
might find ;  
But stood in fear of what the  
world would say,  
If he accepted presents of this  
kind,  
Employing beasts of burden for  
the packs,  
That lazy monks should carry on  
their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the  
sort,  
And stop the mouth of cavil, he  
decreed  
That he would cut the tedious  
matter short,

## The Monk of Casal-Maggiore.

And sell the ass with all convenient speed,  
Thus saving the expense of his support,

And hoarding something for a time of need.  
So he despatched him to the neighbouring Fair,  
And freed himself from cumber and from care.

It happened now by chance, as some might say,  
Others perhaps would call it destiny,

Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a bray,

And nearer came, and saw that it was he,  
And whispered in his ear, 'Ah, lackaday!

Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,  
Has changed you back into an ass again,

And all my admonitions were in vain.'

The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,

Did not turn round to look, but shook his head,  
As if he were not pleased these words to hear,

And contradicted all that had been said.

And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,

'I know you well; your hair is russet-red;

Do not deny it; for you are the same

Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name.'

The ass, though now the secret had come out,

Was obstinate, and shook his head again;

Until a crowd was gathered round about

To hear this dialogue between the twain:

And raised their voices in a noisy shout

When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain,

And flouted him and mocked him all day long

With laughter and with jibes and scraps of song.

'If this be Brother Timothy,' they cried,

'Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;

Thou canst not do too much for one so tried

As to be twice transformed into an ass.'

So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied

His halter, and o'er mountain and morass

He led him homeward, talking as he went

Of good behaviour and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and advanced,

Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck,—

Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round him danced,

And wove green garlands wherewithal to deck

His sacred person; for again it chanced

Their childish feelings, without rein or check,

Could not discriminate in any way

A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

'O Brother Timothy,' the children said,

'You have come back to us just as before;

We were afraid, and thought that  
you were dead,  
And we should never see you  
any more.'

And then they kissed the white  
star on his head,  
That like a birth-mark or a  
badge he wore,  
And patted him upon the neck and  
face,  
And said a thousand things with  
childish grace.

Thenceforward and for ever he was  
known  
As Brother Timothy, and led  
alway

A life of luxury, till he had grown  
Ungrateful, being stuffed with  
corn and hay,  
And very vicious. Then in angry  
tone,

Rousing himself, poor Gilbert  
said one day,  
'When simple kindness is mis-  
understood  
A little flagellation may do good.'

His many vices need not here be  
told;

Among them was a habit that  
he had  
Of flinging up his heels at young  
and old,

Breaking his halter, running off  
like mad  
O'er pasture-lands and meadow,  
wood and wold,

And other misdemeanours quite  
as bad;  
But worst of all was breaking from  
his shed

At night, and ravaging the cabbage-  
bed.

So Brother Timothy went back  
once more  
To his old life of labour and dis-  
tress;

Was beaten worse than he had  
been before.

And now, instead of comfort and  
caress,  
Came labours manifold and trials  
sore:

And as his toils increased his  
food grew less,  
Until at last the great consoler,  
Death,  
Ended his many sufferings with his  
breath.

Great was the lamentation when  
he died;

And mainly that he died im-  
penitent;

Dame Cicely bewailed, the children  
cried,

The old man still remembered  
the event

In the French war, and Gilbert  
magnified

His many virtues, as he came  
and went,

And said: 'Heaven pardon Brother  
Timothy,

And keep us from the sin of  
gluttony.'

INTERLUDE.

'SIGNOR LUIGI,' said the Jew,  
When the Sicilian's tale was told,

'The were-wolf is a legend old,  
But the were-ass is something new,

And yet for one I think it true.  
The days of wonder have not  
ceased;

If there are beasts in forms of  
men,

As sure it happens now and then,  
Why may not man become a beast,

In way of punishment at least?

'But this I will not now discuss:  
I leave the theme, that we may  
thus

Remain within the realm of song.  
The story that I told before,  
Though not acceptable to all,  
At least you did not find too long.  
I beg you, let me try again,  
With something in a different vein.  
Before you bid the curtain fall.  
Meanwhile keep watch upon the door,

Nor let the Landlord leave his chair,  
Lest he should vanish into air.  
And thus clude our search once more.

Thus saying, from his lips he blew  
A little cloud of perfumed breath,  
And then, as if it were a clew  
To lead his footsteps safely through,  
Began his tale as followeth.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE.

SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won  
By King Ladislaus the Hun,  
In fire of hell and death's frost,  
On the day of Pentecost.  
And in rout before his path  
From the field of battle red  
Flee all that are not dead  
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night  
Iskander, the pride and boast  
Of that mighty Othuman host,  
With his routed Turks, takes flight  
From the battle fought and lost  
On the day of Pentecost ;  
Leaving behind him dead  
The army of Amurath,  
The vanguard as it led,  
The rearguard as it fled,  
Mown down in the bloody swath  
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,  
Nor for Baron or Voivode,  
As on through the night he rode  
And gazed at the fateful stars,  
That were shining overhead ;  
But smote his steed with his staff,  
And smiled to himself, and said :  
' This is the time to laugh.'

In the middle of the night,  
In a halt of the hurrying flight,  
There came a Scribe of the King  
Wearing his signet ring,  
And said in a voice severe :  
' This is the first dark blot  
On thy name, George Castriot !  
Alas ! why art thou here,  
And the army of Amurath slain,  
And left on the battle plain ?'

And Iskander answered and said :  
' They lie on the bloody sod  
By the hoofs of horses trod ;  
But this was the decree  
Of the watchers overhead ;  
For the war belongeth to God,  
And in battle who are we,  
Who are we, that shall withstand  
The wind of his lifted hand ?'

Then he bade them bind with chains  
This man of books and brains ;  
And the Scribe said : ' What mis-  
deed  
Have I done, that, without need,  
Thou doest to me this thing ?'  
And Iskander answering  
Said unto him : ' Not one  
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;  
But for fear that thou shouldst run  
And hide thyself from me,  
Have I done this unto thee.

' Now write me a writing, O Scribe,  
And a blessing be on thy tribe !  
A writing sealed with thy ring,  
To King Amurath's Pasha  
In the city of Croia,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

The city moated and walled,  
That he surrender the same  
In the name of my master, the  
King;  
For what is writ in his name  
Can never be recalled.'

And the Scribe bowed low in  
dread,  
And unto Iskander said :  
'Allah is great and just,  
But we are as ashes and dust ;  
How shall I do this thing,  
When I know that my guilty head  
Will be forfeit to the King ?'

Then swift as a shooting star  
The curved and shining blade  
Of Iskander's scimitar  
From its sheath, with jewels bright,  
Shot, as he thundered : 'Write !'  
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,  
And wrote in the fitful glare  
Of the bivouac fire apart,  
With the chill of the midnight air  
On his forehead white and bare,  
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :  
'Now follow whither I ride,  
For here thou must not stay.  
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,  
And honours without end  
Shall surround thee on every side,  
And attend thee night and day.'  
But the sullen Scribe replied :  
'Our pathways here divide ;  
Mine leadeth not thy way.'

And even as he spoke  
Fell a sudden scimitar-stroke,  
When no one else was near ;  
And the Scribe sank to the ground,  
As a stone, pushed from the brink  
Of a black pool, might sink  
With a sob and disappear ;  
And no one saw the deed ;

And in the stillness around  
No sound was heard but the sound  
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,  
As forward he sprang with a  
bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,  
With scarce three hundred men,  
Through river and forest and fen,  
O'er the mountains of Argentar ;  
And his heart was merry within,  
When he crossed the river Drin,  
And saw in the gleam of the morn  
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,  
The city Croia called,  
The city moated and walled,  
The city where he was born.—  
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van  
On their silver bugles blew,  
And in crowds about him ran  
Albanian and Turkoman,  
That the sound together drew.  
And he feasted with his friends,  
And when they were warm with  
wine,  
He said : 'O friends of mine,  
Behold what fortune sends,  
And what the fates design !  
King Amurath commands  
That my father's wide domain,  
This city and all its lands,  
Shall be given to me again.'

Then to the Castle White  
He rode in regal state,  
And entered in at the gate  
In all his arms bedight,  
And gave to the Pasha  
Who ruled in Croia  
The writing of the King,  
Sealed with his signet ring.  
And the Pasha bowed his head,  
And after a silence said :  
'Allah is just and great !  
I yield to the will divine,  
The city and lands are thine ;  
Who shall contend with fate ?'



## Interlude.

Anon from the castle walls  
The crescent banner falls,  
And the crowd beholds instead,  
Like a portent in the sky,  
Iskander's banner fly,  
The Black Eagle with double  
head :

And a shout ascends on high,  
For men's souls are tired of the  
Turks,  
And their wicked ways and works,  
That have made of Ak-Hissar  
A city of the plague ;  
And the loud, exultant cry  
That echoes wide and far  
Is : ' Long live Scanderbeg ! '

It was thus Iskander came  
Once more unto his own ;  
And the tidings, like the flame  
Of a conflagration blown  
By the winds of summer, ran,  
Till the land was in a blaze,  
And the cities far and near,  
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,  
In his Book of the Words of the  
Days,  
' Were taken as a man  
Would take the tip of his ear. '

### INTERLUDE.

' Now that is after my own heart, '  
The Poet cried ; ' one understands  
Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,  
Gauntlet on hand and boot on  
leg,  
And skilled in every warlike art,  
Riding through his Albanian lands,  
And following the auspicious star  
That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar. '

The Theologian added here  
His word of praise not less sincere,  
Although he ended with a jibe ;

' The hero of romance and song  
Was born, ' he said, ' to right the  
wrong :

And I approve : but all the same  
That bit of treason with the Scribe  
Adds nothing to your hero's fame. '

The Student praised the good old  
times,  
And liked the canter of the rhymes,  
That had a hoofbeat in their sound ;  
But longed some further word to  
hear

Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,  
And where his volume might be  
found.

The tall Musician walked the room  
With folded arms and gleaming  
eyes,

As if he saw the Vikings rise,  
Gigantic shadows in the gloom ;  
And much he talked of their  
emprise,

And meteors seen in Northern  
skies,

And Heimdal's horn, and day of  
doom.

But the Sicilian laughed again ;  
' This is the time to laugh, ' he  
said.

For the whole story he well knew  
Was an invention of the Jew,  
Spun from the cobwebs in his  
brain,

And of the same bright scarlet  
thread

As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word ;  
' Twas doubtful whether he had  
heard

The tale at all, so full of care  
Was he of his impending fate,  
That, like the sword of Damocles,  
Above his head hung blank and  
bare,

Suspended by a single hair,  
So that he could not sit at ease,

But sighed and looked disconsolate,  
And shifted restless in his chair,  
Revolving how he might evade  
The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief  
By saying in his easy way  
To the Musician: 'Calm your  
grief,  
My fair Apollo of the North,  
Balder the Beautiful and so forth;  
Although your magic lyre or lute  
With broken strings is lying mute,  
Still you can tell some doleful tale  
Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,  
Or something of the kind to suit  
The mood that we are in to-night  
For what is marvellous and strange;  
So give your nimble fancy range,  
And we will follow in its flight.'

But the Musician shook his head;  
'No tale I tell to-night,' he said,  
'While my poor instrument lies  
there,  
Even as a child with vacant stare  
Lies in its little coffin dead.'

Yet, being urged, he said at last:  
'There comes to me out of the  
Past  
A voice, whose tones are sweet and  
wild,  
Singing a song almost divine,  
And with a tear in every line;  
An ancient ballad, that my nurse  
Sang to me when I was a child,  
In accents tender as the verse;  
And sometimes wept, and some-  
times smiled  
While singing it, to see arise  
The look of wonder in my eyes,  
And feel my heart with terror  
beat.  
This simple ballad I retain  
Clearly imprinted on my brain,  
And as a tale will now repeat.'

## THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

### THE MOTHER'S GHOST.

SVEND DYRING he rideth adown  
the glade;  
*I myself was young!*  
There he hath wooed him so win-  
some a maid;  
*Fair words gladden so many a  
heart.*

Together were they for seven years,  
And together children six were  
theirs.

Then came Death abroad through  
the land,  
And blighted the beautiful lily-  
wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the  
glade,  
And again hath he wooed him  
another maid.

He hath wooed him a maid and  
brought home a bride,  
But she was bitter and full of pride.

When she came driving into the  
yard,  
There stood the six children weep-  
ing so hard.

There stood the small children  
with sorrowful heart;  
From before her feet she thrust  
them apart.

She gave to them neither ale nor  
bread;  
'Ye shall suffer hunger and hate,'  
she said.

She took from them their quilts of  
blue,  
And said: 'Ye shall lie on the straw  
we strew.'

## The Mother's Ghost.

She took from them the great wax-light; 'Now ye shall lie in the dark at night.'	'My mother was white, with cheeks of red, But thou art pale, and like to the dead.'
In the evening late they cried with cold; The mother heard it under the mould.	'How should I be fair and fine? I have been dead; pale cheeks are mine.
The woman heard it the earth below: 'To my little children I must go.'	'How should I be white and red, So long, so long have I been dead?'
She standeth before the Lord of all: 'And may I go to my children small?'	When she came in at the chamber door, There stood the small children weeping sore.
She prayed him so long, and would not cease, Until he bade her depart in peace.	One she braided, another she brushed, The third she lifted, the fourth she hushed.
'At cock-crow thou shalt return again; Longer thou shalt not there remain!'	The fifth she took on her lap and pressed, As if she would suckle it at her breast.
She girded up her sorrowful bones, And rifted the walls and the marble stones.	Then to her eldest daughter said she, 'Do thou bid Svend Dyring come hither to me.'
As through the village she flitted by, The watch-dogs howled aloud to the sky.	Into the chamber when he came She spake to him in anger and shame.
When she came to the castle gate, There stood her eldest daughter in wait.	'I left behind me both ale and bread; My children hunger and are not fed.
'Why standest thou here, dear daughter mine? How fares it with brothers and sisters thine?'	'I left behind me quilts of blue; My children lie on the straw ye strew.
'Never art thou mother of mine, For my mother was both fair and fine.	'I left behind me the great wax-light; My children lie in the dark at night.

'If I come again unto your hall,  
As cruel a fate shall you befall!

'Now crows the cock with feathers  
red;  
Back to the earth must all the dead.

'Now crows the cock with feathers  
swart;  
The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

'Now crows the cock with feathers  
white;  
I can abide no longer to-night.'

Whenever they heard the watch-  
dogs wail,  
They gave the children bread and  
ale.

Whenever they heard the watch-  
dogs bay,  
They feared lest the dead were on  
their way.

Whenever they heard the watch-  
dogs bark;  
*I myself was young!*  
They feared the dead out there in  
the dark.  
*Fair words gladden so many a  
heart.*



### INTERLUDE.

TOUCHED by the pathos of these  
rhymes,  
The Theologian said: 'All praise  
Be to the ballads of old times  
And to the bards of simple ways,  
Who walked with Nature hand in  
hand,  
Whose country was their Holy  
Land,  
Whose singing robes were home-  
spun brown  
From looms of their own native  
town,

Which they were not ashamed to  
wear,  
And not of silk or sendal gay,  
Nor decked with fanciful array  
Of cockle-shells from Outre-Mer.'

To whom the Student answered:  
'Yes;

All praise and honour! I confess  
That bread and ale, home-baked,  
home-brewed,  
Are wholesome and nutritious  
food,

But not enough for all our needs;  
Poets—the best of them—are birds  
Of passage; where their instinct  
leads

They range abroad for thoughts  
and words,  
And from all climes bring home  
the seeds

That germinate in flowers or weeds.  
They are not fowls in barnyards  
born

To cackle o'er a grain of corn;  
And, if you shut the horizon down  
To the small limits of their town,  
What do you but degrade your bard  
Till he at last becomes as one  
Who thinks the all-encircling sun  
Rises and sets in his back yard?'

The Theologian said again:  
'It may be so; yet I maintain  
That what is native still is best,  
And little care I for the rest.  
'Tis a long story; time would fail  
To tell it, and the hour is late;  
We will not waste it in debate,  
But listen to our Landlord's tale.'

And thus the sword of Damocles  
Descending not by slow degrees,  
But suddenly, on the Landlord fell,  
Who blushing, and with much  
demur

And many vain apologies,  
Flucking up heart, began to tell  
The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

THE RHYME OF SIR  
CHRISTOPHER.

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner,  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,  
From Merry England over the sea,  
Who stepped upon this continent  
As if his august presence lent  
A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the  
street  
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's  
time,  
His rapier dangling at his feet,  
Doublet and hose and boots complete,  
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich  
plume,  
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,  
Luxuriant curls and air sublime,  
And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things  
That made one think of courts and  
kings,  
And lords and ladies of high degree;  
So that not having been at court  
Seemed something very little short  
Of treason or lese-majesty,  
Such an accomplished knight was  
he.

His dwelling was just beyond the  
town,  
At what he called his country-seat;  
For, careless of Fortune's smile or  
frown,  
And weary grown of the world and  
its ways,  
He wished to pass the rest of his  
days  
In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led,  
And, while professing to be in  
search  
Of a godly course, and willing, he  
said,  
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan  
church,  
He made of all this but small  
account,  
And passed his idle hours instead  
With roystering Morton of Merry  
Mount,  
That pettifogger from Furnival's  
Inn,  
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,  
Who looked on the wine when it  
was red.

This country-seat was little more  
Than a cabin of logs; but in front  
of the door  
A modest flower-bed thickly sown  
With sweet alyssum and columbine  
Made those who saw it at once  
divine  
The touch of some other hand  
than his own.  
At first it was whispered, and then  
it was known,  
That he in secret was harbouring  
there  
A little lady with golden hair,  
Whom he called his cousin, but  
whom he had wed  
In the Italian manner, as men said,  
And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague  
surmise,  
Though none could vouch for it or  
aver,  
That the Knight of the Holy  
Sepulchre  
Was only a Papist in disguise;  
And the more to embitter their  
bitter lives,  
And the more to trouble the public  
mind,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Came letters from England, from  
two other wives,  
Whom he had carelessly left be-  
hind ;

Both of them letters of such a kind  
As made the governor hold his  
breath ;

The one imploring him straight to  
send

The husband home, that he might  
amend ;

The other asking his instant death,  
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it  
right,

When all this wickedness was  
revealed,

To send his warrant signed and  
sealed,

And take the body of the knight.  
Armed with this mighty instrument,

The marshal, mounting his gallant  
steed,

Rode forth from town at the top of  
his speed,

And followed by all his bailiffs bold,  
As if on high achievement bent,

To storm some castle or stronghold,  
Challenge the warders on the wall,

And seize in his ancestral hall  
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and  
heat

He came to Sir Christopher's  
country-seat,

No knight he found, nor warder  
there,

But the little lady with golden hair,  
Who was gathering in the bright  
sunshine

The sweet alyssum and columbine ;  
While gallant Sir Christopher, all  
so gay,

Being forewarned, through the  
postern gate

Of his castle wall had tripped away,

And was keeping a little holiday  
In the forests, that bounded his  
estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true  
The marshal searched the castle  
through,

Not crediting what the lady said ;  
Searched from cellar to garret in  
vain,

And, finding no knight, came out  
again

And arrested the golden damsel  
instead,

And bore her in triumph into the  
town,

While from her eyes the tears rolled  
down

On the sweet alyssum and colum-  
bine,

That she held in her fingers white  
and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to  
see

So fair a creature caught within  
The snares of Satan and of sin,

And he read her a little homily  
On the folly and wickedness of the  
lives

Of women, half cousins and half  
wives ;

But, seeing that naught his words  
availed,

He sent her away in a ship that  
sailed

For Merry England over the sea,  
To the other two wives in the old  
countree,

To search her further, since he had  
failed

To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wan-  
dered away

Through pathless woods for a month  
and a day,

Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at  
night

With the noble savage, who took  
delight  
In his feathered hat and his velvet  
vest,  
His gun and his rapier and the rest.  
But as soon as the noble savage  
heard  
That a bounty was offered for this  
gay bird,  
He wanted to slay him out of hand,  
And bring in his beautiful scalp for  
a show,  
Like the glossy head of a kite or  
crow,  
Until he was made to understand  
They wanted the bird alive, not  
dead;  
Then he followed him whither-  
soever he fled,  
Through forest and field, and  
hunted him down,  
And brought him prisoner into the  
town.

Alas! it was a rueful sight,  
To see this melancholy knight  
In such a dismal and hapless case;  
His hat deformed by stain and  
dent,  
His plumage broken, his doublet  
rent,  
His beard and flowing locks for-  
lorn,  
Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,  
His boots with dust and mire  
besprent;  
But dignified in his disgrace,  
And wearing an unblushing face.  
And thus before the magistrate  
He stood to hear the doom of fate.  
In vain he strove with wonted ease  
To modify and extenuate  
His evil deeds in church and state,  
For gone was now his power to  
please;  
And his pompous words had no  
more weight  
Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own  
The governor lent a patient ear  
To the speech evasive and high-  
flown,  
In which he endeavoured to make  
clear  
That colonial laws were too severe  
When applied to a gallant cavalier,  
A gentleman born, and so well  
known,  
And accustomed to move in a  
higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,  
And deigned in answer never a  
word;  
But in summary manner shipped  
away,  
In a vessel that sailed from Salem  
Bay,  
This splendid and famous cavalier,  
With his Rupert hat and his  
popery,  
To Merry England over the sea,  
As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir  
Christopher,  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,  
The first who furnished this barren  
land  
With Apples of Sodom and ropes  
of sand.



# FINALE.

THESE are the tales those merry  
guests  
Told to each other, well or ill;  
Like summer birds that lift their  
crests  
Above the borders of their nests  
And twitter, and again are still.

These are the tales, or new or old,  
In idle moments idly told;  
Flowers of the field with petals  
thin,

## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Lilies that neither toil nor spin,  
And tufts of wayside weeds and  
    gorse  
Hung in the parlour of the inn  
Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still, reluctant to retire,  
The friends sat talking by the fire  
And watched the smouldering  
    embers burn

To ashes, and flash up again  
Into a momentary glow,  
Lingering like them when forced  
    to go,  
And going when they would re-  
    main ;

For on the morrow they must turn  
Their faces homeward, and the pain  
Of parting touched with its unrest  
A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won ;  
They must be stirring with the sun,  
And drowsily good night they said,  
And went still gossiping to bed,  
And left the parlour wrapped in  
    gloom.

The only live thing in the room  
Was the old clock, that in its pace  
Kept time with the revolving  
    spheres

And constellations in their flight,  
And struck with its uplifted mace  
The dark, unconscious hours of  
    night,  
To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun ; and every guest,  
Uprisen, was soon equipped and  
    dressed  
For journeying home and city-  
    ward ;

The old stage-coach was at the  
    door,

With horses harnessed, long before  
The sunshine reached the withered  
    sward

Beneath the oaks, whose branches  
    hoar

Murmured : ' Farewell for ever-  
    more.'

' Farewell !' the portly Landlord  
    cried ;

' Farewell !' the parting guests  
    replied,

But little thought that nevermore  
Their feet would pass that threshold  
    o'er ;

That nevermore together there  
Would they assemble, free from  
    care,

To hear the oaks' mysterious roar,  
And breathe the wholesome  
    country air.

Where are they now ? What lands  
    and skies

Paint pictures in their friendly  
    eyes ?

What hope deludes, what promise  
    cheers,

What pleasant voices fill their ears ?

Two are beyond the salt sea waves,  
And three already in their graves.

Perchance the living still may look  
Into the pages of this book,

And see the days of long ago  
Floating and fleeting to and fro,

As in the well-remembered brook  
They saw the inverted landscape

    gleam.

And their own faces like a dream  
Look up upon them from below.



# The Golden Legend.

## PROLOGUE.

*The spire of Strasburg Cathedral.  
Night and storm. LUCIFER,  
with the Powers of the Air,  
trying to tear down the Cross.*

*Lucifer.* Hasten! hasten!  
O ye spirits!  
From its station drag the ponderous  
Cross of iron, that to mock us  
Is uplifted high in air!

*Voices.* O, we cannot!  
For around it  
All the Saints and Guardian Angels  
Throng in legions to protect it;  
They defeat us everywhere!

### *The Bells.*

Laudo Deum verum!  
Plebem voco!  
Congrego clerum!

*Lucifer.* Lower! lower!  
Hover downward!  
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and  
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement  
Hurl them from their windy tower!

*Voices.* All thy thunders  
Here are harmless!  
For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water!  
They defy our utmost power.

### *The Bells.*

Defunctos ploro!  
Pestem fugo!  
Festa decoro!

*Lucifer.* Shake the casements!  
Break the painted  
Panes, that flame with gold and  
crimson;  
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,  
Swept away before the blast!

*Voices.* O, we cannot!  
The Archangel  
Michael flames from every window,  
With the sword of fire that drove us  
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

### *The Bells.*

Funera plango!  
Fulgura frango!  
Sabbata pango!

*Lucifer.* Aim your lightnings  
At the oaken,  
Massive, iron-studded portals!  
Sack the house of God, and scatter  
Wide the ashes of the dead!

*Voices.* O, we cannot!  
The Apostles  
And the Martyrs, wrapped in  
mantles,  
Stand as warders at the entrance,  
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

### *The Bells.*

Excito lentos!  
Dissipo ventos!  
Paco cruentos!

*Lucifer.* Baffled! baffled!  
Inefficient,  
Craven spirits! leave this labour  
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!  
Come away, ere night is gone!  
*Voices.* Onward! onward!  
With the night-wind,  
Over field and farm and forest,  
Lonely homestead, darksome ham-  
let,

Blighting all we breathe upon!

*(They sweep away. Organ and  
Gregorian Chant.)*

### *Choir.*

Nocte surgentes  
Vigilemus omnes.

I.

*The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine. A chamber in a tower.*

PRINCE HENRY, *sitting alone, ill and restless. Midnight.*

*Pr. Henry.* I cannot sleep! my fervid brain

Calls up the vanished Past again,  
And throws its misty splendours deep

Into the pallid realms of sleep!

A breath from that far-distant shore  
Comes freshening ever more and more,

And wafts o'er intervening seas  
Sweet odours from the Hesperides!

A wind, that through the corridor  
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,  
And, touching the æolian strings,  
Faints with the burden that it brings!

Come back! ye friendships long departed!

That like o'erflowing streamlets started,

And now are dwindled, one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun!

Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,

Come back, with all that light attended,

Which seemed to darken and decay  
When ye arose and went away!

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,

The airy crowds of long ago,  
The dreams and fancies known of yore,

That have been, and shall be no more.

They change the cloisters of the night

Into a garden of delight;

They make the dark and dreary hours

Open and blossom into flowers!

I would not sleep! I love to be  
Again in their fair company;  
But ere my lips can bid them stay,  
They pass and vanish quite away!  
Alas! our memories may retrace  
Each circumstance of time and place,  
Season and scene come back again,  
And outward things unchanged remain;

The rest we cannot reinstate;  
Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
Nor set our souls to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony!

Rest! rest! O, give me rest and peace!

The thought of life that ne'er shall cease

Has something in it like despair,  
A weight I am too weak to bear!  
Sweeter to this afflicted breast  
The thought of never-ending rest!  
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep  
Tranquillity of endless sleep!

(*A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.*)

*Lucifer.* All hail, Prince Henry!

*Pr. Henry (starting).* Who is it speaks?

Who and what are you?

*Lucifer.* One who seeks  
A moment's audience with the Prince.

*Pr. Henry.* When came you in?

*Lucifer.* A moment since.  
I found your study door unlocked,  
And thought you answered when I knocked.

*Pr. Henry.* I did not hear you.

*Lucifer.* You heard the thunder;  
It was loud enough to waken the dead.

And it is not a matter of special wonder

That, when God is walking overhead,

You should not hear my feeble tread.

*Pr. Henry.* What may your wish  
or purpose be?

*Lucifer.* Nothing or everything,  
as it pleases

Your Highness. You behold in me  
Only a travelling Physician;  
One of the few who have a mission  
To cure incurable diseases,  
Or those that are called so.

*Pr. Henry.* Can you bring  
The dead to life?

*Lucifer.* Yes; very nearly.  
And, what is a wiser and better  
thing,

Can keep the living from ever  
needing

Such an unnatural, strange pro-  
ceeding,

By showing conclusively and clearly  
That death is a stupid blunder  
merely,

And not a necessity of our lives.

My being here is accidental;

The storm, that against your  
casement drives,

In the little village below waylaid  
me.

And there I heard, with a secret  
delight,

Of your maladies physical and  
mental,

Which neither astonished nor dis-  
mayed me.

And I hastened hither, though late  
in the night,

To proffer my aid!

*Pr. Henry (ironically).* For this  
you came!

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite  
This honour from one so erudite?

*Lucifer.* The honour is mine, or  
will be, when

I have cured your disease.

*Pr. Henry.* But not till then.

*Lucifer.* What is your illness?

*Pr. Henry.* It has no name.  
A smouldering, dull, perpetual  
flame,

As in a kiln, burns in my veins,  
Sending up vapours to the head;  
My heart has become a dull lagoon,  
Which a kind of leprosy drinks  
and drains;

I am accounted as one who is dead,  
And, indeed, I think that I shall be  
soon.

*Lucifer.* And has Gordonius the  
Divine,

In his famous Lily of Medicine,—  
I see the book lies open before

you,—  
No remedy potent enough to restore  
you?

*Pr. Henry.* None whatever!

*Lucifer.* The dead are dead,  
And their oracles dumb, when  
questioned

Of the new diseases that human  
life

Evolves in its progress, rank and  
rife.

Consult the dead upon things that  
were,

But the living only on things that are.  
Have you done this, by the appli-  
ance

And aid of doctors?

*Pr. Henry.* Ay, whole schools  
Of doctors, with their learned rules;  
But the case is quite beyond their  
science.

Even the doctors of Salern

Send me back word they can discern

No cure for a malady like this,

Save one which in its nature is

Impossible, and cannot be!

*Lucifer.* That sounds oracular!

*Pr. Henry.* Unendurable!

*Lucifer.* What is their remedy?

*Pr. Henry.* You shall see;

Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

*Lucifer (reading).* 'Not to be  
cured, yet not incurable!

The only remedy that remains  
Is the blood that flows from a  
maiden's veins,

Who of her own free will shall die,  
And give her life as the price of  
yours !'

That is the strangest of all cures,  
And one, I think, you will never try;  
The prescription you may well put  
by,

As something impossible to find  
Before the world itself shall end !  
And yet who knows ? One cannot  
say

That into some maiden's brain that  
kind

Of madness will not find its way.  
Meanwhile permit me to recom-  
mend,

As the matter admits of no delay,  
My wonderful Catholicon,  
Of very subtil and magical powers !

*Pr. Henry.* Purgewith your nos-  
trums and drugs infernal  
The spouts and gargoyles of these  
towers,

Not me. My faith is utterly gone  
In every power but the Power  
Supernal !

Pray tell me, of what school are you ?

*Lucifer.* Both of the Old and of  
the New !

The school of Hermes Trisme-  
gistus,

Who uttered his oracles sublime  
Before the Olympiads, in the dew  
Of the early dusk and dawn of  
Time,

The reign of dateless old He-  
phaestus !

As northward, from its Nubian  
springs,

The Nile, for ever new and old,  
Among the living and the dead,  
Its mighty, mystic stream has  
rolled ;

So, starting from its fountain-head  
Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,  
From the dead demigods of eld,  
Through long, unbroken lines of  
kings

Its course the sacred art has held,  
Unchecked, unchanged by man's  
devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught,  
And in alembics, finely wrought,  
Distilling herbs and flowers, dis-  
covered

The secret that so long had hovered  
Upon the misty verge of Truth,  
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,  
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech !  
Likehim, this wondrous lore I teach !

*Pr. Henry.* What ! an adept ?

*Lucifer.* Nor less, nor more !

*Pr. Henry.* I am a reader of your  
books,

A lover of that mystic lore !  
With such a piercing glance it looks  
Into great Nature's open eye,  
And sees within it trembling lie  
The portrait of the Deity !

And yet, alas ! with all my pains,  
The secret and the mystery  
Have baffled and eluded me,  
Unseen the grand result remains !

*Lucifer (showing a flask).* Behold  
it here ! this little flask

Contains the wonderful quintes-  
sence,

The perfect flower and efflores-  
cence,

Of all the knowledge man can ask !  
Hold it up thus against the light !

*Pr. Henry.* How limpid, pure, and  
crystalline,

How quick, and tremulous, and  
bright

The little wavelets dance and shine,  
As were it the Water of Life in  
sooth !

*Lucifer.* It is ! It assuages every  
pain,

Cures all disease, and gives again  
To age the swift delights of youth.  
Inhale its fragrance.

*Pr. Henry.* It is sweet,  
A thousand different odours meet  
And mingle in its rare perfume,

Such as the winds of summer waft  
At open windows through a room !

*Lucifer.* Will you not taste it ?

*Pr. Henry.* Will one draught suffice ?

*Lucifer.* If not, you can drink more.

*Pr. Henry.* Into this crystal goblet pour

So much as safely I may drink.

*Lucifer (pouring).* Let not the quantity alarm you ;

You may drink all ; it will not harm you .

*Pr. Henry.* I am as one who on the brink

Of a dark river stands and sees  
The waters flow, the landscape dim

Around him waver, wheel, and swim,

And, ere he plunges, stops to think

Into what whirlpools he may sink ;  
One moment pauses, and no more,

Then madly plunges from the shore !

Headlong into the mysteries  
Of life and death I boldly leap,

Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,  
Nor what in ambush lurks below !

For death is better than disease !

(*An ANGEL with an æolian harp hovers in the air.*)

*Angel.* Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !

Not only the whispered prayer

Of love,

But the imprecations of hate,

Reverberate

For ever and ever through the air

Above !

This fearful curse

Shakes the great universe !

*Lucifer (disappearing).* Drink ! drink !

And thy soul shall sink

Down into the dark abyss

Into the infinite abyss,

From which no plummet nor rope  
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope !

*Pr. Henry (drinking).* It is like a draught of fire !

Through every vein

I feel again

The fever of youth, the soft desire ;

A rapture that is almost pain

Throbs in my heart and fills my brain !

O joy ! O joy ! I feel

The band of steel

That so long and heavily has pressed

Upon my breast

Uplifted, and the malediction

Of my affliction

Is taken from me, and my weary breast

At length finds rest.

*The Angel.* It is but the rest of the fire, from which the air has been taken !

It is but the rest of the sand, when the hour-glass is not shaken !

It is but the rest of the tide between the ebb and the flow !

It is but the rest of the wind between the flaws that blow !

With fiendish laughter,

Hereafter,

This false physician

Will mock thee in thy perdition.

*Pr. Henry.* Speak ! speak !

Who says that I am ill ?

I am not ill ! I am not weak !

The trance, the swoon, the dream, is o'er !

I feel the chill of death no more !

At length,

I stand renewed in all my strength !

Beneath me I can feel

The great earth stagger and reel,

As if the feet of a descending God

Upon its surface trod,

And like a pebble it rolled beneath his heel !

This, O brave physician ! this  
Is thy great Palingenesis !

(*Drinks again.*)

*The Angel.* Touch the goblet no  
more !

It will make thy heart sore  
To its very core !  
Its perfume is the breath  
Of the Angel of Death,  
And the light that within it lies  
Is the flash of his evil eyes.  
Beware ! O, beware !  
For sickness, sorrow, and care  
All are there !

*Pr. Henry (sinking back).* O thou  
voice within my breast !

Why entreat me, why upbraid me,  
When the steadfast tongues of truth  
And the flattering hopes of youth  
Have all deceived me and betrayed  
me ?

Give me, give me rest, O rest !  
Golden visions wave and hover,  
Golden vapours, waters streaming,  
Landscapes moving, changing,  
gleaming !

I am like a happy lover  
Who illumines life with dreaming !  
Brave physician ! Rare physician !  
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission !

(*His head falls on his book.*)

*The Angel (receding).* Alas ! alas !  
Like a vapour the golden vision  
Shall fade and pass,  
And thou wilt find in thy heart  
again

Only the blight of pain,  
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition !

*Court-yard of the Castle. HUBERT  
standing by the gateway.*

*Hubert.* How sad the grand old  
castle looks !

O'erhead, the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret's windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop ;

Here in the courtyard springs the  
grass,

So few are now the feet that pass ;  
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,  
Come hopping down the steps of  
stone,

As if the castle were their own ;  
And I, the poor old seneschal,  
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-  
hall.

Alas ! the merry guests no more  
Crowd through the hospitable door ;  
No eyes with youth and passion  
shine,

No cheeks grow redder than the  
wine ;

No song, no laugh, no jovial din  
Of drinking wassail to the pin ;  
But all is silent, sad, and drear,  
And now the only sounds I hear  
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,  
And horses stamping in their stalls !

(*A horn sounds.*)

What ho ! that merry, sudden blast  
Reminds me of the days long past !  
And, as of old resounding, grate  
The heavy hinges of the gate,  
And, clattering loud, with iron  
clank,

Down goes the sounding bridge of  
plank,

As if it were in haste to greet  
The pressure of a traveller's feet.

(*Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.*)

*Walter.* How now, my friend !

This looks quite lonely !

No banner flying from the walls,  
No pages and no seneschals,  
No warders, and one porter only !  
Is it you, Hubert ?

*Hubert.* Ah ! Master Walter !

*Walter.* Alas ! how forms and  
faces alter !

I did not know you. You look  
older !

Your hair has grown much grayer  
and thinner,

And you stoop a little in the shoulder !

*Hubert.* Alack ! I am a poor old sinner,

And, like these towers, begin to moulder ;

And you have been absent many a year !

*Walter.* How is the Prince ?

*Hubert.* He is not here ;  
He has been ill : and now has fled.

*Walter.* Speak it out frankly :  
say he's dead !

Is it not so ?

*Hubert.* No ; if you please,  
A strange, mysterious disease  
Fell on him with a sudden blight.  
Whole hours together he would stand

Upon the terrace, in a dream,  
Resting his head upon his hand,  
Best pleased when he was most alone,

Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,  
Looking down into a stream.

In the Round Tower, night after night,

He sat, and bleared his eyes with books ;

Until one morning we found him there

Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon

He had fallen from his chair.

We hardly recognised his sweet looks !

*Walter.* Poor Prince !

*Hubert.* I think he might have mended ;

And he did mend ; but very soon  
The priests came flocking in, like rooks,

With all their crosiers and their crooks,

And so at last the matter ended.

*Walter.* How did it end ?

*Hubert.* Why, in  
Saint Rochus

They made him stand, and wait  
his doom ;

And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,

Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.  
First, the Mass for the Dead they chanted,

Then three times laid upon his head

A shovelful of churchyard clay,  
Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,

' This is a sign that thou art dead,  
So in thy heart be penitent ! '

And forth from the chapel door he went

Into disgrace and banishment,  
Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,  
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,  
Whose sound should be a perpetual knell

To keep all travellers away.

*Walter.* O, horrible fate ! Out-  
cast, rejected,  
As one with pestilence infected !

*Hubert.* Then was the family tomb unsealed,  
And broken helmet, sword, and shield,

Buried together in common wreck,  
As is the custom, when the last  
Of any princely house has passed ;  
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,

A herald shouted down the stair  
The words of warning and despair,—

' O Hoheneck ! O Hoheneck ! '

*Walter.* Still in my soul that cry goes on,—  
For ever gone ! for ever gone !

Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,  
Like a black shadow, would fall across

The hearts of all, if he should die !  
His gracious presence upon earth  
Was as a fire upon a hearth ;  
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,

The words that dropped from his  
sweet tongue  
Strengthened our hearts; or, heard  
at night,  
Made all our slumbers soft and light.  
Where is he?

*Hubert.* In the Odenwald.  
Some of his tenants, unappalled  
By fear of death, or priestly word,—  
A holy family, that make  
Each meal a Supper of the Lord,—  
Have him beneath their watch and  
ward,  
For love of him, and Jesus' sake!  
Pray you come in. For why should I  
With out-door hospitality  
My prince's friend thus entertain?

*Walter.* I would a moment here  
remain.  
But you, good Hubert, go before,  
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,  
As aromatic as the May  
From which it steals the breath  
away,  
And which he loved so well of yore;  
It is of him that I would think.  
You shall attend me, when I call,  
In the ancestral banquet-hall.  
Unseen companions, guests of air,  
You cannot wait on, will be there;  
They taste not food, they drink not  
wine,  
But their soft eyes look into mine,  
And their lips speak to me, and all  
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall  
Is full of looks and words divine!

*(Leaning over the parapet.)*

The day is done; and slowly from  
the scene  
The stooping sun upgathers his  
spent shafts,  
And puts them back into his golden  
quiver!  
Below me in the valley, deep and  
green  
As goblets are, from which in  
thirsty draughts

We drink its wine, the swift and  
mantling river  
Flows on triumphant through these  
lovely regions,  
Etched with the shadows of its  
sombre margin,  
And soft, reflected clouds of gold  
and argent!  
Yes, there it flows, for ever, broad  
and still,  
As when the vanguard of the  
Roman legions  
First saw it from the top of yonder  
hill!  
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields  
of wheat,  
Vineyard, and town, and tower with  
fluttering flag,  
The consecrated chapel on the crag,  
And the white hamlet gathered  
round its base,  
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's  
feet,  
And looking up at his beloved face!  
O friend! O best of friends! Thy  
absence more  
Than the impending night darkens  
the landscape o'er!

## II.

*A Farm in the Odenwald. A  
Garden. Morning. PRINCE  
HENRY seated, with a book.  
ELSIE, at a distance, gathering  
flowers.*

*Prince Henry (reading).* One  
morning, all alone,  
Out of his convent of gray stone,  
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,  
His lips moving as if in prayer,  
His head sunken upon his breast  
As in a dream of rest,  
Walked the Monk Felix. All about  
The broad, sweet sunshine lay  
without,  
Filling the summer air;  
And within the woodlands as he trod,



The dusk was like the Truce of God  
With worldly woe and care ;  
Under him lay the golden moss ;  
And above him the boughs of  
hoary trees  
Waved, and made the sign of the  
cross,  
And whispered their Benedicites ;  
And from the ground  
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant  
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant  
Vines that wandered,  
Seeking the sunshine, round and  
round.

These he heeded not, but pondered  
On the volume in his hand,  
A volume of Saint Augustine,  
Wherein he read of the unseen  
Splendours of God's great town  
In the unknown land,  
And, with his eyes cast down  
In humility, he said :  
' I believe, O God,  
What herein I have read,  
But, alas ! I do not understand !'  
And lo ! he heard  
The sudden singing of a bird,  
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud  
Dropped down,  
And among the branches brown  
Sat singing  
So sweet, and clear, and loud,  
It seemed a thousand harp-strings  
ringing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book,  
And long, long,  
With rapturous look,  
He listened to the song,  
And hardly breathed or stirred,  
Until he saw, as in a vision,  
The land Elysian,  
And in the heavenly city heard  
Angelic feet  
Fall on the golden flagging of the  
street.  
And he would fain  
Have caught the wondrous bird,

But strove in vain ;  
For it flew away, away,  
Far over hill and dell,  
And instead of its sweet singing  
He heard the convent bell  
Suddenly in the silence ringing  
For the service of noonday.  
And he retraced  
His pathway homeward sadly and  
in haste.

In the convent there was a change !  
He looked for each well-known face,  
But the faces were new and strange ;  
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
New voices chanted in the choir ;  
Yet the place was the same place,  
The same dusky walls  
Of cold, gray stone,  
The same cloisters and belfry and  
spire.

A stranger and alone  
Among that brotherhood  
The Monk Felix stood.  
' Forty years,' said a Friar,  
' Have I been Prior  
Of this convent in the wood,  
But for that space  
Never have I beheld thy face !'  
The heart of the Monk Felix fell :  
And he answered, with submissive  
tone,  
' This morning, after the hour of  
Prime,  
I left my cell,  
And wandered forth alone.  
Listening all the time  
To the melodious singing  
Of a beautiful white bird,  
Until I heard  
The bells of the convent ringing  
Noon from their noisy towers.  
It was as if I dreamed ;  
For what to me had seemed  
Moments only, had been hours !'  
' Years !' said a voice close by.  
It was an aged monk who spoke,  
From a bench of oak

Fastened against the wall ;—  
He was the oldest monk of all.  
For a whole century  
Had he been there,  
Serving God in prayer,  
The meekest and humblest of his  
creatures.

He remembered well the features  
Of Felix, and he said,  
Speaking distinct and slow :  
'One hundred years ago,  
When I was a novice in this place,  
There was here a monk, full of  
God's grace,  
Who bore the name  
Of Felix, and this man must be the  
same.'

And straightway  
They brought forth to the light of  
day

A volume old and brown,  
A huge tome, bound  
In brass and wild-boar's hide;  
Wherein were written down  
The names of all who had died  
In the convent, since it was edified.  
And there they found,  
Just as the old monk said,  
That on a certain day and date,  
One hundred years before,  
Had gone forth from the convent  
gate,

The Monk Felix, and never more  
Had entered that sacred door.  
He had been counted among the  
dead !

And they knew, at last,  
That, such had been the power  
Of that celestial and immortal song,  
A hundred years had passed,  
And had not seemed so long  
As a single hour !

(ELSIE comes in with flowers.)

Elsie. Here are flowers for you,  
But they are not all for you.  
Some of them are for the Virgin  
And for Saint Cecilia.

Prince Henry. As thou standest  
there,

Thou seemest to me like the angel  
That brought the immortal roses  
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

Elsie. But these will fade.

Prince Henry. Themselves will  
fade,

But not their memory,  
And memory has the power  
To re-create them from the dust.  
They remind me, too,  
Of martyred Dorothea,  
Who from celestial gardens sent  
Flowers as her witnesses  
To him who scoffed and doubted.

Elsie. Do you know the story  
Of Christ and the Sultan's  
daughter ?

That is the prettiest legend of them  
all.

Prince Henry. Then tell it to  
me.

But first come hither.  
Lay the flowers down beside me,  
And put both thy hands in mine.  
Now tell me the story.

Elsie. Early in the morning  
The Sultan's daughter  
Walked in her father's garden,  
Gathering the bright flowers,  
All full of dew.

Prince Henry. Just as thou hast  
been doing

This morning, dearest Elsie.

Elsie. And as she gathered  
them,

She wondered more and more  
Who was the Master of the Flowers,  
And made them grow  
Out of the cold, dark earth.

'In my heart,' she said,  
'I love him ; and for him  
Would leave my father's palace,  
To labour in his garden.'

Prince Henry. Dear, innocent  
child !

How sweetly thou recallest

The long-forgotten legend,  
That in my early childhood  
My mother told me!  
Upon my brain  
It reappears once more,  
As a birth-mark on the forehead  
When a hand suddenly  
Is laid upon it, and removed!

*Elsie.* And at midnight,  
As she lay upon her bed,  
She heard a voice  
Call to her from the garden,  
And, looking forth from her  
window,

She saw a beautiful youth  
Standing among the flowers.  
It was the Lord Jesus;  
And she went down to him,  
And opened the door for him;  
And he said to her, 'O maiden!  
Thou hast thought of me with  
love,

And for thy sake  
Out of my Father's kingdom  
Have I come hither:  
I am the Master of the Flowers.  
My garden is in Paradise,  
And if thou wilt go with me,  
Thy bridal garland  
Shall be of bright red flowers.'  
And then he took from his finger  
A golden ring,  
And asked the Sultan's daughter  
If she would be his bride.  
And when she answered him with  
love,

His wounds began to bleed,  
And she said to him,  
'O Love! how red thy heart is,  
And thy hands are full of roses.'  
'For thy sake,' answered he,  
'For thy sake is my heart so red,  
For thee I bring these roses;  
I gathered them at the cross  
Whereon I died for thee!  
Come, for my Father calls.  
Thou art my elected bride!'  
And the Sultan's daughter

Followed him to his Father's  
garden.

*Prince Henry.* Wouldst thou  
have done so, Elsie?

*Elsie.* Yes, very gladly.

*Prince Henry.* Then the Celestial  
Bridegroom

Will come for thee also.  
Upon thy forehead he will place,  
Not his crown of thorns,  
But a crown of roses.  
In thy bridal chamber,  
Like Saint Cecilia,  
Thou shalt hear sweet music  
And breathe the fragrance  
Of flowers immortal!  
Go now and place these flowers  
Before her picture.

*A room in the farm-house.*

*Twilight.* *URSULA* spinning.  
*GOTTLIEB* asleep in his chair.

*Ursula.* Darker and darker!  
Hardly a glimmer  
Of light comes in at the window-  
pane;  
Or is it my eyes are growing  
dimmer?

I cannot disentangle this skein,  
Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.  
*Elsie!*

*Gottlieb* (starting). The stopping  
of thy wheel  
Has wakened me out of a pleasant  
dream.

I thought I was sitting beside a  
stream,  
And heard the grinding of a mill,  
When suddenly the wheels stood  
still,  
And a voice cried 'Elsie' in my ear!  
It startled me, it seemed so near.

*Ursula.* I was calling her: I  
want a light.  
I cannot see to spin my flax.  
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou  
hear?

*Elsie* (within). In a moment!

## The Golden Legend.

*Gottlieb.* Where are Bertha and Max?

*Ursula.* They are sitting with Elsie at the door.  
She is telling them stories of the wood,  
And the Wolf, and little Red Riding-hood.

*Gottlieb.* And where is the Prince?

*Ursula.* In his room over-head;  
I heard him walking across the floor,  
And he always does, with a heavy tread.

(*ELSIE comes in with a lamp. MAX and BERTHA follow her; and they all sing the Evening Song on the lighting of the lamps.*)

### EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light  
Of the Father Immortal,  
And of the celestial  
Sacred and blessed  
Jesus, our Saviour!  
Now to the sunset  
Again hast thou brought us;  
And, seeing the evening  
Twilight, we bless thee,  
Praise thee, adore thee!  
Father omnipotent!  
Son, the Life-giver!  
Spirit, the Comforter!  
Worthy at all times  
Of worship and wonder.

*Prince Henry (at the door).*  
Amen!

*Ursula.* Who was it said Amen?

*Elsie.* It was the Prince: he stood at the door,  
And listened a moment, as we chanted  
The evening song. He is gone again.  
I have often seen him there before.

*Ursula.* Poor Prince!

*Gottlieb.* I thought the house was haunted!

Poor Prince, alas! and yet as mild  
And patient as the gentlest child!

*Max.* I love him because he is so good,  
And makes me such fine bows and arrows,  
To shoot at the robins and the sparrows,

And the red squirrels in the wood!  
*Bertha.* I love him, too!

*Gottlieb.* Ah, yes! we all Love him, from the bottom of our hearts;

He gave us the farm, the house, and the grange,  
He gave us the horses and the carts,

And the great oxen in the stall,  
The vineyard, and the forest range!  
We have nothing to give him but our love!

*Bertha.* Did he give us the beautiful stork above  
On the chimney-top, with its large round nest?

*Gottlieb.* No, not the stork; by God in heaven,  
As a blessing, the dear white stork was given,  
But the Prince has given us all the rest.

God bless him, and make him well again.

*Elsie.* Would I could do something for his sake,  
Something to cure his sorrow and pain!

*Gottlieb.* That no one can; neither thou nor I,  
Nor any one else.

*Elsie.* And must he die?  
*Ursula.* Yes; if the dear God does not take  
Pity upon him, in his distress,  
And work a miracle!

*Gottlieb.* Or unless  
Some maiden, of her own accord,  
Offers her life for that of her lord,  
And is willing to die in his stead.

*Elsie.* I will!

*Ursula.* Prithee, thou foolish  
child, be still!  
Thou shouldst not say what thou  
dost not mean!

*Elsie.* I mean it truly!

*Max.* O father! this morning,  
Down by the mill, in the ravine,  
Hans killed a wolf, the very same  
That in the night to the sheepfold  
came,  
And ate up my lamb, that was left  
outside.

*Gottlieb.* I am glad he is dead.  
It will be a warning  
To the wolves in the forest, far  
and wide.

*Max.* And I am going to have  
his hide!

*Bertha.* I wonder if this is the  
wolf that ate  
Little Red Riding-hood!

*Ursula.* O no!  
That wolf was killed a long while  
ago.

Come, children, it is growing late.

*Max.* Ah, how I wish I were a  
man,  
As stout as Hans is, and as  
strong!

I would do nothing else, the whole  
day long,  
But just kill wolves.

*Gottlieb.* Then go to bed,  
And grow as fast as a little boy  
can.

Bertha is half asleep already.  
See how she nods her heavy head,  
And her sleepy feet are so un-  
steady

She will hardly be able to creep  
up-stairs.

*Ursula.* Good night, my children.  
Here's the light.

And do not forget to say your  
prayers  
Before you sleep.

*Gottlieb.* Good night!

*Max and Bertha.* Good night!

(*They go out with ELSIE.*)

*Ursula (spinning).* She is a  
strange and wayward child,  
That Elsie of ours. She looks so  
old,

And thoughts and fancies weird  
and wild

Seem of late to have taken hold  
Of her heart, that was once so  
docile and mild!

*Gottlieb.* She is like all girls.

*Ursula.* Ah no, forsooth!  
Unlike all I have ever seen.

For she has visions and strange  
dreams,

And in all her words and ways,  
she seems

Much older than she is in truth.

Who would think her but fifteen?

And there has been of late such a  
change!

My heart is heavy with fear and  
doubt

That she may not live till the year  
is out.

She is so strange,—so strange,—  
so strange!

*Gottlieb.* I am not troubled with  
any such fear;

She will live and thrive for many  
a year.

— — — — —  
*ELSIE'S chamber. Night. ELSIE  
praying.*

*Elsie.* My Redeemer and my  
Lord,

I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
Guide me in each act and word,  
That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
With my lamp well trimmed and  
burning!

Interceding  
With these bleeding  
Wounds upon thy hands and side,  
For all who have lived and erred  
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
Scourged, and mocked, and cruci-  
fied,  
And in the grave hast thou been  
buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,  
Even as thou hast died for me,  
More sincerely  
Let me follow where thou ledest,  
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
Die, if dying I may give  
Life to one who asks to live,  
And more nearly,  
Dying thus, resemble thee!

*The chamber of GOTTLIEB and  
URSULA. Midnight. ELSIE  
standing by their bed-side, weep-  
ing.*

*Gottlieb.* The wind is roaring;  
the rushing rain  
Is loud upon roof and window-  
pane,  
As if the Wild Huntsman of Ro-  
denstein,  
Boding evil to me and mine,  
Were abroad to-night with his  
ghostly train!  
In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,  
The dogs howl in the yard; and  
hark!  
Some one is sobbing in the dark,  
Here in the chamber!

*Elsie.* It is I.

*Ursula.* Elsie! what ails thee,  
my poor child?

*Elsie.* I am disturbed and much  
distressed,  
In thinking our dear Prince must  
die;  
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

*Gottlieb.* What wouldst thou?  
In the Power Divine  
His healing lies, not in our own;  
It is in the hand of God alone.

*Elsie.* Nay, he has put it into  
mine,  
And into my heart!

*Gottlieb.* Thy words are wild!

*Ursula.* What dost thou mean?  
my child! my child!

*Elsie.* That for our dear Prince  
Henry's sake  
I will myself the offering make,  
And give my life to purchase his.

*Ursula.* Am I still dreaming, or  
awake?

Thou speakest carelessly of death,  
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

*Elsie.* 'Tis the cessation of our  
breath.

Silent and motionless we lie;  
And no one knoweth more than  
this.

I saw our little Gertrude die;  
She left off breathing, and no more  
I smoothed the pillow beneath her  
head.

She was more beautiful than before.  
Like violets faded were her eyes;  
By this we knew that she was dead.  
Through the open window looked  
the skies

Into the chamber where she lay,  
And the wind was like the sound of  
wings,

As if angels came to bear her away.  
Ah! when I saw and felt these  
things,

I found it difficult to stay;  
I longed to die, as she had died,  
And go forth with her, side by side.  
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs  
dead,

And Mary, and our Lord; and I  
Would follow in humility  
The way by them illumined!

*Ursula.* My child! my child!  
thou must not die!

*Elsie.* Why should I live? Do  
I not know  
The life of woman is full of woe!  
Toiling on and on and on,  
With breaking heart, and tearful  
eyes,  
And silent lips, and in the soul  
The secret longings that arise,  
Which this world never satisfies!  
Some more, some less, but of the  
whole  
Not one quite happy, no, not one!  
*Ursula.* It is the malediction  
of Eve!  
*Elsie.* In place of it, let me  
receive  
The benediction of Mary, then.  
*Gottlieb.* Ah, woe is me! Ah,  
woe is me!  
Most wretched am I among men!  
*Ursula.* Alas! that I should  
live to see  
Thy death, beloved, and to stand  
Above thy grave! Ah, woe the  
day!  
*Elsie.* Thou wilt not see it. I  
shall lie  
Beneath the flowers of another  
land;  
For at Salerno, far away  
Over the mountains, over the sea,  
It is appointed me to die!  
And it will seem no more to thee  
Than if at the village on market-  
day  
I should a little longer stay  
Than I am wont.  
*Ursula.* Even as thou sayest!  
And how my heart beats when thou  
stayest!  
I cannot rest until my sight  
Is satisfied with seeing thee.  
What, then, if thou wert dead?  
*Gottlieb.* Ah me!  
Of our old eyes thou art the light!  
The joy of our old hearts art thou!  
And wilt thou die?  
*Ursula.* Not now! not now!

*Elsie.* Christ died for me, and  
shall not I  
Be willing for my Prince to die?  
You both are silent; you cannot  
speak.  
This said I at our Saviour's feast  
After confession, to the priest,  
And even he made no reply.  
Does he not warn us all to seek  
The happier, better land on high,  
Where flowers immortal never  
wither;  
And could he forbid me to go  
thither?  
*Gottlieb.* In God's own time, my  
heart's delight!  
When he shall call thee, not before!  
*Elsie.* I heard him call. When  
Christ ascended  
Triumphantly, from star to star,  
He left the gates of heaven ajar.  
I had a vision in the night,  
And saw him standing at the door  
Of his Father's mansion, vast and  
splendid,  
And beckoning to me from afar.  
I cannot stay!  
*Gottlieb.* She speaks almost  
As if it were the Holy Ghost  
Spoke through her lips, and in her  
stead!  
What if this were of God?  
*Ursula.* Ah, then  
Gainsay it dare we not.  
*Gottlieb.* Amen!  
*Elsie!* the words that thou hast said  
Are strange and new for us to hear,  
And fill our hearts with doubt and  
fear.  
Whether it be a dark temptation  
Of the Evil One, or God's inspira-  
tion,  
We in our blindness cannot say.  
We must think upon it, and pray;  
For evil and good it both resembles.  
If it be of God, his will be done!  
May he guard us from the Evil  
One!

How hot thy hand is! how it trembles!  
Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.  
*Ursula.* Kiss me. Good night;  
and do not weep.

(*ELSIE goes out.*)

Ah, what an awful thing is this!  
I almost shuddered at her kiss,  
As if a ghost had touched my cheek,  
I am so childish and so weak!  
As soon as I see the earliest gray  
Of morning glimmer in the east,  
I will go over to the priest,  
And hear what the good man has  
to say!

*A Village Church. A woman kneeling at the confessional.*

*The Parish Priest (from within).*  
Go, sin no more! Thy penance  
o'er,

A new and better life begin!  
God maketh thee for ever free  
From the dominion of thy sin!  
Go, sin no more! He will restore  
The peace that filled thy heart  
before,  
And pardon thine iniquity!

(*The woman goes out. The Priest comes forth, and walks slowly up and down the church.*)

O blessed Lord! how much I need  
Thy light to guide me on my way!  
So many hands, that, without heed,  
Still touch thy wounds, and make  
them bleed!

So many feet, that, day by day,  
Still wander from thy fold astray!  
Unless thou fill me with thy light,  
I cannot lead thy flock aright;  
Nor, without thy support, can bear  
The burden of so great a care,  
But am myself a castaway!

(*A pause.*)

The day is drawing to its close;

And what good deeds, since first it  
rose,  
Have I presented, Lord, to thee,  
As offerings of my ministry?  
What wrong repressed, what right  
maintained,  
What struggle passed, what victory  
gained,  
What good attempted and attained?  
Feeble, at best, is my endeavour!  
I see, but cannot reach, the height  
That lies for ever in the light,  
And yet for ever and for ever,  
When seeming just within my  
grasp,  
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,  
And sink discouraged into night!  
For thine own purpose thou hast  
sent

The strife and the discouragement!

(*A pause.*)

Why starest thou, Prince of Ho-  
nebeck?

Why keep me pacing to and fro  
Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,  
Counting my footsteps as I go,  
And marking with each step a  
tomb?

Why should the world for thee  
make room,

And wait thy leisure and thy beck?  
Thou comest in the hope to hear  
Some word of comfort and of cheer.  
What can I say? I cannot give  
The counsel to do this and live;  
But rather, firmly to deny  
The tempter, though his power be  
strong,

And, inaccessible to wrong,  
Still like a martyr live and die!

(*A pause.*)

The evening air grows dusk and  
brown;

I must go forth into the town,  
To visit beds of pain and death,  
Of restless limbs, and quivering  
breath,



And sorrowing hearts, and patient  
eyes  
That see, through tears, the sun go  
down,  
But nevermore shall see it rise.  
The poor in body and estate,  
The sick and the disconsolate,  
Must not on man's convenience  
wait.

(*Goes out.*)

(*Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.*)

*Lucifer (with a genuflection,  
mocking).* This is the Black  
Paternoster.

God was my foster,  
He fostered me  
Under the book of the Palm-tree !  
St. Michael was my dame.  
He was born at Bethlehem,  
He was made of flesh and blood.  
God sent me my right food,  
My right food, and shelter too,  
That I may to yon kirk go,  
To read upon yon sweet book  
Which the mighty God of heaven  
shook.

Open, open, hel's gates !  
Shut, shut, heaven's gates !  
All the devils in the air  
The stronger be, that hear the  
Black Prayer !

(*Looking round the church.*)

What a darksome and dismal place !  
I wonder that any man has the face  
To call such a hole the House of  
the Lord,  
And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such  
is the word.  
Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,  
Covered with cobwebs, blackened  
with mould ;  
Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,  
Dust on the benches, and stalls,  
and chairs !  
The pulpit, from which such pon-  
derous sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of  
the Germans,  
With about as much real edification  
As if a great Bible, bound in lead,  
Had fallen, and struck them on the  
head ;  
And I ought to remember that  
sensation !  
Here stands the holy-water stoup !  
Holy-water it may be to many,  
But to me, the veriest Liquor  
Gehennæ !

It smells like a filthy fast-day soup !  
Near it stands the box for the poor ;  
With its iron padlock, safe and sure.  
I and the priest of the parish know  
Whither all these charities go ;  
Therefore, to keep up the institution,  
I will add my little contribution !

(*He puts in money.*)

Underneath this mouldering tomb,  
With statue of stone, and scutcheon  
of brass,  
Slumbers a great lord of the village.  
All his life was riot and pillage,  
But at length, to escape the doom  
Of the everlasting, penal fire,  
He died in the dress of a mendicant  
friar,  
And bartered his wealth for a daily  
mass.  
But all that afterwards came to  
pass,  
And whether he finds it dull or  
pleasant.

Is kept a secret for the present,  
At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall,  
Shadowy, silent, apart from all,  
With its awful portal open wide,  
And its latticed windows on either  
side,  
And its step well worn by the bended  
knees  
Of one or two pious centuries,  
Stands the village confessional !  
Within it, as an honoured guest,

I will sit me down awhile and  
rest !

(*Sits himself in the confessional.*)

Here sits the priest; and faint and  
low,

Like the sighing of an evening  
breeze,

Comes through these painted lat-  
tices

The ceaseless sound of human woe;  
Here, while her bosom aches and  
throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,  
That half are passion, half contrition,  
The luckless daughter of perdition  
Slowly confesses her secret shame !  
The time, the place, the lover's  
name !

Here the grim murderer, with a  
groan,

From his bruised conscience rolls  
the stone,

Thinking that thus he can atone  
For ravages of sword and flame !  
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel  
greatly,

How a priest can sit here so sedately,  
Reading, the whole year out and in,  
Naught but the catalogue of sin,  
And still keep any faith whatever  
In human virtue ! Never ! never !

I cannot repeat a thousandth part  
Of the horrors and crimes and sins  
and woes

That arise, when with palpitating  
throes

The graveyard in the human heart  
Gives up its dead, at the voice of  
the priest,

As if he were an archangel, at least.  
It makes a peculiar atmosphere,  
This odour of earthly passions and  
crimes,

Such as I like to breathe, at times,  
And such as often brings me here  
In the hottest and most pestilential  
season.

To-day, I come for another reason ;  
To foster and ripen an evil thought  
In a heart that is almost to madness  
wrought,

And to make a murderer out of a  
prince,

A sleight of hand I learned long  
since !

He comes. In the twilight he will  
not see

The difference between his priest  
and me !

In the same net was the mother  
caught !

*Prince Henry (entering and  
kneeling at the confessional).*

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,  
I come to crave, O Father holy,  
Thy benediction on my head.

*Lucifer.* The benediction shall be  
said

After confession, not before !

'Tis a God-speed to the parting  
guest,

Who stands already at the door,  
Sandalled with holiness, and  
dressed

In garments pure from earthly stain.  
Meanwhile, hast thou searched well  
thy breast ?

Does the same madness fill thy  
brain ?

Or have thy passion and unrest  
Vanished for ever from thy mind ?

*Prince Henry.* By the same  
madness still made blind,

By the same passion still possessed,  
I come again to the house of prayer,  
A man afflicted and distressed !

As in a cloudy atmosphere,  
Through unseen sluices of the air,  
A sudden and impetuous wind

Strikes the great forest white with  
fear,

And every branch, and bough, and  
spray

Points all its quivering leaves one  
way,

And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,  
And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,  
And smoke from chimneys of the town,  
Yield themselves to it, and bow down,  
So does this dreadful purpose press  
Onward, with irresistible stress,  
And all my thoughts and faculties,  
Struck level by the strength of this,  
From their true inclination turn,  
And all stream forward to Salern !

*Lucifer.* Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,

Uplifted by the blast, and whirled  
Along the highway of the world  
A moment only, then to fall  
Back to a common level all,  
At the subsiding of the gust !

*Prince Henry.* O holy Father !  
pardon in me

The oscillation of a mind  
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find  
Its centre of rest and harmony !  
For evermore before mine eyes  
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,  
And as a madman through a crowd,  
With frantic gestures and wild cries,  
It hurries onward, and aloud  
Repeats its awful prophecies !  
Weakness is wretchedness ! To be strong

Is to be happy ! I am weak,  
And cannot find the good I seek,  
Because I feel and fear the wrong !

*Lucifer.* Be not alarmed ! The Church is kind,

And in her mercy and her meekness  
She meets half-way her children's weakness,  
Writes their transgressions in the dust !

Though in the Decalogue we find  
The mandate written, 'Thou shalt not kill !'

Yet there are cases when we must.

In war, for instance, or from scathe  
To guard and keep the one true Faith !

We must look at the Decalogue in the light

Of an ancient statute, that was meant

For a mild and general application,  
To be understood with the reservation,

That, in certain instances, the Right  
Must yield to the Expedient !

Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst die,

What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie !

What noble deeds, what fair renown,  
Into the grave with thee go down !

What acts of valour and courtesy  
Remain undone, and die with thee !

Thou art the last of all thy race !

With thee a noble name expires,  
And vanishes from the earth's face  
The glorious memory of thy sires !

She is a peasant. In her veins  
Flows common and plebeian blood ;  
It is such as daily and hourly stains  
The dust and the turf of battle plains,  
By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,  
Without reserve, and without reward,

At the slightest summons of their lord !

But thine is precious ; the fore-appointed

Blood of kings, of God's anointed !  
Moreover, what has the world in store

For one like her, but tears and toil ?  
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,  
A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,

And her soul within her sick and sore  
With the roughness and barrenness of life !

I marvel not at the heart's recoil  
From a fate like this in one so tender,

Nor at its eagerness to surrender  
All the wretchedness, want, and woe  
That await it in this world below,  
For the unutterable splendour  
Of the world of rest beyond the  
skies.

So the Church sanctions the sacri-  
fice :

Therefore inhale this healing balm,  
And breathe this fresh life into thine ;  
Accept the comfort and the calm  
She offers, as a gift divine ;  
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet  
With the ointment costly and most  
sweet

Of her young blood, and thou shalt  
live.

*Prince Henry.* And will the  
righteous Heaven forgive ?  
No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves some-  
where

A record, written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater  
strength

Of the acts which follow it, till at  
length

The wrongs of ages are redressed,  
And the justice of God made mani-  
fest !

*Lucifer.* In ancient records it is  
stated

That, whenever an evil deed is done,  
Another devil is created  
To scourge and torment the offend-  
ing one !

But the evil is only good perverted,  
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,  
But an angel fallen and deserted,  
Thrust from his Father's house  
with a curse

Into the black and endless night.

*Prince Henry.* If justice rules the  
universe,

From the good actions of good men  
Angels of light should be begotten,  
And thus the balance restored again.

*Lucifer.* Yes ; if the world were  
not so rotten,

And so given over to the Devil !

*Prince Henry.* But this deed, is it  
good or evil ?

Have I thine absolution free

To do it, and without restriction ?

*Lucifer.* Ay ; and from whatso-  
ever sin

Lieth around it and within,  
From all crimes in which it may  
involve thee,

I now release thee and absolve  
thee !

*Prince Henry.* Give me thy holy  
benediction.

*Lucifer* (stretching forth his hand  
and muttering).

Maledictione perpetua

Maledicat vos

Pater eternus !

*The Angel* (with the æolian  
harp). Take heed ! take heed !

Noble art thou in thy birth,  
By the good and the great of earth  
Hast thou been taught !

Be noble in every thought

And in every deed !

Let not the illusion of thy senses

Betray thee to deadly offences.

Be strong ! be good ! be pure !

The right only shall endure,

All things else are but false pre-  
tences.

I entreat thee, I implore,

Listen no more

To the suggestions of an evil spirit,

That even now is there,

Making the foul seem fair,

And selfishness itself a virtue and a  
merit !

*A room in the farm-house.*

*Gottlieb.* It is decided ! For  
many days,

And nights as many, we have had  
A nameless terror in our breast,

## The Golden Legend.

Making us timid, and afraid  
Of God, and his mysterious ways !  
We have been sorrowful and sad ;  
Much have we suffered, much have  
prayed  
That he would lead us as is best,  
And show us what his will required.  
It is decided ; and we give  
Our child, O Prince, that you may  
live !

*Ursula.* It is of God. He has  
inspired  
This purpose in her ; and through  
pain,

Out of a world of sin and woe,  
He takes her to himself again.  
The mother's heart resists no  
longer ;

With the Angel of the Lord in vain  
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

*Gottlieb.* As Abraham offered  
long ago

His son unto the Lord, and even  
The Everlasting Father in heaven  
Gave his, as a lamb unto the  
slaughter,

So do I offer up my daughter !

(*URSULA hides her face.*)

*Elsie.* My life is little,  
Only a cup of water,  
But pure and limpid.  
Take it, O my Prince !  
Let it refresh you,  
Let it restore you.  
It is given willingly,  
It is given freely,  
May God bless the gift !

*Prince Henry.* And the giver !

*Gottlieb.* Amen !

*Prince Henry.* I accept it !

*Gottlieb.* Where are the children ?

*Ursula.* They are already asleep.

*Gottlieb.* What if they were dead ?

*In the Garden.*

*Elsie.* I have one thing to ask of  
you.

*Prince Henry.* What is it ?  
It is already granted.

*Elsie.* Promise me,  
When we are gone from here, and  
on our way

Are journeying to Salerno, you will  
not,

By word or deed, endeavour to  
dissuade me

And turn me from my purpose ; but  
remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City  
Walks unmolested, and with  
thoughts of pardon

Occupied wholly, so would I ap-  
proach

The gates of Heaven, in this great  
jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from me  
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from  
off my feet.

Promise me this.

*Prince Henry.* Thy words fall  
from thy lips

Like roses from the lips of Angelo  
and angels

Might stoop to pick them up !

*Elsie.* Will you not promise ?

*Prince Henry.* If ever we depart  
upon this journey,

So long to one or both of us, I  
promise !

*Elsie.* Shall we not go, then ?  
Have you lifted me

Into the air, only to hurl me back  
Wounded upon the ground ? and

offered me  
The waters of eternal life, to bid me

Drink the polluted puddles of this  
world ?

*Prince Henry.* O Elsie ! what a  
lesson thou dost teach me !

The life which is, and that which is  
to come,

Suspended hang in such nice equi-  
poise

A breath disturbs the balance ; and  
that scale

In which we throw our hearts preponderates,  
And the other, like an empty one, flies up,  
And is accounted vanity and air !  
To me the thought of death is terrible,  
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not  
So much even as the lifting of a latch ;  
Only a step into the open air  
Out of a tent already luminous  
With light that shines through its transparent walls !  
O pure in heart ! from thy sweet dust shall grow  
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written  
' Ave Maria ' in characters of gold !

III.

*A street in Strasburg. Night.*  
PRINCE HENRY wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.

*Prince Henry.* Still is the night.  
The sound of feet  
Has died away from the empty street,  
And like an artisan, bending down  
His head on his anvil, the dark town  
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.

Sleepless and restless, I alone,  
In the dusk and damp of these walls of stone,  
Wander and weep in my remorse !

*Crier of the Dead (ringing a bell).*

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

*Prince Henry.* Hark ! with what accents loud and hoarse  
This warder on the walls of death  
Sends forth the challenge of his breath !

I see the dead that sleep in the grave !  
They rise up and their garments wave,  
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,  
With the light of another world in their eyes !

*Crier of the Dead.*

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

*Prince Henry.* Why for the dead, who are at rest ?  
Pray for the living, in whose breast  
The struggle between right and wrong  
Is raging terrible and strong,  
As when good angels war with devils !  
This is the Master of the Revels,  
Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes  
The health of absent friends, and pledges,  
Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,  
And tinkling as we touch their edges,  
But with his dismal, tinkling bell,  
That mocks and mimics their funeral knell !

*Crier of the Dead.*

Wake ! wake !  
All ye that sleep !  
Pray for the Dead !  
Pray for the Dead !

*Prince Henry.* Wake not, beloved ! be thy sleep  
Silent as night is, and as deep !  
There walks a sentinel at thy gate  
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,  
And the heavings of whose bosom number  
The respirations of thy slumber,  
As if some strange, mysterious fate

Had linked two hearts in one, and  
mine  
Went madly wheeling about thine,  
Only with wider and wilder sweep!

*Crier of the Dead (at a distance).*

Wake! wake  
All ye that sleep!  
Pray for the Dead!  
Pray for the Dead!

*Prince Henry.* Lo! with what  
depth of blackness thrown  
Against the clouds, far up the skies  
The walls of the cathedral rise,  
Like a mysterious grove of stone,  
With fitful lights and shadows  
blending,  
As from behind, the moon, ascend-  
ing,  
Lights its dim aisles and paths  
unknown!

The wind is rising; but the boughs  
Rise not and fall not with the wind  
That through their foliage sobs and  
soughs;

Only the cloudy rack behind,  
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,  
Gives to each spire and buttress  
jagged

A seeming motion undefined.  
Below on the square, an armed  
knight,

Still as a statue and as white,  
Sits on his steed, and the moon-  
beams quiver

Upon the points of his armour  
bright

As on the ripples of a river.  
He lifts the visor from his cheek,  
And beckons, and makes as he  
would speak.

*Walter the Minnesinger.*

Friend! can you tell me where  
alight  
Thuringia's horsemen for the  
night?

For I have lingered in the rear,  
And wander vainly up and down.

*Prince Henry.* I am a stranger  
in the town,  
As thou art; but the voice I hear  
Is not a stranger to mine ear.

Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

*Walter.* Thou hast guessed  
rightly; and thy name

Is Henry of Hohenneck!

*Prince Henry.* Ay, the same.

*Walter (embracing him).* Come  
closer, closer to my side;

What brings thee hither? What  
potent charm

Has drawn thee from thy German  
farm

Into the old Alsatian city?

*Prince Henry.* A tale of wonder  
and of pity!

A wretched man, almost by stealth  
Dragging my body to Salern,

In the vain hope and search for  
health,

And destined never to return.

Already thou hast heard the rest.

But what brings thee, thus armed  
and dight

In the equipments of a knight?

*Walter.* Dost thou not see upon  
my breast

The cross of the Crusaders shine?

My pathway leads to Palestine.

*Prince Henry.* Ah, would that  
way were also mine!

O noble poet! thou whose heart

Is like a nest of singing-birds

Rocked on the topmost bough of  
life,

Wilt thou, too, from our sky de-  
part,

And in the clangour of the strife

Mingle the music of thy words?

*Walter.* My hopes are high, my  
heart is proud,

And like a trumpet long and loud,

Thither my thoughts all clang and  
ring!

My life is in my hand, and lo

I grasp and bend it as a bow

And shoot forth from its trembling  
string

An arrow, that shall be, perchance,  
Like the arrow of the Israelite king  
Shot from the window toward the  
east,

That of the Lord's deliverance !

*Prince Henry.* My life, alas ! is  
what thou seest !

O enviable fate ! to be  
Strong, beautiful, and armed like  
thee

With lyre and sword, with song and  
steel ;

A hand to smite, a heart to feel !  
Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy  
sword,

Thou givest all unto thy Lord ;  
While I, so mean and abject grown,  
Am thinking of myself alone.

*Walter.* Be patient : Time will  
restate

Thy health and fortunes.

*Prince Henry.* 'Tis too late !

I cannot strive against my fate !

*Walter.* Come with me ; for  
my steed is weary ;

Our journey has been long and  
dreary,

And, dreading of his stall, he dints  
With his impatient hoofs the flints.

*Prince Henry (aside).* I am  
ashamed, in my disgrace,

To look into that noble face !

To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

*Walter.* To-morrow, at the dawn  
of day,

I shall again be on my way.

Come with me to the hostelry,

For I have many things to say.

Our journey into Italy

Perchance together we may make ;

Wilt thou not do it for my sake ?

*Prince Henry.* A sick man's  
pace would but impede

Thine eager and impatient speed.

Besides, my pathway leads me  
round

To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,  
Where I assemble man and steed,  
And all things for my journey's  
need.

(*They go out.*)

*Lucifer (flying over the city).*

Sleep, sleep, O city ! till the  
light

Wake you to sin and crime again,  
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal  
rain,

I scatter downward through the  
night

My maledictions dark and deep.

I have more martyrs in your walls  
Than God has ; and they cannot  
sleep ;

They are my bondsmen and my  
thralls ;

Their wretched lives are full of  
pain,

Wild agonies of nerve and brain ;  
And every heart-beat, every breath,  
Is a convulsion worse than death !

Sleep, sleep, O city ! though  
within

The circuit of your walls there be

No habitation free from sin,

And all its nameless misery ;

The aching heart, the aching head,

Grief for the living and the dead,

And foul corruption of the time,

Disease, distress, and want, and  
woe,

And crimes, and passions that may  
grow

Until they ripen into crime !

*Square in front of the Cathedral.*

*Easter Sunday.* FRIAR CUTH-

BERT *preaching to the crowd*

*from a pulpit in the open air.*

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE

*crossing the square.*

*Prince Henry.* This is the day,

when from the dead

Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,



Out of their darkness and despair,  
Triumphant over fears and foes,  
The hearts of his disciples rose,  
When to the women, standing  
near,

The Angel in shining vesture said,  
'The Lord is risen; he is not  
here!'

And, mindful that the day is come,  
On all the hearths in Christendom  
The fires are quenched, to be  
again

Rekindled from the sun, that high  
Is dancing in the cloudless sky.

The churches are all decked with  
flowers,

The salutations among men  
Are but the Angel's words divine,

'Christ is arisen!' and the bells  
Catch the glad murmur as it  
swells,

And chant together in their towers.  
All hearts are glad; and free from  
care

The faces of the people shine.  
See what a crowd is in the square,  
Gaily and gallantly arrayed!

*Elsie.* Let us go back; I am  
afraid!

*Prince Henry.* Nay, let us mount  
the church-steps here,  
Under the doorway's sacred  
shadow;

We can see all things, and be  
freer

From the crowd that madly heaves  
and presses!

*Elsie.* What a gay pageant!  
what bright dresses!

It looks like a flower-besprinkled  
meadow.

What is that yonder on the square?

*Prince Henry.* A pulpit in the  
open air,

And a Friar, who is preaching to  
the crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and  
loud,

That, if we listen, and give heed,  
His lowest words will reach the  
ear.

*Friar Cuthbert (gesticulating  
and cracking a postilion's  
whip).* What ho! good  
people! do you not hear?

Dashing along at the top of his  
speed,

Booted and spurred, on his jaded  
steed,

A courier comes with words of  
cheer.

Courier! what is the news, I pray?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come  
you? 'From court.'

Then I do not believe it; you say  
it in sport.

*(Cracks his whip again.)*

Ah, here comes another, riding  
this way:

We soon shall know what he has  
to say.

Courier! what are the tidings to-  
day?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come  
you? 'From town.'

Then I do not believe it; away  
with you, clown.

*(Cracks his whip more violently.)*

And here comes a third, who is  
spurring amain:

What news do you bring, with  
your loose-hanging rein,

Your spurs wet with blood, and  
your bridle with foam?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come  
you? 'From Rome.'

Ah, now I believe. He is risen,  
indeed.

Ride on with the news, at the top  
of your speed!

*(Great applause among the crowd.)*

To come back to my text! When  
the news was first spread

That Christ was arisen indeed  
from the dead,

Very great was the joy of the  
angels in heaven;  
And as great the dispute as to who  
should carry  
The tidings thereof to the Virgin  
Mary,  
Pierced to the heart with sorrows  
seven.  
Old Father Adam was first to  
propose,  
As being the author of all our woes;  
But he was refused, for fear, said  
they,  
He would stop to eat apples on the  
way!  
Abel came next, but petitioned in  
vain,  
Because he might meet with his  
brother Cain!  
Noah, too, was refused, lest his  
weakness for wine  
Should delay him at every tavern-  
sign;  
And John the Baptist could not  
get a vote,  
On account of his old-fashioned  
camel's-hair coat;  
And the Penitent Thief, who died  
on the cross,  
Was reminded that all his bones  
were broken!  
Till at last, when each in turn had  
spoken,  
The company being still at a loss,  
The Angel, who rolled away the  
stone,  
Was sent to the sepulchre, all  
alone,  
And filled with glory that gloomy  
prison,  
And said to the Virgin, 'The Lord  
is arisen!'

*(The Cathedral bells ring.)*

But hark! the bells are beginning  
to chime!  
And I feel that I am growing  
hoarse.

I will put an end to my dis-  
course,  
And leave the rest for some other  
time.  
For the bells themselves are the  
best of preachers;  
Their brazen lips are learned  
teachers,  
From their pulpits of stone, in the  
upper air,  
Sounding aloft, without crack or  
flaw,  
Shriller than trumpets under the  
Law,  
Now a sermon and now a prayer.  
The clangorous hammer is the  
tongue,  
This way, that way, beaten and  
swung,  
That from mouth of brass, as from  
Mouth of Gold,  
May be taught the Testaments,  
New and Old.  
And above it the great cross-beam  
of wood  
Representeth the Holy Rood,  
Upon which, like the bell, our  
hopes are hung.  
And the wheel wherewith it is  
swayed and rung  
Is the mind of man, that round and  
round  
Sways, and maketh the tongue to  
sound!  
And the rope, with its twisted  
cordage three,  
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity  
Of Morals, and Symbols, and  
History;  
And the upward and downward  
motions show  
That we touch upon matters high  
and low;  
And the constant change and  
transmutation  
Of action and of contemplation,  
Downward, the Scripture brought  
from on high,

Upward, exalted again to the sky:  
Downward, the literal interpretation,  
Upward, the Vision and Mystery!

And now, my hearers, to make an  
end,  
I have only one word more to say;  
In the church, in honour of Easter  
day,  
Will be represented a Miracle  
Play;  
And I hope you will all have the  
grace to attend.  
Christ bring us at last to his  
felicity!  
Pax vobiscum! et Benedicite!

*In the Cathedral.*

*Chant.*

Kyrie Eleison!  
Christe Eleison!

*Elsie.* I am at home here in my  
Father's house!  
These paintings of the Saints upon  
the walls  
Have all familiar and benignant  
faces.

*Prince Henry.* The portraits of  
the family of God!  
Thine own hereafter shall be placed  
among them.

*Elsie.* How very grand it is and  
wonderful!  
Never have I beheld a church so  
splendid!  
Such columns, and such arches,  
and such windows,  
So many tombs and statues in the  
chapels,  
And under them so many con-  
fessionals.  
They must be for the rich. I should  
not like  
To tell my sins in such a church as  
this.  
Who built it?

*Prince Henry.* A great master  
of his craft,  
Erwin von Steinbach; but not he  
alone,  
For many generations laboured  
with him.  
Children that came to see these  
Saints in stone,  
As day by day out of the blocks  
they rose,  
Grew old and died, and still the  
work went on,  
And on, and on, and is not yet  
completed.  
The generation that succeeds our  
own  
Perhaps may finish it. The archi-  
tect  
Built his great heart into these  
sculptured stones,  
And with him toiled his children,  
and their lives  
Were builded, with his own, into  
the walls,  
As offerings unto God. You see  
that statue  
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled  
eyes  
Upon the Pillar of the Angels  
yonder.  
That is the image of the master,  
carved  
By the fair hand of his own child,  
Sabina.  
*Elsie.* How beautiful is the  
column that he looks at!  
*Prince Henry.* That, too, she  
sculptured. At the base of it  
Stand the Evangelists; above their  
heads  
Four Angels blowing upon marble  
trumpets,  
And over them the blessed Christ  
surrounded  
By his attendant ministers, up-  
holding  
The instruments of his passion.  
*Elsie.* O my Lord!

Would I could leave behind me  
upon earth  
Some monument to thy glory, such  
as this!

*Prince Henry.* A greater monu-  
ment than this thou leavest  
In thine own life, all purity and  
love!

See, too, the Rose, above the  
western portal  
Resplendent with a thousand gor-  
geous colours,  
The perfect flower of Gothic love-  
liness!

*Elsie.* And, in the gallery, the  
long line of statues,  
Christ with his twelve Apostles  
watching us!

(*A Bishop in armour, booted and  
spurred, passes with his train.*)

*Prince Henry.* But come away;  
we have not time to look.  
The crowd already fills the church,  
and yonder

Upon a stage, a herald with a  
trumpet,  
Clad like the Angel Gabriel, pro-  
claims

The Mystery that will now be  
represented.



## THE NATIVITY.

A MIRACLE-PLAY.

INTROITUS.

*Præco.* Come, good people, all  
and each,  
Come and listen to our speech!  
In your presence here I stand,  
With a trumpet in my hand,  
To announce the Easter Play,  
Which we represent to-day!  
First of all we shall rehearse,  
In our action and our verse,

The Nativity of our Lord,  
As written in the old record  
Of the Protevangelion,  
So that he who reads may run!

(*Blows his trumpet.*)

I. HEAVEN.

*Mercy (at the feet of God).* Have  
pity, Lord! be not afraid  
To save mankind, whom thou hast  
made,  
Nor let the souls that were betrayed  
Perish eternally!

*Justice.* It cannot be, it must not  
be!

When in the garden placed by  
thee,

The fruit of the forbidden tree  
He ate, and he must die!

*Mercy.* Have pity, Lord! let  
penitence

Atone for disobedience,  
Nor let the fruit of man's offence  
Be endless misery!

*Justice.* What penitence pro-  
portionate

Can e'er be felt for sin so great?

Of the forbidden fruit he ate,  
And damned must he be!

*God.* He shall be saved, if that  
within

The bounds of earth one free from  
sin

Be found, who for his kith and kin  
Will suffer martyrdom.

*The Four Virtues.* Lord! we have  
searched the world around,  
From centre to the utmost bound,  
But no such mortal can be found;  
Despairing, back we come.

*Wisdom.* No mortal, but a God  
made man,

Can ever carry out this plan,  
Achieving what none other can,  
Salvation unto all!

*God.* Go, then, O my beloved  
Son!

It can by thee alone be done ;  
By thee the victory shall be won  
O'er Satan and the Fall !

*(Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave Paradise and fly towards the earth : the jaws of Hell open below, and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.)*

## II. MARY AT THE WELL.

*Mary.* Along the garden walk,  
and thence  
Through the wicket in the garden  
fence,

I steal with quiet pace,  
My pitcher at the well to fill,  
That lies so deep and cool and still  
In this sequestered place.  
These sycamores keep guard  
around ;

I see no face, I hear no sound ;  
Save bubblings of the spring,  
And my companions, who within  
Thethreads of gold and scarlet spin,  
And at their labour sing.

*The Angel Gabriel.* Hail, Virgin  
Mary, full of grace !

*(Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and then saith :)*

*Mary.* Who is it speaketh in this  
place,

With such a gentle voice ?

*Gabriel.* The Lord of heaven is  
with thee now !

Blessed among all women thou,  
Who art his holy choice !

*Mary (setting down the pitcher).*

What can this mean ? No  
one is near,

And yet, such sacred words I hear,  
I almost fear to stay.

*(Here the Angel appearing to her, shall say :)*

*Gabriel.* Fear not, O Mary ! but  
believe !

For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive  
A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary ! from the sky  
The majesty of the Most High  
Shall overshadow thee !

*Mary.* Behold the handmaid of  
the Lord !

According to thy holy word,  
So be it unto me !

*(Here the Devils shall again make a great noise, under the stage.)*

## III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS, BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

*The Angels.* The Angels of the  
Planets Seven,  
Across the shining fields of heaven  
The natal star we bring !

Dropping our sevenfold virtues  
down,

As priceless jewels in the crown  
Of Christ, our new-born King.

*Raphael.* I am the Angel of the  
Sun,

Whose flaming wheels began to run  
When God's almighty breath

Said to the darkness and the Night,  
Let there be light ! and there was  
light !

I bring the gift of Faith.

*Gabriel.* I am the Angel of the  
Moon,

Darkened, to be rekindled soon  
Beneath the azure cope !

Nearest to earth, it is my ray  
That best illumines the midnight way.

I bring the gift of Hope !

*Anael.* The Angel of the Star of  
Love,

The Evening Star, that shines  
above

The place where lovers be,  
Above all happy hearths and  
homes,

On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,  
I give him Charity !

## The Golden Legend.

*Zobiachel.* The Planet Jupiter is mine !  
 The mightiest star of all that shine,  
 Except the sun alone !  
 He is the High Priest of the Dove,  
 And sends, from his great throne  
 above,  
 Justice, that shall atone !  
*Michael.* The Planet Mercury,  
 whose place  
 Is nearest to the sun in space  
 Is my allotted sphere !  
 And with celestial ardour swift  
 I bear upon my hands the gift  
 Of heavenly Prudence here !  
*Uriel.* I am the Minister of  
 Mars,  
 The strongest star among the stars !  
 My songs of power prelude  
 The march and battle of man's life,  
 And for the suffering and the strife,  
 I give him Fortitude !  
*Orifel.* The Angel of the utter-  
 most  
 Of all the shining, heavenly host,  
 From the far-off expanse  
 Of the Saturnian, endless space  
 I bring the last, the crowning grace,  
 The gift of Temperance !

*(A sudden light shines from the  
 windows of the stable in the  
 village below.)*

### IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN  
 and CHILD. Three Gipsy Kings,  
 GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BEL-  
 SHAZZAR, shall come in.*

*Gaspar.* Hail to thee, Jesus of  
 Nazareth !  
 Though in a manger thou draw  
 breath,  
 Thou art greater than Life and  
 Death,  
 Greater than Joy or Woe !  
 This cross upon the line of life

Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,  
 And through a region with peril rife  
 In darkness shalt thou go !

*Melchior.* Hail to thee, King of  
 Jerusalem !

Though humbly born in Bethlehem,  
 A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand !

The sceptre is a simple reed,  
 The crown will make thy temples  
 bleed,

And in thy hour of greatest need,  
 Abashed thy subjects stand !

*Belshazzar.* Hail to thee, Christ  
 of Christendom !

O'er all the earth thy kingdom  
 come !

From distant Trebizond to Rome

Thy name shall men adore !

Peace and good-will among all men,  
 The Virgin has returned again,  
 Returned the old Saturnian reign  
 And Golden Age once more.

*The Child Christ.* Jesus, the Son  
 of God, am I,

Born here to suffer and to die

According to the prophecy,

That other men may live !

*The Virgin.* And now these  
 clothes, that wrapped him,  
 take,

And keep them precious, for his  
 sake ;

Our benediction thus we make,  
 Nought else have we to give.

*(She gives them swaddling clothes,  
 and they depart.)*

### V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*(Here shall JOSEPH come in,  
 leading an ass, on which are  
 seated MARY and the CHILD.)*

*Mary.* Here will we rest us,  
 under these

O'erhanging branches of the trees,  
 Where robins chant their litanies  
 And canticles of joy.

*Joseph.* My saddle-girths have  
given way  
With trudging through the heat  
to-day ;

To you I think it is but play  
To ride and hold the boy.

*Mary.* Hark ! how the robins  
shout and sing,  
As if to hail their infant King !  
I will alight at yonder spring  
To wash his little coat.

*Joseph.* And I will hobble well  
the ass,  
Lest, being loose upon the grass,  
He should escape ; for, by the  
mass,

He's nimble as a goat.

(*Here MARY shall alight and go to  
the spring.*)

*Mary.* O Joseph ! I am much  
afraid,  
For men are sleeping in the shade ;  
I fear that we shall be waylaid,  
And robbed and beaten sore !

(*Here a band of robbers shall be  
seen sleeping, two of whom shall  
rise and come forward.*)

*Dumachus.* Cock's soul ! deliver  
up your gold !

*Joseph.* I pray you, Sirs, let go  
your hold !

You see that I am weak and old,  
Of wealth I have no store.

*Dumachus.* Give up your  
money !

*Titus.* Prithee cease.  
Let these good people go in peace.

*Dumachus.* First let them pay  
for their release,  
And then go on their way.

*Titus.* These forty groats I give  
in fee,  
If thou wilt only silent be.

*Mary.* May God be merciful to  
thee,

Upon the Judgment Day !

*Jesus.* When thirty years shall  
have gone by,  
I at Jerusalem shall die,  
By Jewish hands exalted high  
On the accursed tree.

Then on my right and my left side,  
These thieves shall both be cruci-  
fied,

And Titus thenceforth shall abide  
In paradise with me.

(*Here a great rumour of trumpets  
and horses, like the noise of a  
king with his army, and the  
robbers shall take flight.*)

# VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

*King Herod.* Potz-tausend !  
Himmel-sacrament !  
Filled am I with great wonderment  
At this unwelcome news !  
Am I not Herod ? Who shall dare  
My crown to take, my sceptre bear,  
As king among the Jews ?

(*Here he shall stride up and down  
and flourish his sword.*)

What ho ! I fain would drink a can  
Of the strong wine of Canaan !

The wine of Helbon bring  
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,  
As red as blood, as hot as fire,  
And fit for any king !

(*He quaffs great goblets of wine.*)

Now at the window will I stand,  
While in the street the armed band  
The little children slay :

The babe just born in Bethlehem  
Will surely slaughtered be with  
them,

Nor live another day !

(*Here a voice of lamentation shall  
be heard in the street.*)

*Rachel.* O wicked king ! O cruel  
speed !

## The Golden Legend.

To do this most unrighteous deed !  
My children all are slain !

*Herod.* Ho, seneschal ! another  
cup !

With wine of Sorek fill it up !  
I would a bumper drain !

*Rahab.* May maledictions fall  
and blast

Thyself and lineage to the last  
Of all thy kith and kin !

*Herod.* Another goblet ! quick !  
and stir,

Pomegranate juice and drops of  
myrrh

And calamus therein !

*Soldiers (in the street).* Give up  
thy child into our hands !

It is King Herod who commands  
That he should thus be slain !

*The Nurse Medusa.* O monstrous  
men !

What have ye done !

It is King Herod's only son

That ye have cleft in twain !

*Herod.* Ah luckless day ! What  
words of fear

Are these that smite upon my ear  
With such a doleful sound !

What torments rack my heart and  
head !

Would I were dead ! would I were  
dead,

And buried in the ground !

*(He falls down and writhes as  
though eaten by worms. Hell  
opens, and SATAN and ASTA-  
ROTH come forth, and drag him  
down.)*

### VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.

*Jesus.* The shower is over. Let  
us play,  
And make some sparrows out of  
clay,  
Down by the river's side.

*Judas.* See, how the stream has  
overflowed

Its banks, and o'er the meadow  
road

Is spreading far and wide !

*(They draw water out of the river  
by channels, and form little pools.  
JESUS makes twelve sparrows of  
clay, and the other boys do the  
same.)*

*Jesus.* Look ! look ! how prettily  
I make

These little sparrows by the lake  
Bend down their necks and  
drink !

Now will I make them sing and  
soar

So far, they shall return no more  
Unto this river's brink.

*Judas.* That canst thou not !

They are but clay,

They cannot sing, nor fly away  
Above the meadow lands !

*Jesus.* Fly, fly ! ye sparrows !  
you are free !

And while you live, remember me  
Who made you with my hands.

*(Here JESUS shall clap his hands,  
and the sparrows shall fly away,  
chirruping.)*

*Judas.* Thou art a sorcerer, I  
know ;

Oft has my mother told me so,  
I will not play with thee !

*(He strikes JESUS on the right  
side.)*

*Jesus.* Ah, Judas ! thou hast  
smote my side,

And when I shall be crucified,  
There shall I pierced be !

*(Here JOSEPH shall come in, and  
say :)*

*Joseph.* Ye wicked boys ! why  
do ye play,



And break the holy Sabbath day?  
What, think ye, will your mothers  
say

To see you in such plight!  
In such a sweat, and such a heat,  
With all that mud upon your feet!  
There's not a beggar in the street  
Makes such a sorry sight!

VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

(*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a  
long beard, sitting on a high  
stool, with a rod in his hand.*)

*Rabbi.* I am the Rabbi Ben  
Israel,  
Throughout this village known full  
well,  
And, as my scholars all will tell,  
Learned in things divine;  
The Cabala and Talmud hoar  
Than all the prophets prize I  
more,  
For water is all Bible lore,  
But Mishna is strong wine.  
My fame extends from West to  
East,  
And always, at the Purim feast,  
I am as drunk as any beast,  
That wallows in his sty;  
The wine it so elateth me,  
That I no difference can see  
Between 'Accursed Haman be!'  
And 'Blessed be Mordecai!'

Come hither, Judas Iscariot;  
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got  
From the Rabbinical Book or not.  
Why howl the dogs at night?  
*Judas.* In the Rabbinical Book,  
it saith  
The dogs howl, when with icy  
breath  
Great Sammaël, the Angel of  
Death,  
Takes through the town his  
flight!

*Rabbi.* Well, boy! now say, if  
thou art wise,  
When the Angel of Death, who is  
full of eyes,  
Comes where a sick man dying  
lies,  
What doth he to the wight?

*Judas.* He stands beside him,  
dark and tall,  
Holding a sword, from which doth  
fall

Into his mouth a drop of gall,  
And so he turneth white.

*Rabbi.* And now, my Judas, say  
to me

What the great Voices Four may  
be,

That quite across the world do  
flee,

And are not heard by men?

*Judas.* The Voice of the Sun in  
heaven's dome,  
The Voice of the Murmuring of  
Rome,

The Voice of a Soul that goeth  
home,

And the Angel of the Rain!

*Rabbi.* Right are thine answers  
every one!

Now little Jesus, the carpenter's  
son,

Let us see how thy task is  
done.

Canst thou thy letters say?

*Jesus.* Aleph.

*Rabbi.* What next? Do not stop  
yet!

Go on with all the alphabet.

Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou  
forget?

Cock's soul! thou'dst rather  
play!

*Jesus.* What Aleph means I fain  
would know,

Before I any further go!

*Rabbi.* O, by Saint Peter!  
wouldst thou so?

Come hither, boy, to me.

As surely as the letter Jod  
Once cried aloud, and spake to  
God,  
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,  
And punished shalt thou be !

*(Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall  
lift up his rod to strike JESUS,  
and his right arm shall be para-  
lyzed.)*

## IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

*(JESUS sitting among his playmates  
crowned with flowers as their  
King.)*

Boys. We spread our garments  
on the ground !  
With fragrant flowers thy head is  
crowned,  
While like a guard we stand  
around,  
And hail thee as our King !  
Thou art the new King of the  
Jews !

Nor let the passers-by refuse  
To bring that homage which men use  
To majesty to bring.

*(Here a traveller shall go by, and  
the boys shall lay hold of his  
garments and say:)*

Boys. Come hither ! and all  
reverence pay  
Unto our monarch, crowned to-  
day !

Then go rejoicing on your way,  
In all prosperity !

Traveller. Hail to the King of  
Bethlehem,

Who weareth in his diadem  
The yellow crocus for the gem  
Of his authority !

*(He passes by; and others come  
in, bearing on a litter a sick  
child.)*

Boys. Set down the litter and  
draw near !

The King of Bethlehem is here !  
What ails the child, who seems to  
fear

That we shall do him harm ?

*The Bearers.* He climbed up to  
the robin's nest,

And out there darted, from his rest,  
A serpent with a crimson crest,  
And stung him in the arm.

*Jesus.* Bring him to me, and let  
me feel

The wounded place ; my touch can  
heal

The sting of serpents, and can steal  
The poison from the bite !

*(He touches the wound, and the boy  
begins to cry.)*

Cease to lament ! I can foresee  
That thou hereafter known shalt be  
Among the men who follow me,  
As Simon the Canaanite !

## EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day  
Will be represented another play,  
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,  
Beginning directly after Nones !  
At the close of which we shall  
accord,

By way of benison and reward,  
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !

## IV.

*The road to Hirschau.* PRINCE  
HENRY and ELSIE, with their  
attendants, on horseback.

*Elsie.* Onward and onward the  
highway runs to the distant  
city, impatiently bearing  
Tidings of human joy and disaster,  
of love and of hate, of doing  
and daring !

*Prince Henry.* This life of ours  
is a wild æolian harp of many  
a joyous strain,

But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

*Elsie.* Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

*Prince Henry.* Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide ; Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side ?

*Elsie.* All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain, Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

*Prince Henry.* Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the wagoner laughs with the land-lord's daughter, While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

*Elsie.* All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his soul with love ; Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

*Prince Henry.* Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway ends,

And over the fields, by a bridge path, down into the broad green valley descends.

*Elsie.* I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat ;

The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses' feet.

(*They turn down a green lane.*)

*Elsie.* Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

*Prince Henry.* Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill ; We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still.

*Elsie.* Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by our side ! What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide ?

*Prince Henry.* It is the home of the Counts of Calva ; well have I known these scenes of old, Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

*Elsie.* Hark ! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ringing for rain ! Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain.

*Prince Henry.* They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud, That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

(*They pass on.*)

*The Convent of Hirschau in the Black Forest.* The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.

*Friar Claus.* I always enter this sacred place With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,

Pausing long enough on each stair  
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,  
And a benediction on the vines  
That produce these various sorts  
of wines!

For my part, I am well content  
That we have got through with the  
tedious Lent!

Fasting is all very well for those  
Who have to contend with invisible  
foes;

But I am quite sure it does not  
agree

With a quiet, peaceable man like  
me,

Who am not of that nervous and  
meagre kind

That are always distressed in body  
and mind!

And at times it really does me  
good

To come down among this brother-  
hood,

Dwelling for ever under ground,  
Silent, contemplative, round and  
sound;

Each one old, and brown with  
mould,

But filled to the lips with the  
ardour of youth,

With the latent power and love of  
truth,

And with virtues fervent and  
manifest.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-  
tide,

When buds are swelling on every  
side,

And the sap begins to move in the  
vine,

Then in all cellars, far and wide,  
The oldest, as well as the newest,  
wine

Begins to stir itself, and ferment,  
With a kind of revolt and dis-  
content

At being so long in darkness pent,

And fain would burst from its  
sombre tun

To bask on the hillside in the sun;  
As in the bosom of us poor friars,

The tumult of half-subdued de-  
sires

For the world that we have left  
behind

Disturbs at times all peace of  
mind!

And now that we have lived through  
Lent,

My duty it is, as often before,  
To open awhile the prison-door,

And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands  
alone,

And has stood a hundred years or  
more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and  
hoar,

Trailing and sweeping along the  
floor,

Like Barbarossa, who sits in his  
cave,

Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and  
grave,

Till his beard has grown through  
the table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the  
dead!

In its veins the blood is hot and  
red,

And a heart still beats in those ribs  
of oak

That time may have tamed, but  
has not broke.

It comes from Bacharach on the  
Rhine,

Is one of the three best kinds of  
wine,

And cost some hundred florins the  
ohm;

But that I do not consider dear,  
When I remember that every year

Four butts are sent to the Pope of  
Rome.

And whenever a goblet thereof I  
drain,  
The old rhyme keeps running in  
my brain !

At Bacharach on the Rhine,  
At Hochheim on the Main,  
And at Würzburg on the Stein,  
Grow the three best kinds of wine !

They are all good wines, and better  
far

Than those of the Neckar, or those  
of the Ahr.

In particular Würzburg well may  
boast

Of its blessed wine of the Holy  
Ghost,

Which of all wines I like the most.  
This I shall draw for the Abbot's

drinking,  
Who seems to be much of my way  
of thinking.

*(Fills a flagon.)*

Ah ! how the streamlet laughs and  
sings !

What a delicious fragrance springs  
From the deep flagon while it fills,  
As of hyacinths and daffodils !

Between this cask and the Abbot's  
lips

Many have been the sips and slips ;  
Many have been the draughts of  
wine,

On their way to his, that have  
stopped at mine ;

And many a time my soul has  
hankered

For a deep draught out of his silver  
tankard,

When it should have been busy  
with other affairs,

Less with its longings and more  
with its prayers.

But now there is no such awkward  
condition,

No danger of death and eternal  
perdition ;

So here's to the Abbot and Brothers  
all,  
Who dwell in this convent of Peter  
and Paul !

*(He drinks.)*

O cordial delicious ! O soother of  
pain !

It flashes like sunshine into my  
brain !

A benison rest on the Bishop, who  
sends

Such a fuddier of wine as this to  
his friends !

And now a flagon for such as may  
ask

A draught from the noble Bacha-  
rach cask,

And I will be gone, though I know  
full well

The cellar's a cheerfuller place than  
the cell.

Behold where he stands, all sound  
and good,

Brown and old in his oaken hood ;  
Silent he seems externally

As any Carthusian monk may be ;  
But within, what a spirit of deep  
unrest !

What a seething and simmering in  
his breast !

As if the heaving of his great  
heart

Would burst his belt of oak apart !  
Let me unloose this button of wood,

And quiet a little his turbulent  
mood.

*(Sets it running.)*

See ! how its currents gleam and  
shine,

As if they had caught the purple  
hues

Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,  
Descending and mingling with the

dews ;  
Or as if the grapes were stained  
with the blood

Of the innocent boy, who, some  
years back,  
Was taken and crucified by the  
Jews,  
In that ancient town of Bacha-  
rach;  
Perdition upon those infidel Jews,  
In that ancient town of Bacha-  
rach!  
The beautiful town that gives us  
wine  
With the fragrant odour of Musca-  
dine!  
I should deem it wrong to let this  
pass  
Without first touching my lips to  
the glass,  
For here in the midst of the current  
I stand,  
Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of  
the river,  
Taking toll upon either hand,  
And much more grateful to the  
giver.

*(He drinks.)*

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,  
Such as in any town you may find,  
Such as one might imagine would  
suit  
The rascal who drank wine out of  
a boot.  
And, after all, it was not a crime,  
For he won thereby Dorf Huffs-  
heim.  
A jolly old toper! who at a pull  
Could drink a postilion's jack-boot  
full,  
And ask with a laugh, when that  
was done,  
If the fellow had left the other one!  
This wine is as good as we can  
afford  
To the friars, who sit at the lower  
board,  
And cannot distinguish bad from  
good,  
And are far better off than if they  
could,

Being rather the rude disciples of  
beer  
Than of anything more refined and  
dear!

*(Fills the other flagon and departs.)*

*The Scriptorium.* FRIAR PACI-  
FICUS *transcribing and illu-  
minating.*

*Friar Pacificus.* It is growing  
dark! Yet one line more,  
And then my work for to-day is o'er.  
I come again to the name of the  
Lord!  
Ere I that awful name record,  
That is spoken so lightly among  
men,  
Let me pause a while, and wash my  
pen;  
Pure from blemish and blot must it be  
When it writes that word of mys-  
tery!

Thus have I laboured on and on,  
Nearly through the Gospel of John.  
Can it be that from the lips  
Of this same gentle Evangelist,  
That Christ himself perhaps has  
kissed,  
Came the dread Apocalypse!  
It has a very awful look,  
As it stands there at the end of the  
book,  
Like the sun in an eclipse.  
Ah me! when I think of that vision  
divine,  
Think of writing it, line by line,  
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,  
Like the trump of doom, in the  
closing verse!  
God forgive me! if ever I  
Take aught from the book of that  
Prophecy,  
Lest my part too should be taken  
away  
From the Book of Life on the  
Judgment Day.

## The Golden Legend.

This is well written, though I say  
it !

I should not be afraid to display it,  
In open day, on the selfsame shelf  
With the writings of St. Thecla  
herself,

Or of Theodosius, who of old  
Wrote the Gospels in letters of  
gold !

That goodly folio standing yonder,  
Without a single blot or blunder,  
Would not bear away the palm  
from mine,

If we should compare them line for  
line.

There, now, is an initial letter !  
Saint Ulric himself never made a  
better !

Finished down to the leaf and the  
snail,  
Down to the eyes on the peacock's  
tail !

And now, as I turn the volume  
over,

And see what lies between cover  
and cover,

What treasures of art these pages  
hold,

All a-blaze with crimson and gold,  
God forgive me ! I seem to feel  
A certain satisfaction steal  
Into my heart, and into my brain,  
As if my talent had not lain  
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in  
vain.

Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,  
Here is a copy of thy Word,  
Written out with much toil and  
pain ;

Take it, O Lord, and let it be  
As something I have done for thee !

*(He looks from the window.)*

How sweet the air is ! How fair  
the scene !

I wish I had as lovely a green  
To paint my landscapes and my  
leaves !

How the swallows twitter under the  
eaves !

There, now, there is one in her  
nest ;

I can just catch a glimpse of her  
head and breast,

And will sketch her thus, in her  
quiet nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book.

*(He makes a sketch.)*

I can see no more. Through the  
valley yonder

A shower is passing ; I hear the  
thunder

Mutter its curses in the air,  
The Devil's own and only prayer !

The dusty road is brown with rain,  
And, speeding on with might and  
main,

Hitherward rides a gallant train.

They do not parley, they cannot  
wait,

But hurry in at the convent gate.

What a fair lady ! and beside her  
What a handsome, graceful, noble  
rider !

Now she gives him her hand to  
alight ;

They will beg a shelter for the  
night.

I will go down to the corridor,  
And try to see that face once more ;  
It will do for the face of some  
beautiful Saint,

Or for one of the Maries I shall  
paint.

*(Goes out.)*

*The Cloisters. The ABBOT  
ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.*

*Abbot.* Slowly, slowly up the  
wall

Steals the sunshine, steals the  
shade ;

Evening damps begin to fall,  
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,  
All the sky is grand with clouds,

And athwart the evening air  
Wheel the swallows home in  
crowds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west  
Paint the dusky windows red;  
Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
Underneath and overhead.  
Darker, darker, and more wan,  
In my breast the shadows fall;  
Upward steals the life of man,  
As the sunshine from the wall.  
From the wall into the sky,  
From the roof along the spire;  
Ah, the souls of those that die  
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY.)

*Prince Henry.* Christ is arisen!

*Abbot.* Amen! he is risen!  
His peace be with you.

*Prince Henry.* Here it reigns  
for ever!

The peace of God, that passeth  
understanding,  
Reigns in these cloisters and these  
corridors.

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the  
convent?

*Abbot.* I am.

*Prince Henry.* And I Prince  
Henry of Hoheneck,

Who crave your hospitality to-  
night.

*Abbot.* You are thrice welcome  
to our humble walls.

You do us honour; and we shall  
requite it,

I fear, but poorly, entertaining you  
With Paschal eggs, and our poor  
convent wine,

The remnants of our Easter  
holidays.

*Prince Henry.* How fares it with  
the holy monks of Hirschau?

Are all things well with them?

*Abbot.* All things are well.

*Prince Henry.* A noble convent!

I have known it long

By the report of travellers. I now  
see

Their commendations lag behind  
the truth.

You lie here in the valley of the  
Nagold

As in a nest: and the still river,  
gliding

Along its bed, is like an admonition  
How all things pass. Your lands

are rich and ample,

And your revenues large. God's  
benediction

Rests on your convent.

*Abbot.* By our charities  
We strive to merit it. Our Lord  
and Master,

When he departed, left us in his  
will,

As our best legacy on earth, the  
poor!

These we have always with us;  
had we not,

Our hearts would grow as hard as  
are these stones.

*Prince Henry.* If I remember  
right, the Counts of Calva  
Founded your convent.

*Abbot.* Even as you say.

*Prince Henry.* And, if I err not,  
it is very old.

*Abbot.* Within these cloisters lie  
already buried

Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath  
the flags

On which we stand, the Abbot  
William lies,

Of blessed memory.

*Prince Henry.* And whose  
tomb is that,

Which bears the brass escutcheon?

*Abbot.* A benefactor's,  
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who  
stood

Godfather to our bells.

*Prince Henry.* Your monks are  
learned

And holy men, I trust.



## The Golden Legend.

*Abbot.* There are among them  
Learned and holy men. Yet in  
this age  
We need another Hildebrand, to  
shake  
And purify us like a mighty wind.  
The world is wicked, and some-  
times I wonder  
God does not lose his patience with  
it wholly,  
And shatter it like glass! Even  
here, at times,  
Within these walls, where all  
should be at peace,  
I have my trials. Time has laid  
his hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting  
it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its  
vibrations.  
Ashes are on my head, and on my  
lips  
Sackcloth, and in my breast a  
heaviness  
And weariness of life, that makes  
me ready  
To say to the dead Abbots under us,  
'Make room for me!' Only I see  
the dusk  
Of evening twilight coming, and  
have not  
Completed half my task; and so  
at times  
The thought of my shortcomings  
in this life  
Falls like a shadow on the life to  
come.  
*Prince Henry.* We must all die,  
and not the old alone;  
The young have no exemption from  
that doom.  
*Abbot.* Ah, yes! the young may  
die, but the old must!  
That is the difference.  
*Prince Henry.* I have heard  
much laud

Of your transcribers. Your Scrip-  
torium  
Is famous among all; your manu-  
scripts  
Praised for their beauty and their  
excellence.  
*Abbot.* That is indeed our boast.  
If you desire it,  
You shall behold these treasures.  
And meanwhile  
Shall the Refectorarius bestow  
Your horses and attendants for the  
night.  
(*They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.*)

*The Chapel. Vespers: after which  
the monks retire, a chorister  
leading an old monk who is  
blind.*

*Prince Henry.* They are all gone,  
save one who lingers,  
Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.  
As if his heart could find no rest,  
At times he beats his heaving  
breast  
With clenched and convulsive  
fingers,  
Then lifts them trembling in the  
air.

A chorister, with golden hair,  
Guides hitherward his heavy pace.  
Can it be so? Or does my sight  
Deceive me in the uncertain light?  
Ah no! I recognise that face,  
Though Time has touched it in his  
flight,  
And changed the auburn hair to  
white.

It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,  
The deadliest foe of all our race,  
And hateful unto me and mine!

*The Blind Monk.* Who is it that  
doth stand so near  
His whispered words I almost  
hear?

*Prince Henry.* I am Prince  
Henry of Hohenek,

And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine!

I know you, and I see the scar,  
The brand upon your forehead,  
shine

And redden like a baleful star!

*The Blind Monk.* Count Hugo  
once, but now the wreck  
Of what I was. O Hoheneck!  
The passionate will, the pride, the  
wrath

That bore me headlong on my path,  
Stumbled and staggered into fear,  
And failed me in my mad career,  
As a tired steed some evil-doer,  
Alone upon a desolate moor,  
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,  
And hearing loud and close behind  
The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.  
Then suddenly from the dark there  
came

A voice that called me by my name,  
And said to me, 'Kneel down and  
pray!'

And so my terror passed away,  
Passed utterly away for ever.  
Contrition, penitence, remorse,  
Came on me with o'erwhelming  
force;

A hope, a longing, an endeavour,  
By days of penance and nights of  
prayer,  
To frustrate and defeat despair!  
Calm, deep, and still is now my  
heart,

With tranquil waters overflowed;  
A lake whose unseen fountains  
start,

Where once the hot volcano  
glowed.

And you, O prince of Hoheneck!  
Have known me in that earlier  
time,

A man of violence and crime,  
Whose passions brooked no curb  
nor check.

Behold me now, in gentler mood,  
One of this holy brotherhood.

Give me your hand; here let me  
kneel;

Make your reproaches sharp as  
steel;

Spurn me, and smite me on each  
cheek;

No violence can harm the meek,  
There is no wound Christ cannot  
heal!

Yes; lift your princely hand, and  
take

Revenge, if 'tis revenge you seek;  
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

*Prince Henry.* Arise, Count  
Hugo! let there be

No further strife nor enmity  
Between us twain; we both have  
erred!

Too rash in act, too wroth in word.  
From the beginning have we stood  
In fierce, defiant attitude,  
Each thoughtless of the other's  
right,

And each reliant on his might.

But now our souls are more sub-  
dued;

The hand of God, and not in vain,  
Has touched us with the fire of  
pain.

Let us kneel down, and side by  
side

Pray, till our souls are purified,  
And pardon will not be denied!

(*They kneel.*)

*The Refectory. Gaudiolum of  
Monks at midnight. LUCIFER  
disguised as a Friar.*

*Friar Paul (sings).*

Ave! color vini clari,  
Dulcis potus, non amari,  
Tua nos inebriari  
Digneris potentia!

*Friar Cuthbert.* Not so much  
noise, my worthy freres,  
You'll disturb the Abbot at his  
prayers.

*Friar Paul (sings).*

O! quam placens in colore!  
O! quam fragrans in odore!  
O! quam sapidum in ore!  
Dulce lingue vinclum!

*Friar Cuthbert.* I should think  
your tongue had broken its  
chain!

*Friar Paul (sings).*

Felix venter quem intabuis!  
Felix guttur quod rigabis!  
Felix os quod tu lavabis!  
Et beata labia!

*Friar Cuthbert.* Peace! I say,  
peace!  
Will you never cease!  
You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell  
you again!

*Friar John.* No danger! to-  
night he will let us alone,  
As I happen to know he has guests  
of his own.

*Friar Cuthbert.* Who are they?

*Friar John.* A German  
Prince and his train,  
Who arrived here just before the  
rain.

There is with him a damsel fair to  
see,

As slender and graceful as a reed!  
When she alighted from her steed,  
It seemed like a blossom blown from  
a tree.

*Friar Cuthbert.* None of your  
pale-faced girls for me!  
None of your damsels of high de-  
gree!

*Friar John.* Come, old fellow,  
drink down to your peg!  
But do not drink any farther, I beg!

*Friar Paul (sings).*

In the days of gold!  
The days of old,  
Crosier of wood  
And bishop of gold!

*Friar Cuthbert.* What an in-  
fernal racket and riot!  
Can you not drink your wine in  
quiet!

Why fill the convent with such  
scandals,  
As if we were so many drunken  
Vandals?

*Friar Paul (continues).*

Now we have changed  
That law so good,  
To crosier of gold  
And bishop of wood!

*Friar Cuthbert.* Well, then,  
since you are in the mood  
To give your noisy humours vent,  
Sing and howl to your heart's con-  
tent!

*Chorus of Monks.*

Funde vinum, funde!  
Tanquam sint fluminis undae,  
Nec quaeras unde  
Sed fundas semper abunde!

*Friar John.* What is the name  
of yonder friar,  
With an eye that glows like a coal  
of fire,  
And such a black mass of tangled  
hair?

*Friar Paul.* He who is sitting  
there,  
With a rollicking,  
Devil may care,  
Free-and-easy look and air,  
As if he were used to such feasting  
and frolicking?

*Friar John.* The same.

*Friar Paul.* He's a stranger.  
You had better ask his name,  
And where he is going, and whence  
he came.

*Friar John.* Hallo! Sir Friar!

*Friar Paul.* You must raise  
your voice a little higher,  
He does not seem to hear what you  
say.

Now, try again ! He is looking  
this way.

*Friar John.* Hallo ! Sir Friar.  
We wish to inquire  
Whence you came, and where you  
are going,  
And anything else that is worth the  
knowing.  
So be so good as to open your  
head.

*Lucifer.* I am a Frenchman  
born and bred,  
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.  
My home  
Is the convent of St. Gildas de  
Rhuys,  
Of which, very like, you never have  
heard.

*Monks.* Never a word !

*Lucifer.* You must know, then,  
it is in the diocese  
Called the diocese of Vannes,  
In the province of Brittany.  
From the gray rocks of Morbihan  
It overlooks the angry sea ;  
The very sea-shore where,  
In his great despair,  
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,  
Filling the night with woe,  
And wailing aloud to the merciless  
seas

The name of his sweet Heloise !  
Whilst overhead  
The convent windows gleamed as  
red  
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,  
Who with jovial din  
Gave themselves up to all kinds of  
sin !

Ha ! that is a convent ! that is an  
abbey !

Over the doors,  
None of your death-heads carved  
in wood,  
None of your Saints looking pious  
and good,  
None of your patriarchs old and  
shabby ;

But the heads and tusks of boars,  
And the cells  
Hung all round with the fells  
Of the fallow-deer.  
And then what cheer ;  
What jolly, fat friars,  
Sitting round the great roaring fires,  
Roaring louder than they,  
With their strong wines,  
And their concubines,  
And never a bell,  
With its swagger and swell,  
Calling you up with a start of affright  
In the dead of night,  
To send you grumbling down dark  
stairs,

To mumble your prayers.  
But the cheery crow  
Of cocks in the yard below,  
After daybreak, an hour or so,  
And the barking of deep-mouthed  
hounds,—

These are the sounds  
That, instead of bells, salute the ear.  
And then all day  
Up and away  
Through the forest, hunting the  
deer !

Ah, my friends ! I'm afraid that  
here

You are a little too pious, a little too  
tame,

And the more is the shame.

'Tis the greatest folly

Not to be jolly ;

That's what I think !

Come drink, drink,

Drink, and die game !

*Monks.* And your Abbot What's-  
his-name ?

*Lucifer.* Abelard !

*Monks.* Did he drink hard ?

*Lucifer.* O no ! Not he !

He was a dry old fellow,  
Without juice enough to get  
thoroughly mellow.

There he stood,  
Lowering at us in sullen mood,

As if he had come into Brittany  
Just to reform our brotherhood !

(*A roar of laughter.*)

But you see  
It never would do !  
For some of us knew a thing or two,  
In the Abbey of St. Gildas de  
Rhuys !

For instance, the great ado  
With old Fulbert's niece,  
The young and lovely Heloise.

*Friar John.* Stop there, if you  
please,  
Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

*All (drinking and shouting).*  
Heloise ! Heloise !

(*The Chapel-bell tolls.*)

*Lucifer (starting).* What is that  
bell for ? Are you such asses  
As to keep up the fashion of mid-  
night masses ?

*Friar Cuthbert.* It is only a poor  
unfortunate brother,  
Who is gifted with most miraculous  
powers

Of getting up at all sorts of hours,  
And, by way of penance and Chris-  
tian meekness,

Of creeping silently out of his cell  
To take a pull at that hideous bell ;  
So that all the monks who are lying  
awake

May murmur some kind of prayer  
for his sake,  
And adapted to his peculiar weak-  
ness !

*Friar John.* From frailty and fall—

*All.* Good Lord, deliver us all !

*Friar Cuthbert.* And before the  
bell for matins sounds,  
He takes his lantern, and goes the  
rounds,

Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,  
Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you  
please,

With your story about St. Gildas de  
Rhuys.

*Lucifer.* Well, it finally came to  
pass

That, half in fun and half in malice,  
One Sunday at Mass

We put some poison into the  
chalice.

But, either by accident or design,  
Peter Abelard kept away  
From the chapel that day,  
And a poor young friar, who in his  
stead

Drank the sacramental wine,  
Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !  
But look ! do you see at the window  
there

That face, with a look of grief and  
despair,

That ghastly face, as of one in pain ?  
*Monks.* Who ? where ?

*Lucifer.* As I spoke, it vanished  
away again.

*Friar Cuthbert.* It is that nefarious  
Siebald the Refectorarius.

That fellow is always playing the  
scout,

Creeping and peeping and prowling  
about ;

And then he regales  
The Abbot with scandalous tales.

*Lucifer.* A spy in the convent ?  
One of the brothers

Telling scandalous tales of the  
others ?

Out upon him, the lazy loon !

I would put a stop to that pretty  
soon,

In a way he should rue it.

*Monks.* How shall we do it ?

*Lucifer.* Do you, brother Paul,  
Creep under the window, close to  
the wall,

And open it suddenly when I call.

Then seize the villain by the hair,  
And hold him there,

And punish him soundly, once for  
all.

*Friar Cuthbert.* As St. Dunstan  
of old,  
We are told,  
Once caught the Devil by the nose!

*Lucifer.* Ha! ha! that story is  
very clever,  
But has no foundation whatsoever.  
Quick! for I see his face again  
Glaring in at the window-pane;  
Now! now! and do not spare your  
blows.

(*FRIAR PAUL opens the window  
suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD.  
They beat him.*)

*Friar Siebald.* Help! help! are  
you going to slay me?

*Friar Paul.* That will teach you  
again to betray me!

*Friar Siebald.* Mercy! mercy!  
*Friar Paul (shouting and beat-  
ing).*

Rumpas bellorum lorum.  
Vim confer amorum  
Morum verorum rorum  
Tu plena polorum!

*Lucifer.* Who stands in the door-  
way yonder,  
Stretching out his trembling hand,  
Just as Abelard used to stand,  
The flash of his keen black eyes  
Forerunning the thunder?

*The Monks (in confusion).* The  
Abbot! the Abbot!

*Friar Cuthbert.* And what is the  
wonder!

He seems to have taken you by sur-  
prise!

*Friar Francis.* Hide the great  
flagon

From the eyes of the dragon!

*Friar Cuthbert.* Pull the brown  
hood over your face!

This will bring us into disgrace!

*Abbot.* What means this revel  
and carouse?

Is this a tavern and drinking-house?  
Are you Christian monks, or  
heathen devils,

To pollute this convent with your  
revels?

Were Peter Damian still upon  
earth,

To be shocked by such ungodly  
mirth,

He would write your names, with  
pen of gall,

In his Book of Gomorrah, one and  
all!

Away, you drunkards! to your  
cells,

And pray till you hear the matin-  
bells;

You, Brother Francis, and you,  
Brother Paul!

And as a penance mark each prayer  
With the scourge upon your  
shoulders bare;

Nothing atones for such a sin  
But the blood that follows the dis-  
cipline.

And you, Brother Cuthbert, come  
with me

Alone into the sacristy;

You, who should be a guide to your  
brothers,

And are ten times worse than all  
the others,

For you I've a draught that has  
long been brewing,

You shall do a penance worth the  
doing!

Away to your prayers, then, one and  
all!

I wonder the very convent wall  
Does not crumble and crush you in  
its fall!

*The neighbouring Nunnery. The  
ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting  
with ELSIE in the moonlight.*

*Irmingard.* The night is silent  
the wind is still,  
The moon is looking from yonder  
hill

Down upon convent, and grove, and  
garden;

The clouds have passed away from  
her face,  
Leaving behind them no sorrowful  
trace,  
Only the tender and quiet grace  
Of one, whose heart has been healed  
with pardon !

And such am I. My soul within  
Was dark with passion and soiled  
with sin.  
But now its wounds are healed  
again ;  
Gone are the anguish, the terror,  
and pain ;  
For across that desolate land of woe,  
O'er whose burning sands I was  
forced to go,  
A wind from heaven began to blow ;  
And all my being trembled and  
shook,  
As the leaves of the tree, or the  
grass of the field,  
And I was healed, as the sick are  
healed,  
When fanned by the leaves of the  
Holy Book !

As thou sittest in the moonlight  
there,  
Its glory flooding thy golden  
hair,  
And the only darkness that which  
lies  
In the haunted chambers of thine  
eyes,  
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,  
Strangely, and strongly, and more  
and more,  
As to one I have known and loved  
before ;  
For every soul is akin to me  
That dwells in the land of mys-  
tery !

I am the Lady Irmingard,  
Born of a noble race and name !  
Many a wandering Suabian bard,  
Whose life was dreary, and bleak,  
and hard,

Has found through me the way to  
fame.

Brief and bright were those days,  
and the night

Which followed was full of a lurid  
light.

Love, that of every woman's heart  
Will have the whole, and not a  
part,

That is to her, in Nature's plan,  
More than ambition is to man,  
Her light, her life, her very breath,  
With no alternative but death,  
Found me a maiden soft and young,  
Just from the convent's cloistered  
school,

And seated on my lowly stool,  
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,  
Fairest, noblest, best of all,  
Was Walter of the Vogelweid ;  
And, whatsoever may betide,  
Still I think of him with pride !  
His song was of the summer-time,  
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;  
The sunshine, the delicious air,  
The fragrance of the flowers, were  
there ;

And I grew restless as I heard,  
Restless and buoyant as a bird,  
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,  
O'er blossomed orchards, and  
fields in bloom,

And through the momentary  
gloom

Of shadows o'er the landscape  
trailing,

Yielding and borne I knew not  
where,

But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,  
And more by accident than choice,  
I listened to that single voice  
Until the chambers of my heart  
Were filled with it by night and  
day.

One night—it was a night in  
May—

Within the garden, unawares,  
Under the blossoms in the gloom,  
I heard it utter my own name

With protestations and wild  
prayers ;

And it rang through me, and  
became

Like the archangel's trump of  
doom,

Which the soul hears, and must  
obey ;

And mine arose as from a tomb.

My former life now seemed to me

Such as hereafter death may be,

When in the great Eternity

We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay ;

A dream, that in a single night

Faded and vanished out of sight.

My father's anger followed fast

This passion, as a freshening blast

Seeks out and fans the fire, whose  
rage

It may increase, but not assuage.

And he exclaimed : ' No wandering  
bard

Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard !

For which Prince Henry of  
Hoheneck

By messenger and letter sues.'

Gently, but firmly, I replied :

' Henry of Hoheneck I discard !

Never the hand of Irmingard

Shall lie in his as the hand of a  
bride !'

This said I, Walter, for thy sake ;

This said I, for I could not choose.

After a pause, my father spake

In that cold and deliberate tone

Which turns the hearer into stone,

And seems itself the act to be

That follows with such dread  
certainty ;

' This, or the cloister and the  
veil !'

No other words than these he  
said,

But they were like a funeral wail ;  
My life was ended, my heart was  
dead.

That night from the castle-gate  
went down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy  
pace,

Two shadows, mounted on shadowy  
steeds,

Taking the narrow path that leads  
Into the forest dense and brown.

In the leafy darkness of the place,  
One could not distinguish form nor  
face,

Only a bulk without a shape,

A darker shadow in the shade ;

One scarce could say it moved or  
stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape !

A foaming brook, with many a  
bound,

Followed us like a playful hound ;  
Then leaped before us, and in the  
hollow

Paused, and waited for us to  
follow,

And seemed impatient, and afraid

That our tardy flight should be  
betrayed

By the sound our horses' hoof-  
beats made.

And when we reached the plain  
below,

We paused a moment and drew  
rein

To look back at the castle again ;  
And we saw the windows all  
aglow

With lights, that were passing to  
and fro :

Our hearts with terror ceased to  
beat ;

The brook crept silent to our  
feet ;

We knew what most we feared to  
know.



## The Golden Legend.

Then suddenly horns began to  
blow ;  
And we heard a shout, and a heavy  
tramp,  
And our horses snorted in the  
damp  
Night-air of the meadows green  
and wide,  
And in a moment, side by side,  
So close, they must have seemed  
but one,  
The shadows across the moonlight  
run,  
And another came, and swept  
behind,  
Like the shadow of clouds before  
the wind !

How I remember that breathless  
flight  
Across the moors, in the summer  
night !  
How under our feet the long, white  
road  
Backward like a river flowed,  
Sweeping with it fences and  
hedges,  
Whilst farther away, and over-  
head,  
Paler than I, with fear and dread,  
The moon fled with us, as we fled  
Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;  
But of what afterwards befell  
I nothing further can recall  
Than a blind, desperate, headlong  
fall ;  
The rest is a blank and darkness  
all.

When I awoke out of this swoon,  
The sun was shining, not the  
moon,  
Making a cross upon the wall  
With the bars of my windows  
narrow and tall ;  
And I prayed to it, as I had been  
wont to pray,

From early childhood, day by day,  
Each morning, as in bed I lay !  
I was lying again in my own  
room !  
And I thanked God, in my fever  
and pain,  
That those shadows on the mid-  
night plain  
Were gone, and could not come  
again !  
I struggled no longer with my  
doom !

This happened many years ago.  
I left my father's home to come  
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,  
For blindly I esteemed it so.  
And when I heard the convent door  
Behind me close, to ope no more,  
I felt it smite me like a blow.  
Through all my limbs a shudder  
ran,  
And on my bruised spirit fell  
The dampness of my narrow cell  
As night-air on a wounded man,  
Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.  
I felt the agony decrease  
By slow degrees, then wholly  
cease,  
Ending in perfect rest and peace !  
It was not apathy, nor dulness,  
That weighed and pressed upon  
my brain,  
But the same passion I had given  
To earth before, now turned to  
heaven  
With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas ! the world is full of peril !  
The path that runs through the  
fairest meads,  
On the sunniest side of the valley,  
leads  
Into a region bleak and sterile !  
Alike in the high-born and the  
lowly,

The will is feeble, and passion strong.  
We cannot sever right from wrong;  
Some falsehood mingles with all truth;  
Nor is it strange the heart of youth  
Should waver and comprehend but slowly  
The things that are holy and unholy!

But in this sacred, calm retreat,  
We are all well and safely shielded  
From winds that blow, and waves  
that beat,  
From the cold, and rain, and  
blighting heat,  
To which the strongest hearts have  
yielded.

Here we stand as the Virgins  
Seven,  
For our celestial bridegroom  
yearning;  
Our hearts are lamps for ever  
burning,  
With a steady and unwavering  
flame,  
Pointing upward, for ever the  
same,  
Steadily upward toward the  
heaven!

The moon is hidden behind a  
cloud;  
A sudden darkness fills the room,  
And thy deep eyes, amid the  
gloom,  
Shine like jewels in a shroud.  
On the leaves is a sound of falling  
rain;  
A bird, awakened in its nest,  
Gives a faint twitter of unrest,  
Then smooths its plumes and  
sleeps again.  
No other sounds than these I hear;  
The hour of midnight must be near.  
Thou art o'erspent with the day's  
fatigue  
Of riding many a dusty league;

Sink, then, gently to thy slumber;  
Me so many cares encumber,  
So many ghosts, and forms of  
fright,  
Have started from their graves to-  
night,  
They have driven sleep from mine  
eyes away:  
I will go down to the chapel and  
pray.

V.

*A covered bridge at Lucerne.*

*Prince Henry.* God's blessing  
on the architects who build  
The bridges o'er swift rivers and  
abysses  
Before impassable to human feet,  
No less than on the builders of  
cathedrals,  
Whose massive walls are bridges  
thrown across  
The dark and terrible abyss of  
Death.  
Well has the name of Pontifex been  
given  
Unto the Church's head, as the  
chief builder  
And architect of the invisible  
bridge  
That leads from earth to heaven.

*Elsie.* How dark it grows?  
What are these paintings on the  
walls around us?

*Prince Henry.* The Dance  
Macabre!

*Elsie.* What?

*Prince Henry.* The Dance of  
Death!  
All that go to and fro must look  
upon it,  
Mindful of what they shall be,  
while beneath,  
Among the wooden piles, the  
turbulent river  
Rushes, impetuous as the river of  
life,

With dimpling eddies, ever green  
and bright,  
Save where the shadow of this  
bridge falls on it.

*Elsie.* O yes! I see it now!

*Prince Henry.* The grim  
musician

Leads all men through the mazes  
of that dance,

To different sounds in different  
measures moving;

Sometimes he plays a lute, some-  
times a drum,

To tempt or terrify.

*Elsie.* What is this picture?

*Prince Henry.* It is a young  
man singing to a nun,

Who kneels at her devotions, but  
in kneeling

Turns round to look at him, and  
Death, meanwhile,

Is putting out the candles on the  
altar!

*Elsie.* Ah, what a pity 'tis that  
she should listen

Unto such songs, when in her  
orisons

She might have heard in heaven  
the angels singing!

*Prince Henry.* Here he has  
stolen a jester's cap and bells,  
And dances with the Queen.

*Elsie.* A foolish jest!

*Prince Henry.* And here the  
heart of the new-wedded wife,  
Coming from church with her  
beloved lord,

Hestartles with the rattle of his drum.

*Elsie.* Ah, that is sad! And yet  
perhaps 'tis best

That she should die, with all the  
sunshine on her,

And all the benedictions of the  
morning,

Before this affluence of golden light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded

gray,

Then into darkness!

*Prince Henry.* Under it is  
written,

'Nothing but death shall separate  
thee and me!'

*Elsie.* And what is this, that  
follows close upon it?

*Prince Henry.* Death, playing  
on a dulcimer. Behind him,  
A poor old woman, with a rosary,  
Follows the sound, and seems to  
wish her feet

Were swifter to o'ertake him.  
Underneath,

The inscription reads, 'Better is  
Death than Life.'

*Elsie.* Better is Death than  
Life! Ah yes! to thousands  
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and  
sings

That song of consolation, till the air  
Rings with it, and they cannot  
choose but follow

Whither he leads. And not the old  
alone,

But the young also hear it, and are  
still.

*Prince Henry.* Yes, in their  
sadder moments. 'Tis the  
sound

Of their own hearts they hear, half  
full of tears,

Which are like crystal cups, half  
filled with water,

Responding to the pressure of a  
finger

With music sweet and low and  
melancholy.

Let us go forward, and no longer  
stay

In this great picture-gallery of  
Death!

I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

*Elsie.* Why is it hateful to you?

*Prince Henry.* For the reason  
That life, and all that speaks of  
life, is lovely,

And death, and all that speaks of  
death, is hateful.

*Elsie.* The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

*Prince Henry (emerging from the bridge).* I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant To come once more into the light of day,  
Out of that shadow of death! To hear again  
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,  
And not upon those hollow planks, resounding  
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods  
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies  
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled  
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,  
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,  
Then pouring all her life into another's,  
Changing her name and being! Overhead,  
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,  
Rises Pylatus, with his windy pines.

(*They pass on.*)

*The Devil's Bridge.* PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing, with attendants.

*Guide.* This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.  
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,  
It leaps across the terrible chasm  
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,  
As if, in some convulsive spasm,  
The summits of the hills had cracked,

And made a road for the cataract,  
That raves and rages down the steep!

*Lucifer (under the bridge).* Ha! ha!

*Guide.* Never any bridge but this  
Could stand across the wild abyss;  
All the rest, of wood or stone,  
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.

He toppled crags from the precipice,  
And whatsoever was built by day  
In the night was swept away;  
None could stand but this alone.

*Lucifer (under the bridge).* Ha! ha!

*Guide.* I showed you in the valley a boulder  
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder;

As he was bearing it up this way,  
A peasant, passing, cried, 'Herr Jé!'  
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,

And vanished suddenly out of sight!  
*Lucifer (under the bridge).* Ha! ha!

*Guide.* Abbot Giraldus of Emsiedel,  
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
Built this at last, with a single arch,  
Under which, on its endless march,  
Runs the river, white with foam,  
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.

And the Devil promised to let it stand,  
Under compact and condition  
That the first living thing which crossed

Should besurrendered into his hand,  
And be beyond redemption lost.

*Lucifer (under the bridge).* Ha! ha! perdition!

*Guide.* At length, the bridge  
being all completed,

## The Golden Legend.

The Abbot, standing at its head,  
Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
Which a hungry dog sprang after,  
And the rocks re-echoed with peals  
of laughter

To see the Devil thus defeated !

(*They pass on.*)

*Lucifer (under the bridge).* Ha!  
ha ! defeated !

For journeys and for crimes like this  
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss !

*The St. Gothard Pass.*

*Prince Henry.* This is the highest  
point. Two ways the rivers  
Leap down to different seas, and as  
they roll

Grow deep and still, and their majestic  
presence

Becomes a benefaction to the towns  
They visit, wandering silently  
among them,

Like patriarchs old among their  
shining tents.

*Elsie.* How bleak and bare it is !  
Nothing but mosses

Grow on these rocks.

*Prince Henry.* Yet are they  
not forgotten ;

Beneficent Nature sends the mists  
to feed them.

*Elsie.* See yonder little cloud,  
that, borne aloft

So tenderly by the wind, floats fast  
away

Over the snowy peaks ! It seems to  
me

The body of St Catherine, borne by  
angels !

*Prince Henry.* Thou art St.  
Catherine, and invisible angels  
Bear thee across these chasms and  
precipices,

Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet  
against a stone !

*Elsie.* Would I were borne unto  
my grave, as she was,

Upon angelic shoulders ! Even now  
I seem uplifted by them, light as air !  
What sound is that ?

*Prince Henry.* The tumbling ava-  
lanches !

*Elsie.* How awful, yet how beau-  
tiful !

*Prince Henry.* These are  
The voices of the mountains ! Thus  
they ope

Their snowy lips, and speak unto  
each other

In the primeval language, lost to  
man.

*Elsie.* What land is this that  
spreads itself beneath us ?

*Prince Henry.* Italy ! Italy !

*Elsie.* Land of the Madonna !  
How beautiful it is ! It seems a  
garden

Of Paradise !

*Prince Henry.* Nay, of Gethse-  
mane

To thee and me, of passion and of  
prayer !

Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago  
I wandered as a youth among its  
bowers,

And never from my heart has faded  
quite

Its memory, that, like a summer  
sunset,

Encircles with a ring of purple light  
All the horizon of my youth.

*Guide.* O friends !

The days are short, the way before  
us long ;

We must not linger, if we think to  
reach

The inn at Belinzona before vespers !

(*They pass on.*)

*At the foot of the Alps. A halt  
under the trees at noon.*

*Prince Henry.* Here let us pause  
a moment in the trembling  
Shadow and sunshine of the road-  
side trees,

And, our tired horses in a group  
assembling,  
Inhale long draughts of this delicious  
breeze.

Our fleeter steeds have distanced  
our attendants;  
They lag behind us with a slower  
pace;

We will await them under the green  
pendants  
Of the great willows in this shady  
place.

Ho, Barbarossa! how thy mottled  
haunches  
Sweat with this canter over hill and  
glade!

Stand still, and let these over-  
hanging branches  
Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee  
with shade!

*Elsie.* What a delightful land-  
scape spreads before us,  
Marked with a whitewashed cottage  
here and there!

And, in luxuriant garlands drooping  
o'er us,  
Blossoms of grape-vines scent the  
sunny air.

*Prince Henry.* Hark! What  
sweet sounds are those, whose  
accents holy

Fill the warm noon with music sad  
and sweet!

*Elsie.* It is a band of pilgrims,  
moving slowly  
On their long journey, with un-  
covered feet.

*Pilgrims (chanting the Hymn of  
St. Hildebert).*

Me receptet Sion illa,  
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,  
Cujus faber auctor lucis,  
Cujus portae lignum crucis,  
Cujus claves lingua Petri,  
Cujus eives semper laeti,  
Cujus muri lapis vivus,  
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

*Lucifer (as a Friar in the pro-  
cession).* Here am I, too, in the  
pious band,

In the garb of a barefooted Car-  
melite dressed!

The soles of my feet are as hard  
and tanned

As the conscience of old Pope Hil-  
debrand,

The Holy Satan, who made the wives  
Of the bishops lead such shameful  
lives.

All day long I beat my breast,  
And chant with a most particular  
zest

The Latin hymns, which I under-  
stand

Quite as well, I think, as the rest.  
And at night such lodging in barns  
and sheds,

Such a hurly-burly in country inns,  
Such a clatter of tongues in empty  
heads,

Such a helter-skelter of prayers and  
sins!

Of all the contrivances of the time  
For sowing broadcast the seeds of  
crime,

There is none so pleasing to me and  
mine

As a pilgrimage to some far-off  
shrine!

*Prince Henry.* If from the out-  
ward man we judge the inner,  
And cleanliness is godliness, I fear

A hopeless reprobate, a hardened  
sinner,

Must be that Carmelite now passing  
near.

*Lucifer.* There is my German  
Prince again,

Thus far on his journey to Salerno,  
And the lovesick girl, whose heated  
brain,

Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;  
But it's a long road that has no turn!

Let them quietly hold their way,  
I have also a part in the play.

## The Golden Legend.

But first I must act to my heart's  
content  
This mummery and this merri-  
ment,  
And drive this motley flock of  
sheep  
Into the fold, where drink and sleep  
The jolly old friars of Benevent.  
Of a truth, it often provokes me to  
laugh  
To see these beggars hobble along,  
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon  
chaff,  
Chanting their wonderful piff and  
paff,  
And, to make up for not understand-  
ing the song,  
Singing it fiercely, and wild, and  
strong!  
Were it not for my magic garters  
and staff,  
And the goblets of goodly wine I  
quaff,  
And the mischief I make in the idle  
throng,  
I should not continue the business  
long.

### *Pilgrims (chanting).*

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,  
Ver aeternum, pax perennis;  
In hâc odor implens caelos,  
In hâc semper festum melos!

*Prince Henry.* Do you observe  
that monk among the train,  
Who pours from his great throat the  
roaring bass,  
As a cathedral spout pours out the  
rain,  
And this way turns his rubicund,  
round face?

*Elsie.* It is the same who, on  
the Strasburg square,  
Preached to the people in the open  
air.

*Prince Henry.* And he has  
crossed o'er mountain, field,  
and fell,

On that good steed, that seems to  
bear him well,  
The hackney of the Friars of Orders  
Gray,  
His own stout legs! He, too, was in  
the play,  
Bothas King Herod and Ben Israel.  
Good morrow, Friar!

*Friar Cuthbert.* Good morrow,  
noble sir!

*Prince Henry.* I speak in Ger-  
man, for, unless I err,  
You are a German.

*Friar Cuthbert.* I cannot gain-  
say you.

But by what instinct, or what secret  
sign,  
Meeting me here, do you straight-  
way divine  
That northward of the Alps my  
country lies?

*Prince Henry.* Your accent, like  
St. Peter's, would betray you,  
Did not your yellow beard and your  
blue eyes.

Moreover, we have seen your face  
before,  
And heard you preach at the  
cathedral door

On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg  
square.

We were among the crowd that  
gathered there,

And saw you play the Rabbi with  
great skill,

As if, by leaning o'er so many  
years

To walk with little children, your  
own will

Had caught a childish attitude from  
theirs,

A kind of stooping in its form and  
gait,

And could no longer stand erect  
and straight.

Whence come you now?

*Friar Cuthbert.* From the  
old monastery

Of Hirschau, in the forest ; being  
sent

Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,  
To see the image of the Virgin  
Mary,

That moves its holy eyes and some-  
times speaks,  
And lets the piteous tears run down  
its cheeks,  
To touch the hearts of the impeni-  
tent.

*Prince Henry.* O, had I faith,  
as in the days gone by,  
That knew no doubt, and feared no  
mystery !

*Lucifer (at a distance).* Ho,  
Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !

*Friar Cuthbert.* Farewell,  
Prince !

I cannot stay to argue and con-  
vince.

*Prince Henry.* This is indeed  
the blessed Mary's land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear  
Redeemer !

All hearts are touched and softened  
at her name ;

Alike the bandit, with the bloody  
hand,

The priest, the prince, the scholar,  
and the peasant,

The man of deeds, the visionary  
dreamer,

Pay homage to her as one ever  
present !

And even as children, who have  
much offended

A too indulgent father, in great  
shame,

Penitent, and yet not daring unat-  
tended

To go into his presence, at the gate  
Speak with their sister, and con-  
fiding wait

Till she goes in before and inter-  
cedes ;

So men, repenting of their evil  
deeds,

And yet not venturing rashly to  
draw near

With their requests an angry  
Father's ear,

Offer to her their prayers and their  
confession,

And she for them in heaven makes  
intercession.

And if our Faith had given us  
nothing more

Than this example of all woman-  
hood,

So mild, so merciful, so strong, so  
good,

So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving,  
pure,

This were enough to prove it higher  
and truer

Than all the creeds the world had  
known before.

*Pilgrims (chanting afar off).*

Urbs coelestis, urbs beata,

Supra petram collocata,

Urbs in portu satis tuto

De longinquo te saluto,

Te saluto, te suspiro,

Te affecto, te requiro !

*The Inn at Genoa. A terrace over-  
looking the sea. Night.*

*Prince Henry.* It is the sea, it  
is the sea,

In all its vague immensity,  
Fading and darkening in the dis-  
tance !

Silent, majestic, and slow,  
The white ships haunt it to and fro,

With all their ghostly sails unfurled,  
As phantoms from another world

Haunt the dim confines of existence !  
But ah ! how few can comprehend

Their signals, or to what good end  
From land to land they come and

go !

Upon a sea more vast and dark

The spirits of the dead embark,  
All voyaging to unknown coasts.



## The Golden Legend.

We wave our farewells from the shore,  
And they depart, and come no more,  
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death  
Looms the great life that is to be,  
A land of cloud and mystery,  
A dim mirage, with shapes of men  
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.

Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath

Till the fair pageant vanisheth,  
Leaving us in perplexity,  
And doubtful whether it has been  
A vision of the world unseen,  
Or a bright image of our own  
Against the sky in vapours thrown.

*Lucifer (singing from the sea).*

Thou didst not make it, thou  
canst not mend it,  
But thou hast the power to end it !  
The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,

Deep it lies at thy very feet ;  
There is no confessor like unto  
Death !

Thou canst not see him, but he is  
near ;

Thou needest not whisper above thy  
breath,

And he will hear ;

He will answer the questions,  
The vague surmises and suggestions,

That fill thy soul with doubt and  
fear !

*Prince Henry.* The fisherman,  
who lies afloat,

With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,  
Is singing softly to the Night !

But do I comprehend aright  
The meaning of the words he sung  
So sweetly in his native tongue ?

Ah yes ! the sea is still and deep.  
All things within its bosom sleep !  
A single step, and all is o'er ;

A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;  
And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free  
From martyrdom and agony.

*Elsie (coming from her chamber  
upon the terrace).* The night  
is calm and cloudless,

And still as still can be,  
And the stars come forth to listen  
To the music of the sea.  
They gather, and gather, and  
gather,

Until they crowd the sky,  
And listen, in breathless silence,  
To the solemn litany.

It begins in rocky caverns,  
As a voice that chants alone  
To the pedals of the organ  
In monotonous undertone ;  
And anon from shelving beaches,  
And shallow sands beyond,  
In snow-white robes uprising  
The ghostly choirs respond.

And sadly and unceasing  
The mournful voice sings on,  
And the snow-white choirs still  
answer

Christe eleison !

*Prince Henry.* Angel of God !  
thy finer sense perceives

Celestial and perpetual harmonies !  
Thy purer soul, that trembles and  
believes,

Hears the archangel's trumpet in  
the breeze,

And where the forest rolls, or  
ocean heaves,

Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,  
And tongues of prophets speaking  
in the leaves.

But I hear discord only and  
despair,

And whispers as of demons in the  
air !

*At sea.*

*Il Padrone.* The wind upon our  
quarter lies,  
And on before the freshening gale,

That fills the snow-white lateen  
sail,  
Swiftly our light felucca flies.  
Around, the billows burst and  
foam;  
They lift her o'er the sunken  
rock,  
They beat her sides with many a  
shock,  
And then upon their flowing dome  
They poise her, like a weathercock!  
Between us and the western skies  
The hills of Corsica arise;  
Eastward, in yonder long, blue  
line,  
The summits of the Apennine,  
And southward, and still far away,  
Salerno, on its sunny bay.  
You cannot see it, where it lies.

*Prince Henry.* Ah, would that  
nevermore mine eyes  
Might see its towers by night or  
day!

*Elsie.* Behind us, dark and  
awfully,  
There comes a cloud out of the  
sea,  
That bears the form of a hunted  
deer,  
With hide of brown, and hoofs of  
black,  
And antlers laid upon its back,  
And fleeing fast and wild with  
fear,  
As if the hounds were on its  
track!

*Prince Henry.* Lo! while we  
gaze, it breaks and falls  
In shapeless masses, like the walls  
Of a burnt city. Broad and red  
The fires of the descending sun  
Glare through the windows, and  
o'erhead,  
Athwart the vapours, dense and  
dun,  
Long shafts of silvery light arise,  
Like rafters that support the  
skies!

*Elsie.* See! from its summit the  
lurid levin  
Flashes downward without warn-  
ing,

As Lucifer, son of the morning,  
Fell from the battlements of  
heaven!

*Il Padrone.* I must entreat you,  
friends, below!

The angry storm begins to blow,  
For the weather changes with the  
moon.

All this morning, until noon,  
We had baffling winds, and sudden  
flaws

Struck the sea with their cat's-  
paws.

Only a little hour ago  
I was whistling to Saint Antonio  
For a capful of wind to fill our  
sail,

And instead of a breeze he has sent  
a gale.

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's  
stars,

With their glimmering lanterns, all  
at play

On the tops of the masts and the  
tips of the spars,

And I knew we should have foul  
weather to-day.

Cheerly, my hearties! yo heaveho!  
Brail up the mainsail, and let her  
go

As the winds will and Saint An-  
tonio!

Do you see that Livornese felucca,  
That vessel to the windward  
yonder,

Running with her gunwale under?  
I was looking when the wind o'er-  
took her.

She had all sail set, and the only  
wonder

Is, that at once the strength of the  
blast

Did not carry away her mast.

She is a galley of the Gran  
Duca,  
That, through the fear of the  
Algerines,  
Convoys those lazy brigantines,  
Laden with wine and oil from  
Lucca.  
Now all is ready, high and low ;  
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio !  
Ha ! that is the first dash of the  
rain,  
With a sprinkle of spray above the  
rails,  
Just enough to moisten our sails,  
And make them ready for the  
strain.  
See how she leaps, as the blasts  
o'ertake her,  
And speeds away with a bone in  
her mouth !  
Now keep her head toward the  
south,  
And there is no danger of bank or  
breaker.  
With the breeze behind us, on we  
go ;  
Not too much, good Saint An-  
tonio !

VI.

*The School of Salerno. A travel-  
ling Scholastic affixing his  
Theses to the gate of the College.*

*Scholastic.* There, that is my  
gauntlet, my banner, my  
shield,  
Hung up as a challenge to all the  
field !  
One hundred and twenty-five  
propositions,  
Which I will maintain with the  
sword of the tongue  
Against all disputants, old and  
young.  
Let us see if doctors or dia-  
lecticians

Will dare to dispute my definitions,  
Or attack any one of my learned  
theses.  
Here stand I ; the end shall be as  
God pleases.  
I think I have proved, by profound  
researches,  
The error of all those doctrines so  
vicious  
Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,  
That are making such terrible  
work in the churches,  
By Michael the Stammerer sent  
from the East,  
And done into Latin by that  
Scottish beast,  
Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares  
to maintain,  
In the face of the truth, and error  
infernal,  
That the universe is and must be  
eternal :  
At first laying down, as a fact  
fundamental,  
That nothing with God can be  
accidental ;  
Then asserting that God before  
the creation  
Could not have existed, because it  
is plain  
That, had he existed, he would  
have created ;  
Which is begging the question that  
should be debated,  
And moveth me less to anger than  
laughter.  
All nature, he holds, is a respira-  
tion  
Of the Spirit of God, who, in  
breathing, hereafter  
Will inhale it into his bosom  
again,  
So that nothing but God alone will  
remain.  
And therein he contradicteth him-  
self ;  
For he opens the whole discussion  
by stating,

## The Golden Legend.

That God can only exist in creating.

That question I think I have laid on the shelf !

(*He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by pupils.*)

*Doctor Serafino.* I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain, That a word which is only conceived in the brain Is a type of eternal Generation ; The spoken word is the Incarnation.

*Doctor Cherubino.* What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic, With all his wordy chaffer and traffic ?

*Doctor Serafino.* You make but a paltry show of resistance ; Universals have no real existence !

*Doctor Cherubino.* Your words are but idle and empty chatter ;

Ideas are eternally joined to matter !

*Doctor Serafino.* May the Lord have mercy on your position,

You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs !

*Doctor Cherubino.* May he send your soul to eternal perdition, For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs.

(*They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.*)

*First Scholar.* Monte Cassino, then, is your College.

What think you of ours here at Salerno ?

*Second Scholar.* To tell the truth, I arrived so lately, I hardly yet have had time to discern.

So much at least, I am bound to acknowledge :

The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,

And on the whole I like it greatly.

*First Scholar.* Yes, the air is sweet : the Calabrian hills

Send us down puffs of mountain air ;

And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills

With its coolness cloister and court and square.

Then at every season of the year There are crowds of guests and

travellers here ;

Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders

From the Levant, with figs and wine,

And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,

Coming back from Palestine.

*Second Scholar.* And what are the studies you pursue ?

What is the course you here go through ?

*First Scholar.* The first three years of the college course

Are given to Logic alone, as the source

Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

*Second Scholar.* That seems rather strange, I must confess,

In a Medical School ; yet, nevertheless,

You doubtless have reasons for that.

*First Scholar.* O yes !

For none but a clever dialectician Can hope to become a great

physician ;

That has been settled long ago. Logic makes an important part

Of the mystery of the healing art ; For without it how could you hope to show

## The Golden Legend.

That nobody knows so much as  
you know?

After this there are five years  
more

Devoted wholly to medicine,  
With lectures on surgical lore,  
And dissections of the bodies of  
swine,

As likest the human form divine.

*Second Scholar.* What are the  
books now most in vogue?

*First Scholar.* Quite an extensive  
catalogue;

Mostly, however, books of our  
own;

As Gariopontus' Passionarius,  
And the writings of Matthew  
Platearius;

And a volume universally known  
As the Regimen of the School of  
Salern,

For Robert of Normandy written  
in terse

And very elegant Latin verse.

Each of these writings has its  
turn.

And when at length we have  
finished these,

Then comes the struggle for de-  
grees,

With all the oldest and ablest  
critics;

The public thesis and disputation,  
Question, and answer, and explana-  
tion

Of a passage out of Hippocrates,  
Or Aristotle's Analytics.

There the triumphant Magister  
stands!

A book is solemnly placed in his  
hands,

On which he swears to follow the  
rule

And ancient forms of the good old  
School;

To report if any confectionarius  
Mingles his drugs with matters  
various,

And to visit his patients twice a  
day,

And once in the night, if they live  
in town,

And if they are poor, to take no  
pay.

Having faithfully promised these,  
His head is crowned with a laurel  
crown;

A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his  
hand,

The Magister Artium et Physices  
Goes forth from the school like a  
lord of the land.

And now, as we have the whole  
morning before us,

Let us go in, if you make no ob-  
jection,

And listen awhile to a learned  
prelection

On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

*(They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a  
Doctor.)*

*Lucifer.* This is the great School  
of Salern!

A land of wrangling and of quar-  
rels,

Of brains that seethe, and hearts  
that burn,

Where every emulous scholar  
hears,

In every breath that comes to his  
ears,

The rustling of another's laurels!

The air of the place is called salu-  
brious;

The neighbourhood of Vesuvius  
lends it

An odour volcanic, that rather  
mends it,

And the buildings have an aspect  
lugubrious,

That inspires a feeling of awe and  
terror

Into the heart of the beholder,

And befits such an ancient home-  
stead of error,

## The Golden Legend.

Where the old falsehoods moulder  
and smoulder,  
And yearly by many hundred  
hands  
Are carried away, in the zeal of  
youth,  
And sown like tares in the field of  
truth,  
To blossom and ripen in other  
lands.

What have we here, affixed to the  
gate?  
The challenge of some scholastic  
wight,  
Who wishes to hold a public  
debate  
On sundry questions wrong or  
right!  
Ah, now this is my great delight!  
For I have often observed of late  
That such discussions end in a  
fight.  
Let us see what the learned wag  
maintains  
With such a prodigal waste of  
brains.

(Reads.)

'Whether angels in moving from  
place to place  
Pass through the intermediate  
space;  
Whether God himself is the author  
of evil,  
Or whether that is the work of the  
Devil;  
When, where, and wherefore Luci-  
fer fell,  
And whether he now is chained in  
hell.'

I think I can answer that question  
well!  
So long as the boastful human  
mind  
Consents in such mills as this to  
grind,  
I sit very firmly upon my throne!

Of a truth it almost makes me  
laugh,  
To see men leaving the golden  
grain  
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff  
That old Peter Lombard thrashed  
with his brain,  
To have it caught up and tossed  
again  
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of  
Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is  
in the air  
A fragrance, like that of the Beau-  
tiful Garden  
Of Paradise, in the days that were!  
An odour of innocence, and of  
prayer,  
And of love, and faith that never  
fails,  
Such as the fresh young heart  
exhales  
Before it begins to wither and  
harden!  
I cannot breathe such an atmo-  
sphere!  
My soul is filled with a nameless  
fear,  
That, after all my trouble and  
pain,  
After all my restless endeavour,  
The youngest, fairest soul of the  
twain,  
The most ethereal, most divine,  
Will escape from my hands for-  
ever and ever.  
But the other is already mine!  
Let him live to corrupt his race,  
Breathing among them, with every  
breath,  
Weakness, selfishness, and the  
base  
And pusillanimous fear of death.  
I know his nature, and I know  
That of all who in my ministry  
Wander the great earth to and fro,  
And on my errands come and go,

## The Golden Legend.

The safest and subtlest are such  
as he.

(*Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE,  
with attendants.*)

*Prince Henry.* Can you direct  
us to Friar Angelo?

*Lucifer.* He stands before you.

*Prince Henry.* Then you know  
our purpose.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
and this

The maiden that I spake of in my  
letters.

*Lucifer.* It is a very grave and  
solemn business!

We must not be precipitate. Does  
she

Without compulsion, of her own  
free will,

Consent to this?

*Prince Henry.* Against all oppo-  
sition,

Against all prayers, entreaties,  
protestations.

She will not be persuaded.

*Lucifer.* That is strange!

Have you thought well of it?

*Elsie.* I come not here

To argue, but to die. Your busi-  
ness is not

To question, but to kill me. I am  
ready.

I am impatient to be gone from  
here

Ere any thoughts of earth disturb  
again

The spirit of tranquillity within me.

*Prince Henry.* Would I had not  
come here! Would I were dead,

And thou wert in thy cottage in  
the forest,

And hadst not known me! Why  
have I done this?

Let me go back and die.

*Elsie.* It cannot be;

Not if these cold, flat stones on  
which we tread

Were coulters heated white, and  
yonder gateway

Flamed like a furnace with a seven-  
fold heat.

I must fulfil my purpose.

*Prince Henry.* I forbid it;

Not one step farther. For I only  
meant

To put thus far thy courage to the  
proof.

It is enough. I, too, have strength  
to die,

For thou hast taught me!

*Elsie.* O my Prince! remember

Your promises. Let me fulfil my  
errand.

You do not look on life and death  
as I do.

There are two angels, that attend  
unseen

Each one of us, and in great books  
record

Our good and evil deeds. He who  
writes down

The good ones, after every action  
closes

His volume, and ascends with it to  
God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-  
book open

Till sunset, that we may repent;  
which doing,

The record of the action fades  
away,

And leaves a line of white across  
the page.

Now if my act be good, as I be-  
lieve,

It cannot be recalled. It is al-  
ready

Sealed up in heaven, as a good  
deed accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you?  
I am ready.

(*To her attendants.*)

Weep not, my friends! rather re-  
joice with me.

## The Golden Legend.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall  
be gone,  
And you will have another friend  
in heaven.  
Then start not at the creaking of  
the door  
Through which I pass. I see what  
lies beyond it.

(To PRINCE HENRY.)

And you, O Prince! bear back my  
benison  
Unto my father's house, and all  
within it.  
This morning in the church I  
prayed for them,  
After confession, after absolu-  
tion,  
When my whole soul was white, I  
prayed for them.  
God will take care of them, they  
need me not.  
And in your life let my remem-  
brance linger,  
As something not to trouble and  
disturb it,  
But to complete it, adding life to  
life.  
And if at times beside the evening  
fire  
You see my face among the other  
faces,  
Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a  
guest that loves you,  
Nay, even as one of your own  
family,  
Without whose presence there were  
something wanting.  
I have no more to say. Let us go  
in.

*Prince Henry.* Friar Angelo!  
I charge you on your life,  
Believe not what she says, for she  
is mad,  
And comes here not to die, but to  
be healed.  
*Elsie.* Alas! Prince Henry!

*Lucifer.* Come with me:  
this way.

(*ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and closes the door.*)

*Prince Henry.* Gone! and the  
light of all my life gone with  
her!

A sudden darkness falls upon the  
world!

O, what a vile and abject thing  
am I,

That purchase length of days at  
such a cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the  
death

Of all that's good and true and  
noble in me!

All manhood, excellence, and self-  
respect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and  
heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature  
By this one act is forfeited for  
ever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in  
name!

(To the attendants.)

Why did you let this horrible deed  
be done?

Why did you not lay hold on her,  
and keep her

From self-destruction? Angelo!  
murderer!

(*Struggles at the door, but cannot  
open it.*)

*Elsie (within).* Farewell, dear  
Prince! farewell!

*Prince Henry.* Unbar the door!  
*Lucifer.* It is too late!

*Prince Henry.* It shall not  
be too late!

(*They burst the door open and  
rush in.*)



## The Golden Legend.

*The Cottage in the Odenwald.*  
*URSULA spinning. Summer*  
*afternoon. A table spread.*

*Ursula.* I have marked it well,—  
it must be true,—  
Death never takes one alone, but  
two!

Whenever he enters in at a door,  
Under roof of gold or roof of  
thatch,

He always leaves it upon the latch,  
And comes again ere the year is  
o'er.

Never one of a household only!  
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,  
Lest the dead there under the sod,  
In the land of strangers, should be  
lonely!

Ah me! I think I am lonelier here!  
It is hard to go,—but harder to  
stay!

Were it not for the children, I  
should pray  
That Death would take me within  
the year!

And Gottlieb!—he is at work all  
day,

In the sunny field, or the forest  
murk,

But I know that his thoughts are  
far away,

I know that his heart is not in his  
work!

And when he comes home to me at  
night

He is not cheery, but sits and  
sighs,

And I see the great tears in his  
eyes,

And try to be cheerful for his sake.  
Only the children's hearts are light.

Mine is weary, and ready to break.  
God help us! I hope we have done  
right;

We thought we were acting for the  
best!

*(Looking through the open door.)*

Who is it coming under the trees?  
A man, in the Prince's livery  
dressed!

He looks about him with doubtful  
face,

As if uncertain of the place.

He stops at the beehives;—now he  
sees

The garden gate;—he is going  
past!

Can he be afraid of the bees?

No; he is coming in at last!

He fills my heart with strange  
alarm!

*(Enter a Forester.)*

*Forester.* Is this the tenant  
Gottlieb's farm?

*Ursula.* This is his farm, and I  
his wife.

Pray sit. What may your business  
be?

*Forester.* News from the Prince!

*Ursula.* Of death or life?

*Forester.* You put your questions  
eagerly!

*Ursula.* Answer me, then! How  
is the Prince?

*Forester.* I left him only two  
hours since

Homeward returning down the  
river,

As strong and well as if God, the  
Giver,

Had given him back his youth  
again.

*Ursula (despairing).* Then  
Elsie, my poor child, is dead!

*Forester.* That, my good woman,  
I have not said.

Don't cross the bridge till you  
come to it,

Is a proverb old, and of excellent  
wit.

*Ursula.* Keep me no longer in  
this pain!

*Forester.* It is true your daughter  
is no more;—

## The Golden Legend.

That is, the peasant she was before.

*Ursula.* Alas! I am simple and lowly bred,  
I am poor, distracted, and forlorn,  
And it is not well that you of the court  
Should mock me thus, and make a sport

Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,

For you, too, were of mother born!

*Forester.* Your daughter lives,  
and the Prince is well!

You will learn ere long how it all befell.

Her heart for a moment never failed;

But when they reached Salerno's gate,

The Prince's nobler self prevailed,  
And saved her for a nobler fate.

And he was healed, in his despair,  
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones;

Though I think the long ride in the open air,

That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,

In the miracle must come in for a share!

*Ursula.* Virgin! who lovest the poor and lowly,

If the loud cry of a mother's heart  
Can ever ascend to where thou art,

Into thy blessed hands and holy  
Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving!

Let the hands that bore our Saviour  
bear it

Into the awful presence of God;  
For thy feet with holiness are shod,

And if thou bearest it he will  
hear it.

Our child who was dead again is  
living!

*Forester.* I did not tell you she  
was dead;

If thou thought so 'twas no fault of mine;

At this very moment, while I speak,  
They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,

In a splendid barge, with golden  
prow,

And decked with banners white  
and red

As the colours on your daughter's  
cheek.

They call her the Lady Alicia now;  
For the Prince in Salerno made a  
vow

That Elsie only would he wed.

*Ursula.* Jesu Maria! what a  
change,

All seems to me so weird and strange!

*Forester.* I saw her standing on  
the deck,

Beneath an awning cool and shady;  
Her cap of velvet could not hold

The tresses of her hair of gold,  
That flowed and floated like the  
stream,

And fell in masses down her neck.  
As fair and lovely did she seem

As in a story or a dream  
Some beautiful and foreign lady.

And the Prince looked so grand  
and proud,

And waved his hand thus to the  
crowd

That gazed and shouted from the  
shore,

All down the river, long and loud.

*Ursula.* We shall behold our  
child once more;

She is not dead! She is not dead!  
God, listening, must have over-  
heard

The prayers, that, without sound or  
word,

Our hearts in secrecy have said! -  
O, bring me to her; for mine eyes  
Are hungry to behold her face;

My very soul within me cries;  
My very hands seem to caress her,

## The Golden Legend.

To see her, gaze at her, and bless  
her ;

Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

*(Goes out toward the garden.)*

*Forester.* There goes the good  
woman out of her head ;

And Gottlieb's supper is waiting  
here ;

A very capacious flagon of beer,  
And a very portentous loaf of bread.  
One would say his grief did not  
much oppress him.

Here's to the health of the Prince,  
God bless him !

*(He drinks.)*

Ha ! it buzzes and stings like a  
hornet !

And what a scene there, through  
the door !

The forest behind and the garden  
before,

And midway an old man of three-  
score,

With a wife and children that  
caress him.

Let me try still further to cheer and  
adorn it

With a merry, echoing blast of my  
cornet !

*(Goes out blowing his horn.)*

*The Castle of Vautsberg on the  
Rhine. PRINCE HENRY and  
ELSIE standing on the terrace at  
evening. The sound of bells  
heard from a distance.*

*Prince Henry.* We are alone.

The wedding guests

Ride down the hill, with plumes and  
cloaks,

And the descending dark invests  
The Niederwald, and all the nests  
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

*Elsie.* What bells are those, that  
ring so slow,  
So mellow, musical, and low ?

*Prince Henry.* They are the bells  
of Geisenheim,

That with their melancholy chime  
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

*Elsie.* Listen, beloved.

*Prince Henry.* They are done.

Dear Elsie ! many years ago  
Those same soft bells at eventide  
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,  
As, seated by Fastrada's side  
At Ingelheim, in all his pride  
He heard their sound with secret  
pain.

*Elsie.* Their voices only speak to  
me

Of peace and deep tranquillity,  
And endless confidence in thee.

*Prince Henry.* Thou knowest  
the story of her ring,  
How, when the court went back to  
Aix,

Fastrada died ; and how the king  
Sat watching by her night and day  
Till into one of the blue lakes,  
Which water that delicious land,  
They cast the ring drawn from her  
hand ;

And the great monarch sat serene  
And sad beside the fated shore,  
Nor left the land for evermore.

*Elsie.* That was true love.

*Prince Henry.* For him the queen  
Ne'er did what thou hast done for  
me.

*Elsie.* Wilt thou as fond and faith-  
ful be ?

Wilt thou so love me after death ?

*Prince Henry.* In life's delight,  
in death's dismay,

In storm and sunshine, night and  
day,

In health, in sickness, in decay,  
Here and hereafter, I am thine !  
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath  
The calm blue waters of thine eyes  
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,  
And, undisturbed by this world's  
breath,

With magic light its jewels shine !  
This golden ring, which thou hast  
worn

Upon thy finger since the morn,  
Is but a symbol and a semblance,  
An outward fashion, a remem-  
brance,

Of what thou wearest within unseen,  
O my Fastrada, O my queen !  
Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow  
With purple and with amethyst ;  
While the whole valley deep below  
Is filled, and seems to overflow,  
With a fast-rising tide of mist.  
The evening air grows damp and  
chill ;

Let us go in.

*Elsie.* Ah, not so soon.  
See yonder fire ! it is the moon  
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.  
It glimmers on the forest tips,  
And through the dewy foliage drips  
In little rivulets of light,  
And makes the heart in love with  
night.

*Prince Henry.* Oft on this ter-  
race, when the day  
Was closing, have I stood and  
gazed,  
And seen the landscape fade away,  
And the white vapours rise and  
drown  
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and  
town,  
While far above the hill-tops blazed.  
But then another hand than thine  
Was gently held and clasped in  
mine ;

Another head upon my breast  
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.  
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes  
With so much sorrow and surprise ?  
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,  
Was that which in my own was  
pressed.

A manly form usurped thy place,  
A beautiful, but bearded face,  
That now is in the Holy Land,

Yet in my memory from afar  
Is shining on us like a star.  
But linger not. For while I speak,  
A sheeted spectre white and tall,  
The cold mist, climbs the castle  
wall,  
And lays his hand upon thy cheek !

(*They go in.*)

## EPILOGUE.

### THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

*The Angel of Good Deeds (with  
closed book).* God sent his  
messenger the rain,  
And said unto the mountain brook,  
'Rise up, and from thy caverns look  
And leap, with naked, snow-white  
feet,  
From the cool hills into the heat  
Of the broad, arid plain.'

God sent his messenger of faith,  
And whispered in the maiden's  
heart,  
'Rise up, and look from where thou  
art,  
And scatter with unselfish hands  
Thy freshness on the barren sands  
And solitudes of Death.'  
O beauty of holiness,  
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !  
O power of meekness,  
Whose very gentleness and weak-  
ness  
Are like the yielding, but irresistible  
air !

Upon the pages  
Of the sealed volume that I bear  
The deed divine  
Is written in characters of gold,  
That never shall grow old,  
But through all ages  
Burn and shine,

## The Golden Legend.

---

With soft effulgence !  
O God ! it is thy indulgence  
That fills the world with the bliss  
Of a good deed like this !

*The Angel of Evil Deeds (with  
open book).* Not yet, not yet

Is the red sun wholly set,  
But evermore recedes,  
While open still I bear  
The Book of Evil Deeds,  
To let the breathings of the upper  
air

Visit its pages and erase  
The records from its face !  
Fainter and fainter as I gaze  
In the broad blaze  
The glimmering landscape shines,  
And below me the black river  
Is hidden by wreaths of vapour !  
Fainter and fainter the black lines  
Begin to quiver  
Along the whitening surface of the  
paper ;

Shade after shade  
The terrible words grow faint and  
fade,

And in their place  
Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun !  
But the soul of one,

Who by repentance  
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,  
Shines bright below me as I look.  
It is the end !  
With closed book  
To God do I ascend.

Lo ! over the mountain steep  
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps  
Beneath my feet ;  
A blackness inwardly brightening  
With sullen heat,  
As a storm-cloud lurid with light-  
ning.

And a cry of lamentation,  
Repeated and again repeated,  
Deep and loud  
As the reverberation  
Of cloud answering unto cloud,  
Swells and rolls away in the dis-  
tance,

As if the sheeted  
Lightning retreated,  
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's  
resistance.

It is Lucifer,  
The son of mystery ;  
And since God suffers him to be,  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labours for some good  
By us not understood !

## Martin Luther.

*A Chamber in the Wartburg.  
Morning.* MARTIN LUTHER,  
*writing.*

*Martin Luther.* Our God, a  
Tower of Strength is he,  
A goodly wall and weapon ;  
From all our need he helps us free,  
That now to us doth happen.  
The old evil foe  
Doth in earnest grow,  
In grim armour dight,  
Much guile and great might ;  
On earth there is none like him.  
O yes ; a tower of strength indeed,  
A present help in all our need,  
A sword and buckler is our God.  
Innocent men have walked unshod  
O'er burning ploughshares, and  
have trod  
Unharmed on serpents in their path,  
And laughed to scorn the Devil's  
wrath !

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand  
Where God hath led me by the hand,  
And look down, with a heart at ease,  
Over the pleasant neighbourhoods,  
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,  
With flash of river, and gloom of  
trees,  
With castles crowning the dizzy  
heights,  
And farms and pastoral delights,  
And the morning pouring every-  
where  
Its golden glory on the air.

Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,  
Safe from the overwhelming blast  
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed  
me fast,  
And the howling demons of despair,  
That hunted me like a beast to his  
lair.

Of our own might we nothing can ;  
We soon are unprotected ;  
There fighteth for us the right  
Man,  
Whom God himself elected.  
Who is he ? ye exclaim ;  
Christus is his name,  
Lord of Sabaoth,  
Very God in troth ;  
The field he holds for ever.

Nothing can vex the Devil more  
Than the name of Him whom we  
adore.

Therefore doth it delight me best  
To stand in the choir among the rest,  
With the great organ trumpeting  
Through its metallic tubes, and  
sing :

*Et Verbum caro factum est !*

These words the Devil cannot  
endure,

For he knoweth their meaning well !  
Him they trouble and repel,  
Us they comfort and allure ;  
And happy it were, if our delight  
Were as great as his affright !  
Yea, music is the Prophets' art ;  
Among the gifts that God hath sent,

One of the most magnificent !  
It calms the agitated heart ;  
Temptations, evil thoughts, and all  
The passions that disturb the soul,  
Are quelled by its divine control,  
As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul,  
And his distemper was allayed,  
When David took his harp and  
played.

This world may full of Devils be,  
All ready to devour us ;  
Yet not so sore afraid are we,  
They shall not overpower us.  
This World's Prince, howe'er  
Fierce he may appear,  
He can harm us not,  
He is doomed, God wot !  
One little word can slay him !

Incredible it seems to some  
And to myself a mystery,  
That such weak flesh and blood  
as we,  
Armed with no other shield or  
sword,  
Or other weapon than the Word,  
Should combat and should over-  
come

A spirit powerful as he !  
He summons forth the Pope of  
Rome

With all his diabolic crew,  
His shorn and shaven retinue  
Of priests and children of the dark ;  
Kill ! kill ! they cry, the Heresiarch,  
Who rouseth up all Christendom  
Against us ; and at one fell blow  
Seeks the whole Church to over-  
throw !

Not yet ; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood,  
Hunting with others in the wood,  
I did not pass the hours in vain,  
For in the very heart of all  
The joyous tumult raised around,  
Shouting of men, and baying of  
hound,

And the bugle's blithe and cheery  
call,  
And echoes answering back again,  
From crags of the distant mountain  
chain,—

In the very heart of this, I found  
A mystery of grief and pain.  
It was an image of the power  
Of Satan, hunting the world about,  
With his nets and traps and well-  
trained dogs,

His bishops and priests and theo-  
logues,

And all the rest of the rabble rout,  
Seeking whom he may devour !  
Enough have I had of hunting  
hares,

Enough of these hours of idle  
mirth,

Enough of nets and traps and  
gins !

The only hunting of any worth  
Is where I can pierce with javelins  
The cunning foxes and wolves and  
bears,

The whole iniquitous troop of  
beasts,

The Roman Pope and the Roman  
priests

That sorely infest and afflict the  
earth !

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the  
air !

The fowler hath caught you in his  
snare,

And keeps you safe in his gilded  
cage,

Singing the song that never tires,  
To lure down others from their  
nests ;

How ye flutter and beat your  
breasts,

Warm and soft with young desires,  
Against the cruel pitiless wires,

Reclaiming your lost heritage !  
Behold ! a hand unbars the door,

Ye shall be captives held no  
more.

The Word they shall perforce let  
stand,  
And little thanks they merit !  
For He is with us in the land,  
With gifts of his own Spirit !  
Though they take our life,  
Goods, honours, child and wife,  
Let these pass away,  
Little gain have they ;  
The Kingdom still remaineth !

Yea, it remaineth for evermore,  
However Satan may rage and roar,  
Though often he whispers in my  
ears :

What if thy doctrines false should  
be ?

And wrings from me a bitter sweat.  
Then I put him to flight with jeers,  
Saying : Saint Satan ! pray for  
me :

If thou thinkest I am not saved yet !

And my mortal foes that lie in wait  
In every avenue and gate !  
As to that odious monk, John  
Tetzel,

Hawking about his hollow wares  
Like a huckster at village fairs,  
And those mischievous fellows,  
Wetzel,

Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cel-  
larius,

And all the busy, multifarious  
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,  
Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and  
hard,

They are not worthy of my regard,  
Poor and humble as I am.

But ah ! Erasmus of Rotterdam,  
He is the vilest miscreant  
That ever walked this world be-  
low !

A Momus, making his mock and  
mow

At Papist and at Protestant,  
Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,  
At God and Man, at one and all ;  
And yet as hollow and false and  
drear,

As a cracked pitcher to the ear,  
And ever growing worse and worse !  
Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse  
On Erasmus, the Insincere !

Philip Melancthon ! thou alone  
Faithful among the faithless known,  
Thee I hail, and only thee !  
Behold the record of us three !

*Res et verba Philippus,  
Res sine verbis Lutherus ;  
Erasmus verba sine re !*

My Philip, prayest thou for me ?  
Lifted above all earthly care,  
From these high regions of the air,  
Among the birds that day and night  
Upon the branches of tall trees  
Sing their lauds and litanies,  
Praising God with all their might,  
My Philip, unto thee I write.

My Philip ! thou who knowest best  
All that is passing in this breast ;  
The spiritual agonies,  
The inward deaths, the inward  
hell,

And the divine new births as well,  
That surely follow after these,  
As after winter follows spring ;  
My Philip, in the night-time sing  
This song of the Lord I send to  
thee,

And I will sing it for thy sake,  
Until our answering voices make  
A glorious antiphony,  
And choral chant of victory !



# Flower-de-Luce.

## FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still  
rivers,  
Or solitary mere,  
Or where the sluggish meadow-  
brook delivers  
Its waters to the weir !

Thou laughest at the mill, the whir  
and worry  
Of spindle and of loom,  
And the great wheel that toils amid  
the hurry  
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy  
and pleasance,  
Thou dost not toil nor spin,  
But makest glad and radiant with  
thy presence  
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy  
drooping banner,  
And round thee throng and run  
The rushes, the green yeomen of  
thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine  
attendant,  
And tilts against the field,  
And down the listed sunbeam rides  
resplendent  
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the  
fairest,  
Who, armed with golden rod  
And winged with the celestial  
azure, bearest  
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from  
crowded cities  
Hauntest the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless  
ditties  
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and  
let the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet !  
O flower of song, bloom on, and  
make for ever  
The world more fair and sweet.

## PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland-height,  
and listened  
To the incessant sobbing of the sea  
In caverns under me,  
And watched the waves, that  
tossed and fled and glistened,  
Until the rolling meadows of ame-  
thyst  
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep,  
I started ;  
For round about me all the sunny  
capas  
Seemed peopled with the shapes  
Of those whom I had known in  
days departed,  
Apparelled in the loveliness which  
gleams  
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and  
glory  
Faded away, and the disconsolate  
shore  
Stood lonely as before ;  
And the wild-roses of the promon-  
tory  
Around me shuddered in the wind,  
and shed  
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the  
embers  
Of all things their primordial form  
exists,  
And cunning alchemists  
Could re-create the rose with all its  
members  
From its own ashes, but without  
the bloom,  
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me ! what wonder-working,  
occult science  
Can from the ashes in our hearts  
once more  
The rose of youth restore ?  
What craft of alchemy can bid  
defiance  
To time and change, and for a  
single hour  
Renew this phantom-flower ?

'O, give me back,' I cried, 'the  
vanished splendours,  
The breath of morn, and the exul-  
tant strife,  
When the swift stream of life  
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and  
surrenders  
The pond, with all its lilies, for the  
leap  
Into the unknown deep !'

And the sea answered, with a  
lamentation,  
Like some old prophet wailing, and  
it said,  
'Alas ! thy youth is dead !

It breathes no more, its heart has  
no pulsation ;  
In the dark places with the dead  
of old  
It lies for ever cold !'

Then said I, 'From its consecrated  
cerements  
I will not drag this sacred dust  
again,  
Only to give me pain ;  
But, still remembering all the lost  
endearments,  
Go on my way, like one who looks  
before,  
And turns to weep no more.'

Into what land of harvests, what  
plantations  
Bright with autumnal foliage and  
the glow  
Of sunsets burning low ;  
Beneath what midnight skies, whose  
constellations  
Light up the spacious avenues be-  
tween  
This world and the unseen !

Amid what friendly greetings and  
caresses,  
What households, though not alien,  
yet not mine,  
What bowers of rest divine ;  
To what temptations in lone wilder-  
nesses,  
What famine of the heart, what  
pain and loss,  
The bearing of what cross !

I do not know ; nor will I vainly  
question  
Those pages of the mystic book  
which hold  
The story still untold,  
But without rash conjecture or  
suggestion  
Turn its last leaves in reverence  
and good heed,  
Until 'The End' I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BURN, O evening hearth, and  
waken  
Pleasant visions as of old !  
Though the house by winds be  
shaken,  
Safe I keep this room of gold !

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy  
Builds her castles in the air,  
Luring me by necromancy  
Up the never-ending stair !

But, instead, she builds me bridges  
Over many a dark ravine,  
Where beneath the gusty ridges  
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding  
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,  
As I follow the receding  
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring ges-  
ture,  
Naught avails the cry of pain !  
When I touch the flying vesture,  
'Tis the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning  
O'er the parapets of cloud,  
Watch the mist that intervening  
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending  
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,  
Murmur of bells and voices blend-  
ing  
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,  
Every tower and town and farm,  
And again the land forbidden  
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,  
And the nests in hedge and tree ;  
At what doors are friendly faces,  
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness  
sinking,  
Blown by wind and beaten by  
shower,  
Down I fling the thought I'm  
thinking,  
Down I toss this Alpine flower.



HAWTHORNE.

MAY 23, 1864.

How beautiful it was, that one  
bright day  
In the long week of rain !  
Though all its splendour could not  
chase away  
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with  
apple-blooms,  
And the great elms o'erhead  
Dark shadows wove on their aerial  
looms  
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray  
old manse,  
The historic river flowed :  
I was as one who wanders in a trance,  
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed  
strange ;  
Their voices I could hear,  
And yet the words they uttered  
seemed to change  
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was  
not there,  
The one low voice was mute ;  
Only an unseen presence filled the  
air,  
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow,  
manse, and stream  
Dimly my thought defines;  
I only see—a dream within a dream—  
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest  
Their tender undertone,  
The infinite longings of a troubled  
breast,  
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from  
men  
The wizard hand lies cold,  
Which at its topmost speed let fall  
the pen,  
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of  
magic power,  
And the lost clew regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's  
tower  
Unfinished must remain!



### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had  
come,

The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to  
day,

A voice, a chime,

A chant sublime

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black accursed  
mouth

The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound

The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
'There is no peace on earth,' I said;  
'For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!'

Then pealed the bells more loud  
and deep:

'God is not dead; nor doth he  
sleep!

The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will  
to men!'



### THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

SEE, the fire is sinking low,  
Dusky red the embers glow,  
While above them still I cower,  
While a moment more I linger,  
Though the clock, with lifted finger,  
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune  
Learned in some forgotten June  
From a school-boy at his play,  
When they both were young to-  
gether,  
Heart of youth and summer weather  
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark !  
How above there in the dark,  
In the midnight and the snow,  
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,  
Like the trumpets of Iskander,  
All the noisy chimneys blow !

Every quivering tongue of flame  
Seems to murmur some great  
name,  
Seems to say to me, 'Aspire !'  
But the night-wind answers, 'Hol-  
low  
Are the visions that you follow,  
Into darkness sinks your fire !'

Then the flicker of the blaze  
Gleams on volumes of old days,  
Written by masters of the art,  
Loud through whose majestic pages  
Rolls the melody of ages,  
Throb the harp-strings of the  
heart.

And again the tongues of flame  
Start exulting and exclaim :  
'These are prophets, bards, and  
seers ;  
In the horoscope of nations,  
Like ascendant constellations,  
They control the coming years.'

But the night-wind cries : 'Des-  
pair !

Those who walk with feet of air  
Leave no long-enduring marks ;  
At God's forges incandescent  
Mighty hammers beat incessant,  
These are but the flying sparks.

'Dust are all the hands that  
wrought ;  
Books are sepulchres of thought ;  
The dead laurels of the dead  
Rustle for a moment only,  
Like the withered leaves in lonely  
Churchyards at some passing  
tread.'

Suddenly the flame sinks down ;  
Sink the rumours of renown ;  
And alone the night-wind drear  
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—  
'Tis the brand of Meleager  
Dying on the hearth-stone here !'

And I answer, — 'Though it be,  
Why should that discomfort me ?  
No endeavour is in vain ;  
Its reward is in the doing,  
And the rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize the vanquished gain.



## THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O  
Bells of Lynn !  
O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells  
of Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-  
cathedral wafted,  
Your sounds aerial seem to float,  
O Bells of Lynn !

Borne on the evening wind across  
the crimson twilight,  
O'er land and sea they rise and fall,  
O Bells of Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out  
beyond the headland,  
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore,  
O Bells of Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wan-  
dering cattle homeward  
Follow each other at your call, O  
Bells of Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and  
with his flaming signal  
Answers you, passing the watch-  
word on, O Bells of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run  
the tumultuous surges,  
And clap their hands, and shout to  
you, O Bells of Lynn !

Till from the shuddering sea, with  
your wild incantations,  
Ye summon up the spectral moon,  
O Bells of Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the  
weird woman of Endor,  
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O  
Bells of Lynn !



### KILLED AT THE FORD.

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,  
The heart of honour, the tongue of  
truth,  
He, the life and light of us all,  
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-  
call,  
Whom all eyes followed with one  
consent,  
The cheer of whose laugh, and  
whose pleasant word,  
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,  
Down the dark of the mountain gap,  
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,  
Little dreaming of any mishap,  
He was humming the words of some  
old song :

‘Two red roses he had on his cap,  
And another he bore at the point  
of his sword.’

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
Came out of a wood, and the voice  
was still ;  
Something I heard in the darkness  
fall,  
And for a moment my blood grew  
chill ;

I spake in a whisper, as he who  
speaks  
In a room where some one is lying  
dead ;  
But he made no answer to what I  
said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,  
And through the mire and the mist  
and the rain  
Carried him back to the silent camp,  
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;  
And I saw by the light of the sur-  
geon's lamp  
Two white roses upon his cheeks,  
And one, just over his heart, blood-  
red !

And I saw in a vision how far and  
fleet  
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,  
Till it reached a town in the distant  
North,  
Till it reached a house in a sunny  
street,  
Till it reached a heart that ceased  
to beat  
Without a murmur, without a cry ;  
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off  
town,  
For one who had passed from cross  
to crown,  
And the neighbours wondered that  
she should die.



### GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made beautiful  
and sweet  
By self-devotion and by self-  
restraint,  
Whose pleasure is to run without  
complaint  
On unknown errands of the Para-  
clete,  
Wanting the reverence of unshod-  
den feet,

Fail of the nimbus which the  
artists paint  
Around the shining forehead of  
the saint,  
And are in their completeness  
incomplete!  
In the old Tuscan town stands  
Giotto's tower,  
The lily of Florence blossoming  
in stone,—  
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—  
The builder's perfect and centennial  
flower,  
That in the night of ages bloomed  
alone,  
But wanting still the glory of the  
spire.

TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm  
of sleep  
My little lambs are folded like  
the flocks;  
From room to room I hear the  
wakeful clocks  
Challenge the passing hour, like  
guards that keep  
Their solitary watch on tower and  
steep;  
Far off I hear the crowing of the  
cocks,  
And through the opening door  
that time unlocks  
Feel the fresh breathing of To-  
morrow creep.  
To-morrow! the mysterious, un-  
known guest,  
Who cries to me: 'Remember  
Barmecide,  
And tremble to be happy with  
the rest.'  
And I make answer: 'I am  
satisfied;  
I dare not ask; I know not what  
is best;  
God hath already said what shall  
betide.'

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.

OFT have I seen at some cathedral  
door  
A labourer, pausing in the dust  
and heat,  
Lay down his burden, and with  
reverent feet  
Enter, and cross himself, and on  
the floor  
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;  
Far off the noises of the world  
retreat;  
The loud vociferations of the  
street  
Become an undistinguishable  
roar.  
So, as I enter here from day to day,  
And leave my burden at this  
minster gate,  
Kneeling in prayer, and not  
ashamed to pray,  
The tumult of the time disconsolate  
To inarticulate murmurs dies  
away,  
While the eternal ages watch and  
wait.

II.

How strange the sculptures that  
adorn these towers!  
This crowd of statues, in whose  
folded sleeves  
Birds build their nests; while  
canopied with leaves  
Parvis and portal bloom like  
trellised bowers,  
And the vast minster seems a cross  
of flowers!  
But fiends and dragons on the  
gargoyle eaves  
Watch the dead Christ between  
the living thieves,  
And, underneath, the traitor  
Judas lowers!  
Ah! from what agonies of heart and  
brain,

What exultations trampling on  
despair,  
What tenderness, what tears,  
what hate of wrong,  
What passionate outcry of a soul  
in pain,  
Uprose this poem of the earth  
and air,  
This mediaeval miracle of song !

III.

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom  
Of the long aisles, O poet saturn-  
nine !  
And strive to make my steps keep  
pace with thine.  
The air is filled with some un-  
known perfume ;  
The congregation of the dead make  
room

For thee to pass ; the votive  
tapers shine ;  
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's  
groves of pine  
The hovering echoes fly from  
tomb to tomb.  
From the confessionals I hear arise  
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,  
And lamentations from the crypts  
below ;  
And then a voice celestial, that  
begins  
With the pathetic words, ' Al-  
though your sins  
As scarlet be,' and ends with ' as  
the snow.'

IV.

With snow-white veil and gar-  
ments as of flame,  
She stands before thee, who so  
long ago  
Filled thy young heart with  
passion and the woe  
From which thy song and all its  
splendours came ;  
And while with stern rebuke she  
speaks thy name,

The ice about thy heart melts as  
the snow  
On mountain heights, and in swift  
overflow  
Comes gushing from thy lips in  
sobs of shame.  
Thou makest full confession ; and  
a gleam,  
As of the dawn on some dark  
forest cast,  
Seems on thy lifted forehead to  
increase ;  
Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered  
dream  
And the forgotten sorrow—bring  
at last  
That perfect pardon which is  
perfect peace.

V.

I lift mine eyes, and all the  
windows blaze  
With forms of saints and holy  
men who died,  
Here martyred and hereafter  
glorified ;  
And the great Rose upon its  
leaves displays  
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic  
roundelays,  
With splendour upon splendour  
multiplied ;  
And Beatrice again at Dante's  
side  
No more rebukes, but smiles her  
words of praise.  
And then the organ sounds, and  
unseen choirs  
Sing the old Latin hymns of  
peace and love,  
And benedictions of the Holy  
Ghost ;  
And the melodious bells among  
the spires  
O'er all the house-tops and  
through heaven above  
Proclaim the elevation of the  
Host !



VI.

O star of morning and of liberty !  
 O bringer of the light, whose  
 splendour shines  
 Above the darkness of the Apen-  
 nines,  
 Forerunner of the day that is to  
 be !  
 The voices of the city and the sea,  
 The voices of the mountains and  
 the pines,  
 Repeat thy song, till the familiar  
 lines  
 Are footpaths for the thought of  
 Italy !  
 Thy fame is blown abroad from all  
 the heights,  
 Through all the nations, and a  
 sound is heard,  
 As of a mighty wind, and men  
 devout,  
 Strangers of Rome, and the new  
 proselytes,  
 In their own language hear thy  
 wondrous word,  
 And many are amazed and many  
 doubt.

NOËL.

ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE  
 DE NOËL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER  
 DE VINS DIVERS.

L'Académie en respect,  
 Nonobstant l'incorrection  
 A la faveur du sujet,  
 Ture-lure,  
 N'y fera point de rature ;  
 Noël ! ture-lure-lure.

GUI BARÔZAL.

QUAND les astres de Noël  
 Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,  
 Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,  
 Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,  
 'Bons amis  
 Allons donc chez Agassiz !'

Ces illustres Pèlerins  
 D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,  
 Se donnant des airs de prêtre,  
 A l'envi se vantaient d'être  
 'Bons amis  
 De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz !'

Ceil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,  
 Sans reproche et sans pudeur,  
 Dans son patois de Bourgogne,  
 Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,  
 'Bons amis,  
 J'ai dansé chez Agassiz !'

Verzenay le Champenois,  
 Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,  
 Mais des environs d'Avize,  
 Fredonne à mainte reprise,  
 'Bons amis,  
 J'ai chanté chez Agassiz !'

A côté marchait un vieux  
 Hidalgo, mais non mousseux,  
 Dans le temps de Charlemagne  
 Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !  
 'Bons amis  
 J'ai dîné chez Agassiz !'

Derrière eux un Bordelais,  
 Gascon, s'il en fût jamais,  
 Parfumé de poésie  
 Riait, chantait, plein de vie,  
 'Bons amis,  
 J'ai soupé chez Agassiz !'

Avec ce beau cadet roux,  
 Bras dessus et bras dessous,  
 Mine altière et couleur terne,  
 Vint le Sire de Sauterne ;  
 'Bons amis,  
 J'ai couché chez Agassiz !'

Mais le dernier de ces preux,  
 Était un pauvre Chartreux,  
 Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,  
 'Bénédictions sur le Juste !  
 Bons amis  
 Bénissons Père Agassiz !'

Ils arrivent trois à trois,  
Montent l'escalier de bois  
Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme  
Peut permettre ce vacarme,

Bons amis,  
A la porte d'Agassiz !

'Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,  
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;  
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes

Gens de bien et gentilshommes,  
Bons amis  
De la famille Agassiz !'

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !  
C'en est trop de vos glouglous ;  
Epargnez aux Philosophes  
Vos abominables strophes !

Bons amis,  
Respectez mon Agassiz !

# Judas Maccabæus.

## ACT I.

### *The Citadel of Antiochus at Jerusalem.*

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

*Antiochus.* O Antioch, my  
Antioch, my city!  
Queen of the East! my solace, my  
delight!

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra  
When she was wed to Ptolemy,  
and now

Won back and made more wonder-  
ful by me!

I love thee, and I long to be once  
more

Among the players and the dancing  
women

Within thy gates, and bathe in the  
Orontes,

Thy river and mine. O Jason, my  
High-Priest,

For I have made thee so, and thou  
art mine,

Hast thou seen Antioch the Beau-  
tiful?

*Jason.* Never, my Lord.

*Ant.* Then hast  
thou never seen

The wonder of the world. This  
city of David

Compared with Antioch is but a  
village,

And its inhabitants compared with  
Greeks

Are mannerless boors.

*Jason.* They are barbarians,  
And mannerless.

*Ant.* They must be civilised.  
They must be made to have more  
gods than one;  
And goddesses besides.

*Jason.* They shall have more.

*Ant.* They must have hippo-  
dromes, and games, and baths,  
Stage-plays and festivals, and most  
of all

The Dionysia.

*Jason.* They shall have them all.

*Ant.* By Heracles! but I should  
like to see

These Hebrews crowned with ivy,  
and arrayed

In skins of fawns, with drums and  
flutes and thyrsi,

Revel and riot through the solemn  
streets

Of their old town. Ha, ha! It  
makes me merry

Only to think of it!—Thou dost  
not laugh.

*Jason.* Yea, I laugh inwardly.

*Ant.* The new Greek leaven  
Works slowly in this Israelitish  
dough!

Have I not sacked the Temple,  
and on the altar

Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus  
To Hellenize it?

*Jason.* Thou hast done all this.

*Ant.* As thou wast Joshua once  
and now art Jason,  
And from a Hebrew hast become  
a Greek,  
So shall this Hebrew nation be  
translated,  
Their very natures and their names  
be changed,  
And all be Hellenized.

*Jason.* It shall be done.

*Ant.* Their manners and their  
laws and way of living  
Shall all be Greek. They shall  
unlearn their language,  
And learn the lovely speech of  
Antioch.

Where hast thou been to-day? Thou  
comest late.

*Jason.* Playing at discus with the  
other priests  
In the Gymnasium.

*Ant.* Thou hast done well.  
There's nothing better for you lazy  
priests

Than discus-playing with the  
common people.

Now tell me, Jason, what these  
Hebrews call me

When they converse together at  
their games.

*Jason.* Antiochus Epiphanes, my  
Lord;

Antiochus the Illustrious.

*Ant.* O, not that;  
That is the public cry; I mean the  
name

They give me when they talk among  
themselves,

And think that no one listens;  
what is that?

*Jason.* Antiochus Epimanes, my  
Lord!

*Ant.* Antiochus the Mad! Ay,  
that is it.

And who hath said it? Who hath  
set in motion

That sorry jest?

*Jason.* The Seven Sons insane  
Of a weird woman, like themselves  
insane.

*Ant.* I like their courage, but it  
shall not save them.

They shall be made to eat the flesh  
of swine,

Or they shall die. Where are they?

*Jason.* In the dungeons  
Beneath this tower.

*Ant.* There let them stay and  
starve,

Till I am ready to make Greeks of  
them,

After my fashion.

*Jason.* They shall stay and starve.  
My Lord, the Ambassadors of Sa-  
maria

Await thy pleasure.

*Ant.* Why not my displeasure?  
Ambassadors are tedious. They  
are men

Who work for their own ends, and  
not for mine;

There is no furtherance in them.  
Let them go

To Apollonius, my governor

There in Samaria, and not trouble  
me.

What do they want?

*Jason.* Only the royal sanction  
To give a name unto a nameless  
temple

Upon Mount Gerizim.

*Ant.* Then bid them enter.  
This pleases me, and furthers my  
designs.

The occasion is auspicious. Bid  
them enter.

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS; JASON;  
the SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.

*Ant.* Approach. Come forward;  
stand not at the door

Wagging your long beards, but  
demean yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors.  
What seek ye?

## Judas Maccabeus.

*An Ambassador.* An audience from the King.

*Ant.* Speak, and be brief. Waste not the time in useless rhetoric.

Words are not things.

*Ambassador (reading).* 'To King Antiochus, The God, Epiphanes ; a Memorial From the Sidonians, who live at Sichem.'

*Ant.* Sidonians ?

*Ambassador.* Ay, my Lord.

*Ant.* Go on, go on ! And do not tire thyself and me with bowing !

*Ambassador (reading).* ' We are a colony of Medes and Persians.'

*Ant.* No, ye are Jews from one of the Ten Tribes ;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans, Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me ; Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews. When the Jews prosper, ye claim kindred with them ;

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes and Persians :

I know that in the days of Alexander Ye claimed exemption from the annual tribute

In the Sabbatic Year, because, ye said,

Your fields had not been planted in that year.

*Ambassador (reading).* ' Our fathers, upon certain frequent plagues, And following an ancient superstition,

Were long accustomed to observe that day

Which by the Israelites is called the Sabbath,

And in a temple on Mount Gerizim Without a name, they offered sacrifice.

Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,

Who art our benefactor and our saviour,

Not to confound us with these wicked Jews,

But to give royal order and injunction

To Apollonius in Samaria,

Thy Governor, and likewise to Nicanor,

Thy procurator, no more to molest us ;

And let our nameless temple now be named

The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius.'

*Ant.* This shall be done. Full well it pleaseth me

Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews,

But Greeks ; if not by birth, yet Greeks by custom.

Your nameless temple shall receive the name

Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go !

SCENE III.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

*Ant.* My task is easier than I dreamed. These people

Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou take note

How these Samaritans of Sichem said

They were not Jews ? that they were Medes and Persians,

They were Sidonians, anything but Jews ?

'Tis of good augury. The rest will follow

Till the whole land is Hellenized.

*Jason.* My Lord, These are Samaritans. The tribe of Judah

Is of a different temper, and the task

Will be more difficult.

*Ant.* Dost thou gainsay me ?

*Jason.* I know the stubborn nature of the Jew.

## Judas Maccabæus.

Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man,  
Being fourscore years and ten, chose  
rather death

By torture than to eat the flesh of  
swine.

*Ant.* The life is in the blood,  
and the whole nation  
Shall bleed to death, or it shall  
change its faith!

*Jason.* Hundreds have fled al-  
ready to the mountains  
Of Ephraim, where Judas Macca-  
bæus

Hath raised the standard of revolt  
against thee.

*Ant.* I will burn down their city,  
and will make it

Waste as a wilderness. Its thorough-  
fares

Shall be but furrows in a field of  
ashes.

It shall be sown with salt as Sodom  
is!

This hundred and fifty-third Olym-  
piad

Shall have a broad and blood-red  
seal upon it,

Stamped with the awful letters of my  
name,

Antiochus the God, Epiphanes!—  
Where are those Seven Sons?

*Jason.* My Lord, they wait  
Thy royal pleasure.

*Ant.* They shall wait no longer!

### ACT II.

#### *The Dungeons in the Citadel.*

SCENE I.—THE MOTHER of the  
SEVEN SONS *alone, listening.*

*The Mother.* Be strong, my heart!  
Break not till they are dead,  
All, all my Seven Sons; then burst  
asunder,

And let this tortured and tormented  
soul

Leap and rush out like water through  
the shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a well.  
O my dear children, mine in life and

death,  
I know not how ye came into my

womb;  
I neither gave you breath, nor gave

you life,  
And neither was it I that formed the

members  
Of everyone of you. But the Creator,

Who made the world, and made  
the heavens above us,

Who formed the generation of man-  
kind,

And found out the beginning of all  
things,

He gave you breath and life, and  
will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard  
Not your own selves, but his eternal  
law.

I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee,  
God,

That I and mine have not been  
deemed unworthy

To suffer for thy sake, and for thy  
law,

And for the many sins of Israel.  
Hark! I can hear within the sound

of scourges!  
I feel them more than ye do, O my

sons!  
But cannot come to you. I, who

was wont  
To wake at night at the least cry ye

made,  
To whom ye ran at every slightest

hurt,—  
I cannot take you now into my lap

## Judas Maccabæus.

And soothe your pain, but God will  
take you all

Into his pitying arms, and comfort  
you,

And give you rest.

*A Voice (within).* What wouldst  
thou ask of us?

Ready are we to die, but we will  
never

Transgress the law and customs of  
our fathers.

*The Mother.* It is the voice of  
my first-born! O brave  
And noble boy! Thou hast the  
privilege

Of dying first, as thou wast born the  
first.

*The same Voice (within).* God  
looketh on us, and hath comfort  
in us;

As Moses in his song of old de-  
clared,

He in his servants shall be com-  
forted.

*The Mother.* I knew thou wouldst  
not fail! — He speaks no  
more,

He is beyond all pain!

*Ant. (within).* If thou eat not  
Thou shalt be tortured throughout  
all the members

Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat  
then?

*Second Voice (within).* No.

*The Mother.* It is Adaiah's voice.  
I tremble for him.

I know his nature, devious as the  
wind,

And swift to change, gentle and  
yielding always.

Be steadfast, O my son!

*The same Voice (within).* Thou,  
like a fury,

Takest us from this present life, but  
God,

Who rules the world, shall raise us  
up again

Into life everlasting.

*The Mother.* God, I thank thee  
That thou hast breathed into that  
timid heart

Courage to die for thee. O my  
Adaiah,

Witness of God! if thou for whom  
I feared

Canst thus encounter death, I need  
not fear;

The others will not shrink.

*Third Voice (within).* Behold  
these hands

Held out to thee, O King Antiochus,  
Not to implore thy mercy, but to  
show

That I despise them. He who gave  
them to me

Will give them back again.

*The Mother.* O Avilan,  
It is thy voice. For the last time  
I hear it;

For the last time on earth, but not  
the last.

To death it bids defiance and to  
torture.

It sounds to me as from another  
world,

And makes the petty miseries of  
this

Seem unto me as naught, and less  
than naught.

Farewell, my Avilan; nay, I should  
say

Welcome, my Avilan; for I am dead  
Before thee. I am waiting for the  
others.

Why do they linger?

*Fourth Voice (within).* It is  
good, O King,  
Being put to death by men, to look  
for hope

From God, to be raised up again by  
him.

But thou—no resurrection shalt  
thou have

To life hereafter.

*The Mother.* Four! already  
four!

Three are still living ; nay, they all  
are living,  
Half here, half there. Make haste,  
Antiochus,  
To reunite us ; for the sword that  
cleaves  
These miserable bodies makes a  
door  
Through which our souls, impatient  
of release,  
Rush to each other's arms.

*Fifth Voice (within).* Thou  
hast the power ;  
Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide  
awhile,  
And thou shalt see the power of  
God, and how  
He will torment thee and thy seed.

*The Mother.* O hasten ;  
Why dost thou pause ? Thou who  
hast slain already  
So many Hebrew women, and hast  
hung  
Their murdered infants round their  
necks, slay me,  
For I too am a woman, and these  
boys  
Are mine. Make haste to slay us  
all,  
And hang my lifeless babes about  
my neck.

*Sixth Voice (within).* Think  
not, Antiochus, that takest in  
hand  
To strive against the God of  
Israel,  
Thou shalt escape unpunished, for  
his wrath  
Shall overtake thee and thy bloody  
house.

*The Mother.* One more, my  
Sirion, and then all is ended.  
Having put all to bed, then in my  
turn  
I will lie down and sleep as sound  
as they.  
My Sirion, my youngest, best be-  
loved !

And those bright golden locks, that  
I so oft  
Have curled about these fingers,  
even now  
Are foul with blood and dust, like  
a lamb's fleece,  
Slain in the shambles.—Not a  
sound I hear.  
This silence is more terrible to me  
Than any sound, than any cry of  
pain,  
That might escape the lips of one  
who dies.  
Doth his heart fail him ? Doth he  
fall away  
In the last hour from God ? O  
Sirion, Sirion,  
Art thou afraid ? I do not hear thy  
voice.  
Die as thy brothers died. Thou  
must not live !

SCENE II.—THE MOTHER ; ANTI-  
OCHUS ; SIRION.

*The Mother.* Are they all dead ?  
*Ant.* Of all thy Seven Sons  
One only lives. Behold them  
where they lie ;  
How dost thou like this picture ?  
*The Mother.* God in heaven !  
Can a man do such deeds, and yet  
not die  
By the recoil of his own wickedness ?  
Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated  
bodies,  
That were my children once, and  
still are mine,  
I cannot watch o'er you as Rizpah  
watched  
In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of  
Saul,  
Till water drop upon you out of  
heaven  
And wash this blood away ! I can-  
not mourn  
As she, the daughter of Aiah,  
mourned the dead,



From the beginning of the barley-  
harvest

Until the autumn rains, and suffered  
not

The birds of air to rest on them by  
day,

Nor the wild beasts by night. For  
ye have died

A better death, a death so full of life  
That I ought rather to rejoice than  
mourn.—

Wherefore art thou not dead, O  
Sirion?

Wherefore art thou the only living  
thing

Among thy brothers dead? Art  
thou afraid?

*Ant.* O woman, I have spared  
him for thy sake,

For he is fair to look upon and  
comely;

And I have sworn to him by all the  
gods

That I would crown his life with  
joy and honour,

Heap treasures on him, luxuries,  
delights,

Make him my friend and keeper of  
my secrets,

If he would turn from your Mosaic  
Law

And be as we are; but he will not  
listen.

*The Mother.* My noble Sirion!

*Ant.* Therefore I beseech thee,  
Who art his mother, thou wouldst

speak with him,  
And wouldst persuade him. I am

sick of blood.

*The Mother.* Yea, I will speak  
with him and will persuade him.

O Sirion, my son! have pity on me,  
On me that bare thee, and that

gave thee suck,  
And fed and nourished thee, and

brought thee up  
With the dear trouble of a mother's

care

Unto this age. Look on the  
heavens above thee,

And on the earth and all that is  
therein;

Consider that God made them out  
of things

That were not; and that likewise  
in this manner

Mankind was made. Then fear not  
this tormentor;

But, being worthy of thy brethren,  
take

Thy death as they did, that I may  
receive thee

Again in mercy with them.

*Ant.* I am mocked,  
Yea, I am laughed to scorn.

*Sirion.* Whom wait ye for?  
Never will I obey the King's com-

mandment,  
But the commandment of the

ancient Law,  
That was by Moses given unto our

fathers.  
And thou, O godless man, that of

all others  
Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,

Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes,  
uplifting

Thy hand against the servants of  
the Lord,

For thou hast not escaped the  
righteous judgment

Of the Almighty God, who seeth  
all things!

*Ant.* He is no God of mine; I  
fear him not.

*Sirion.* My brothers, who have  
suffered a brief pain,

Are dead; but thou, Antiochus,  
shalt suffer

The punishment of pride. I offer  
up

My body and my life, beseeching  
God

That he would speedily be merciful  
Unto our nation, and that thou by

plagues

## Judas Maccabæus.

Mysterious and by torments mayest  
confess

That he alone is God.

*Ant.* Ye both shall perish  
By torments worse than any that  
your God,

Here or hereafter, hath in store for  
me.

*The Mother.* My Sirion, I am  
proud of thee!

*Ant.* Be silent!  
Go to thy bed of torture in yon  
chamber,  
Where lie so many sleepers, heart-  
less mother!

Thy footsteps will not wake them,  
nor thy voice,

Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy  
troubled dreams,

Thy children crying for thee in the  
night!

*The Mother.* O Death, that  
stretchest thy white handstome,  
I fear them not, but press them to  
my lips,

That are as white as thine; for I  
am Death,

Nay, am the Mother of Death,  
seeing these sons

All lying lifeless.—Kiss me, Sirion.

### ACT III.

#### *The Battlefield of Beth-horon.*

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS in  
*armour before his tent.*

*Judas.* The trumpets sound; the  
echoes of the mountains  
Answer them, as the Sabbath  
morning breaks

Over Beth-horon and its battle-  
field,

Where the great captain of the  
hosts of God,

A slave brought up in the brick-  
fields of Egypt,

O'ercame the Amorites. There  
was no day

Like that, before or after it, nor  
shall be.

The sun stood still; the hammers  
of the hail

Beat on their harness; and the  
captains set

Their weary feet upon the necks of  
kings,

As I will upon thine, Antiochus,  
Thou man of blood!—Behold the  
rising sun

Strikes on the golden letters of my  
banner,

*Be Elohim Yehovah!* Who is like  
To thee, O Lord, among the gods?  
—Alas!

I am not Joshua, I cannot say,  
'Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon,  
and thou Moon,

In Ajalon!' Nor am I one who  
wastes

The fateful time in useless lamenta-  
tion;

But one who bears his life upon his  
hand

To lose it or to save it, as may best  
Serve the designs of Him who  
giveth life.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS;  
JEWISH FUGITIVES.

*Judas.* Who and what are ye,  
that with furtive steps  
Steal in among our tents?

*Fugitives.* O Maccabæus,  
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as  
thou art,

Jews of Jerusalem, that have es-  
caped

## Judas Maccabæus.

From the polluted city, and from death.

*Judas.* None can escape from death. Say that ye come To die for Israel, and ye are welcome.

What tidings bring ye?

*Fugitives.* Tidings of despair. The Temple is laid waste; the precious vessels, Censers of gold, vials and veils and crowns, And golden ornaments, and hidden treasures, Have all been taken from it, and the Gentiles

With revelling and with riot fill its courts, And dally with harlots in the holy places.

*Judas.* All this I knew before.

*Fugitives.* Upon the altar Are things profane, things by the law forbidden; Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our Feasts, But on the festivals of Dionysus Must walk in their processions, bearing ivy To crown a drunken god.

*Judas.* This too I know. But tell me of the Jews. How fare the Jews?

*Fugitives.* The coming of this mischief hath been sore And grievous to the people. All the land Is full of lamentation and of mourning.

The Princes and the Elders weep and wail;

The young men and the maidens are made feeble;

The beauty of the women hath been changed.

*Judas.* And are there none to die for Israel?

'Tis not enough to mourn. Breast-plate and harness

Are better things than sackcloth. Let the women

Lament for Israel; the men should die.

*Fugitives.* Both men and women die; old men and young:

Old Eleazer died: and Máhala

With all her Seven Sons.

*Judas.* Antiochus,

At every step thou takest there is left A bloody footprint in the street, by which

The avenging wrath of God will track thee out!

It is enough. Go to the sutler's tents:

Those of you who are men, put on such armour

As ye may find; those of you who are women,

Buckle that armour on; and for a watchword

Whisper, or cry aloud, 'The Help of God.'

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SCENE III.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS;  
NICANOR.

*Nicanor.* Hail, Judas Maccabæus!

*Judas.* Hail!—Who art thou That comest here in this mysterious guise

Into our camp unheralded?

*Nic.* A herald Sent from Nicanor.

*Judas.* Heralds come not thus. Armed with thy shirt of mail from head to heel,

Thou glidest like a serpent silently Into my presence. Wherefore dost thou turn

Thy face from me? A herald speaks his errand

With forehead unabashed. Thou, art a spy

Sent by Nicanor.

## Judas Maccabæus.

*Nic.* No disguise avails !  
Behold my face ; I am Nicanor's self.

*Judas.* Thou art indeed Nicanor.  
I salute thee.  
What brings thee hither to this  
hostile camp

Thus unattended ?

*Nic.* Confidence in thee.  
Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy  
race,  
Without the failings that attend  
those virtues.

Thou canst be strong, and yet not  
tyrannous,  
Canst righteous be and not in-  
tolerant.

Let there be peace between us.

*Judas.* What is peace ?  
Is it to bow in silence to our  
victors ?

Is it to see our cities sacked and  
pillaged,  
Our people slain, or sold as slaves,  
or fleeing

At night-time by the blaze of burn-  
ing towns ;  
Jerusalem laid waste ; the Holy  
Temple

Polluted with strange gods ? Are  
these things peace ?

*Nic.* These are the dire necessi-  
ties that wait  
On war, whose loud and bloody  
enginery

I seek to stay. Let there be peace  
between  
Antiochus and thee.

*Judas.* Antiochus ?  
What is Antiochus, that he should  
prate

Of peace to me, who am a fugi-  
tive ?

To-day he shall be lifted up ; to-  
morrow

Shall not be found, because he is  
returned

Unto his dust ; his thought has  
come to nothing.

There is no peace between us, nor  
can be,  
Until this banner floats upon the  
walls  
Of our Jerusalem.

*Nic.* Between that city  
And thee there lies a waving wall  
of tents,  
Held by a host of forty thousand  
foot,  
And horsemen seven thousand.

What hast thou  
To bring against all these ?

*Judas.* The power of God,  
Whose breath shall scatter your  
white tents abroad,  
As flakes of snow.

*Nic.* Your Mighty One in  
heaven  
Will not do battle on the Seventh  
Day ;  
It is his day of rest.

*Judas.* Silence, blasphemer.  
Go to thy tents.

*Nic.* Shall it be war or peace ?  
*Judas.* War, war, and only war.

Go to thy tents  
That shall be scattered, as by you  
were scattered

The torn and trampled pages of  
the Law,  
Blown through the windy streets.

*Nic.* Farewell, brave foe !  
*Judas.* Ho, there, my captains !

Have safe-conduct given  
Unto Nicanor's herald through the  
camp,

And come yourselves to me.—Fare-  
well, Nicanor !

SCENE IV.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ;  
CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS.

*Judas.* The hour is come. Gather  
the host together  
For battle. Lo, with trumpets and  
with songs  
The army of Nicanor comes against  
us.

Go forth to meet them, praying in  
your hearts,  
And fighting with your hands.

*Captains.* Look forth and see !  
The morning sun is shining on their  
shields

Of gold and brass ; the mountains  
glisten with them,  
And shine like lamps. And we  
who are so few

And poorly armed, and ready to  
faint with fasting,  
How shall we fight against this  
multitude ?

*Judas.* The victory of a battle  
standeth not

In multitudes, but in the strength  
that cometh

From heaven above. The Lord  
forbid that I  
Should do this thing, and flee away  
from them.

Nay, if our hour be come, then let  
us die ;

Let us not stain our honour.

*Captains.* 'Tis the Sabbath.  
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath,  
Maccabæus ?

*Judas.* Ay ; when I fight the  
battles of the Lord,  
I fight them on his day, as on all  
others.

Have ye forgotten certain fugi-  
tives

That fled once to these hills, and  
hid themselves

In caves ? How their pursuers  
camped against them

Upon the Seventh Day, and chal-  
lenged them ?

And how they answered not, nor  
cast a stone,

Nor stopped the places where they  
lay concealed,

But meekly perished with their  
wives and children,

Even to the number of a thousand  
souls ?

We who are fighting for our laws  
and lives

Will not so perish.

*Captains.* Lead us to the battle !  
*Judas.* And let our watchword  
be, 'The Help of God !'

Last night I dreamed a dream ;  
and in my vision

Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of  
old,

Who holding up his hands prayed  
for the Jews.

This done, in the like manner there  
appeared

An old man, and exceeding glorious,  
With hoary hair, and of a wonderful  
And excellent majesty. And Onias  
said :

'This is a lover of the Jews, who  
prayeth

Much for the people and the Holy  
City,—

God's prophet Jeremias.' And the  
prophet

Held forth his right hand and gave  
unto me

A sword of gold ; and giving it he  
said :

'Take thou this holy sword, a gift  
from God,

And with it thou shalt wound thine  
adversaries.'

*Captains.* The Lord is with  
us !

*Judas.* Hark ! I hear the  
trumpets

Sound from Beth-horon ; from the  
battle-field

Of Joshua, where he smote the  
Amorites,

Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and  
of Jarmuth,

Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jeru-  
salem,

As we to-day will smite Nicanor's  
hosts

And leave a memory of great deeds  
behind us.

## Judas Maccabæus.

*Captains and Soldiers.* The  
Help of God!

*Judas.* *Be Elohim Yehovah!*  
Lord, thou didst send thine Angel  
in the time

Of Esekias, King of Israel,  
And in the armies of Sennacherib  
Didst slay a hundred fourscore and  
five thousand.

Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now  
also send

Before us a good angel for a fear,  
And through the might of thy right  
arm let those

Be stricken with terror that have  
come this day

Against thy holy people to blas-  
pheme!

### ACT IV.

#### *The outer Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem.*

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS;  
CAPTAINS; JEWS.

*Judas.* Behold, our enemies are  
discomfited.

Jerusalem is fallen; and our ban-  
ners

Float from her battlements, and o'er  
her gates

Nicanor's severed head, a sign of  
terror,

Blackens in wind and sun.

*Captains.* O Maccabæus,  
The citadel of Antiochus, wherein  
The Mother with her Seven Sons  
was murdered,

Is still defiant.

*Judas.* Wait.

*Captains.* Its hateful aspect  
Insults us with the bitter memories  
Of other days.

*Judas.* Wait; it shall disappear  
And vanish as a cloud. First let  
us cleanse

The Sanctuary. See, it is become  
Waste like a wilderness. Its  
golden gates

Wrenched from their hinges and  
consumed by fire;

Shrubs growing in its courts as in  
a forest;

Upon its altars hideous and strange  
idols;

And strewn about its pavement at  
my feet

Its Sacred Books, half burned and  
painted o'er

With images of heathen gods.

*Jews.* Woe! woe!  
Our beauty and our glory are laid  
waste!

The Gentiles have profaned our  
holy places!

*(Lamentation and alarm of  
trumpets.)*

*Judas.* This sound of trumpets,  
and this lamentation,

The heart-cry of a people toward  
the heavens,

Stir me to wrath and vengeance.

Go, my captains;

I hold you back no longer. Batter  
down

The citadel of Antiochus, while here  
We sweep away his altars and his  
gods.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS;  
JASON; JEWS.

*Jews.* Lurking among the ruins  
of the Temple,

Deep in its inner courts, we found  
this man,

Clad as High-Priest.

*Judas.* I ask not who thou art.  
I know thy face, writ over with  
deceit

As are these tattered volumes of  
the Law

## Judas Maccabæus.

With heathen images. A priest of  
God

Wast thou in other days, but thou  
art now

A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou  
art Jason.

*Jason.* I am thy prisoner, Judas  
Maccabæus,

And it would ill become me to  
conceal

My name or office.

*Judas.* Over yonder gate  
There hangs the head of one who  
was a Greek.

What should prevent me now, thou  
man of sin,

From hanging at its side the head  
of one

Who born a Jew hath made him-  
self a Greek?

*Jason.* Justice prevents thee.

*Judas.* Justice?

Thou art stained

With every crime 'gainst which the  
Decalogue

Thunders with all its thunder.

*Jason.* If not Justice,  
Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

*Judas.* When hast thou  
At any time, to any man or woman,  
Or even to any little child, shown  
mercy?

*Jason.* I have but done what  
King Antiochus

Commanded me.

*Judas.* True, thou hast  
been the weapon

With which he struck; but hast  
been such a weapon,

So flexible, so fitted to his hand,  
It tempted him to strike. So thou

hast urged him  
To double wickedness, thine own

and his.

Where is this King? Is he in  
Antioch

Among his women still, and from  
his windows

Throwing down gold by handfuls,  
for the rabble

To scramble for?

*Jason.* Nay, he is gone from  
there,

Gone with an army into the far East.

*Judas.* And wherefore gone?

*Jason.* I know not.

For the space

Of forty days almost were horsemen  
seen

Running in air, in cloth of gold,  
and armed

With lances, like a band of soldiery;  
It was a sign of triumph.

*Judas.* Or of death.

Wherefore art thou not with him?

*Jason.* I was left

For service in the Temple.

*Judas.* To pollute it,

And to corrupt the Jews; for there  
are men

Whose presence is corruption; to  
be with them

Degrades us and deforms the  
things we do.

*Jason.* I never made a boast,  
as some men do,

Of my superior virtue, nor denied  
The weakness of my nature, that  
hath made me

Subservient to the will of other men.

*Judas.* Upon this day, the five  
and twentieth day

Of the month Caslan, was the  
Temple here

Profaned by strangers,—by Anti-  
ochus

And thee, his instrument. Upon  
this day

Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who  
didst lend thyself

Unto this profanation, canst not be  
A witness of these solemn services.

There can be nothing clean where  
thou art present.

The people put to death Callis-  
thenes,

## Judas Maccabæus.

Who burned the Temple gates;  
and if they find thee  
Will surely slay thee. I will spare  
thy life  
To punish thee the longer. Thou  
shalt wander  
Among strange nations. Thou,  
that hast cast out  
So many from their native land,  
shalt perish  
In a strange land. Thou, that hast  
left so many  
Unburied, shalt have none to mourn  
for thee,  
Nor any solemn funerals at all,  
Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.  
Get thee hence!

*(Music. Procession of Priests and  
people, with citherns, harps, and  
cymbals. JUDAS MACCABÆUS  
puts himself at their head, and  
they go into the inner courts.)*

### SCENE III.—JASON, alone.

*Jason.* Through the Gate Beautiful  
I see them come  
With branches and green boughs  
and leaves of palm,  
And pass into the inner courts.  
Alas!  
I should be with them, should be  
one of them,  
But in an evil hour, an hour of  
weakness,  
That cometh unto all, I fell away  
From the old faith, and did not  
clutch the new,  
Only an outward semblance of  
belief;  
For the new faith I cannot make  
mine own,  
Not being born to it. It hath no root  
Within me. I am neither Jew nor  
Greek,

But stand between them both, a  
renegade  
To each in turn; having no longer  
faith  
In gods or men. Then what mys-  
terious charm,  
What fascination is it chains my  
feet,  
And keeps me gazing like a curious  
child  
Into the holy places, where the  
priests  
Have raised their altar?—Striking  
stones together,  
They take fire out of them, and  
light the lamps  
In the great candlestick. They  
spread the veils,  
And set the loaves of shewbread  
on the table.  
The incense burns; the well-  
remembered odour  
Comes wafted unto me, and takes  
me back  
To other days. I see myself among  
them  
As I was then; and the old super-  
stition  
Creeps over me again!—A childish  
fancy!—  
And hark! they sing with citherns  
and with cymbals,  
And all the people fall upon their  
faces,  
Praying and worshipping!—I will  
away  
Into the East, to meet Antio-  
chus  
Upon his homeward journey,  
crowned with triumph.  
Alas! to-day I would give every-  
thing  
To see a friend's face, or to hear a  
voice  
That had the slightest tone of  
comfort in it!



## Judas Maccabæus.

### ACT V.

#### *The Mountains of Ecbatana.*

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;  
ATTENDANTS.

*Ant.* Here let us rest awhile.  
Where are we, Philip?

What place is this?

*Philip.* Ecbatana, my Lord;  
And yonder mountain range is the  
Orontes.

*Ant.* The Orontes is my river  
at Antioch.

Why did I leave it? Why have I  
been tempted

By coverings of gold and shields  
and breastplates

To plunder Elymais, and be driven  
From out its gates, as by a fiery  
blast

Out of a furnace?

*Philip.* These are fortune's  
changes.

*Ant.* What a defeat it was!  
The Persian horsemen

Came like a mighty wind, the wind  
Khamáseén,

And melted us away, and scattered  
us

As if we were dead leaves, or desert  
sand.

*Philip.* Be comforted, my Lord;  
for thou hast lost

But what thou hadst not.

*Ant.* I, who made the Jews  
Skip like the grasshoppers, am  
made myself

To skip among these stones.

*Philip.* Be not discouraged.  
Thy realm of Syria remains to thee;  
That is not lost nor marred.

*Ant.* O, where are now  
The splendours of my court, my  
baths and banquets?

Where are my players and my  
dancing women?

Where are my sweet musicians  
with their pipes,

That made me merry in the olden  
time?

I am a laughing-stock to man and  
brute.

The very camels, with their ugly  
faces,

Mock me and laugh at me.

*Philip.* Alas! my Lord,  
It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep

awhile,

All would be well.

*Ant.* Sleep from mine  
eyes is gone,

And my heart faileth me for very  
care,

Dost thou remember, Philip, the  
old fable

Told us when we were boys, in  
which the bear

Going for honey overturns the hive,  
And is stung blind by bees? I am

that beast,

Stung by the Persian swarms of  
Elymais.

*Philip.* When thou art come  
again to Antioch

These thoughts will be as covered  
and forgotten

As are the tracks of Pharaoh's  
chariot-wheels

In the Egyptian sands.

*Ant.* Ah! when I come  
Again to Antioch! When will that  
be?

Alas! alas!

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;  
A MESSENGER.

*Messenger.* May the King live for  
ever!

*Ant.* Who art thou, and whence  
comest thou?

*Messenger.* My Lord,

I am a messenger from Antioch,  
Sent here by Lysias.

*Ant.* A strange foreboding  
Of something evil overshadows me.  
I am no reader of the Jewish Scrip-  
tures ;  
I know not Hebrew ; but my High-  
Priest Jason,  
As I remember, told me of a  
Prophet  
Who saw a little cloud rise from the  
sea

Like a man's hand, and soon the  
heaven was black  
With clouds and rain. Here, Philip,  
read ; I cannot ;  
I see that cloud. It makes the  
letters dim  
Before mine eyes.

*Philip (reading).* 'To King  
Antiochus,  
The God, Epiphanes.'

*Ant.* O mockery !  
Even Lysias laughs at me ! — Go  
on, go on !

*Philip (reading).* 'We pray thee  
hasten thy return. The realm  
Is falling from thee. Since thou  
hast gone from us  
The victories of Judas Maccabæus  
Form all our annals. First he over-  
threw

Thy forces at Beth-horon, and  
passed on,  
And took Jerusalem, the Holy City.  
And then Emmaus fell ; and then  
Beth-sura ;  
Ephron and all the towns of Galaad,  
And Maccabæus marched to Car-  
nion.'

*Ant.* Enough, enough ! Go call  
my chariot-men ;  
We will drive forward, forward,  
without ceasing,  
Until we come to Antioch. My  
captains,  
My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and  
Nicanor  
Are babes in battle, and this dread-  
ful Jew

Will rob me of my kingdom and  
my crown.

My elephants shall trample him to  
dust ;

I will wipe out his nation, and will  
make

Jerusalem a common burying-place,  
And every home within its walls a  
tomb !

*(Throws up his hands, and sinks  
into the arms of attendants,  
who lay him upon a bank.)*

*Philip.* Antiochus ! Antiochus !  
Alas,

The King is ill ! What is it, O  
my Lord ?

*Ant.* Nothing. A sudden and  
sharp spasm of pain,  
As if the lightning struck me, or  
the knife

Of an assassin smote me to the  
heart.

'Tis passed, even as it came. Let  
us set forward.

*Philip.* See that the chariots be  
in readiness ;

We will depart forthwith.

*Ant.* A moment more.  
I cannot stand. I am become at  
once

Weak as an infant. Ye will have  
to lead me.

Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name  
Thou wouldst be named,— it is  
alike to me,—

If I knew how to pray, I would en-  
treat

To live a little longer.

*Philip.* O my Lord,  
Thou shalt not die ; we will not let  
thee die !

*Ant.* How canst thou help it,  
Philip ? O the pain !

Stab after stab. Thou hast no  
shield against

This unseen weapon. God of  
Israel.

## Judas Maccabæus.

Since all the other gods abandon  
me,

Help me. I will release the Holy  
City,

Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy  
Temple.

Thy people, whom I judged to be  
unworthy

To be so much as buried, shall be  
equal

Unto the citizens of Antioch.

I will become a Jew, and will  
declare

Through all the world that is  
inhabited

The power of God!

*Philip.* He faints. It is like  
death.

Bring here the royal litter. We  
will bear him

Into the camp, while yet he lives.

*Ant.* O Philip,

Into what tribulation am I come!

Alas! I now remember all the  
evil

That I have done the Jews; and  
for this cause

These troubles are upon me, and  
behold

I perish through great grief in a  
strange land.

*Philip.* Antiochus! my King!

*Ant.* Nay, King no longer.

Take thou my royal robes, my  
signet-ring,

My crown and sceptre, and deliver  
them

Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator;  
And unto the good Jews, my

citizens,

In all my towns, say that their  
dying monarch

Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and  
health.

I who, puffed up with pride and  
arrogance,

Thought all the kingdoms of the  
earth mine own,

If I would but outstretch my hand  
and take them,

Meet face to face a greater poten-  
tate,

King Death—Epiphanes—the Il-  
lustrious! [*Dies.*

# A Handful of Translations.

## THE FUGITIVE.

*Tartar Song, from the Prose Version  
of Chodzko.*

### I.

'HE is gone to the desert land !  
I can see the shining mane  
Of his horse on the distant plain,  
As he rides with his Kossak band !

'Come back, rebellious one !  
Let thy proud heart relent ;  
Come back to my tall, white tent,  
Come back, my only son !

'Thy hand in freedom shall  
Cast thy hawks, when morning  
breaks,  
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lakes of Karajal.

'I will give thee leave to stray  
And pasture thy hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the reeds  
Of the meadows of Karaday.

'I will give thee my coat of mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With choicest steel inlaid ;  
Will not all this prevail ?'

### II.

'This hand no longer shall  
Cast my hawks when morning  
breaks  
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lakes of Karajal.

'I will no longer stray  
And pasture my hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the reeds  
Of the meadows of Karaday.

'Though thou give me thy coat of  
mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With choicest steel inlaid,  
All this cannot prevail.

'What right hast thou, O Khan,  
To me, who am mine own,  
Who am slave to God alone,  
And not to any man ?

'God will appoint the day  
When I again shall be  
By the blue, shallow sea,  
Where the steel-bright sturgeons  
play.

'God, who doth care for me,  
In the barren wilderness,  
On unknown hills, no less  
Will my companion be.

'When I wander lonely and lost  
In the wind ; when I watch at night  
Like a hungry wolf, and am white  
And covered with hoar-frost ;

'Yea, wheresoever I be,  
In the yellow desert sands,  
In mountains or unknown lands  
Allah will care for me !'

### III.

Then Sobra, the old, old man,—  
Three hundred and sixty years  
Had he lived in this land of tears,  
Bowed down and said, 'O Khan !

'If you bid me, I will speak.  
There's no sap in dry grass,  
No marrow in dry bones ! Alas,  
The mind of old men is weak !

'I am old, I am very old :  
I have seen the primeval man,  
I have seen the great Gengis Khan,  
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

'What I say to you is the truth ;  
And I say to you, O Khan,  
Pursue not the star-white man,  
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

'Him the Almighty made,  
And brought him forth of the light,  
At the verge and end of the night,  
When men on the mountain  
prayed.

'He was born at the break of day,  
When abroad the angels walk ;  
He hath listened to their talk,  
And he knoweth what they say.

'Gifted with Allah's grace,  
Like the moon of Ramazan  
When it shines in the skies, O  
Khan,  
Is the light of his beautiful face.

'When first on earth he trod,  
The first words that he said  
Were these, as he stood and prayed,  
There is no God but God !

'And he shall be king of men,  
For Allah hath heard his prayer,  
And the Archangel in the air,  
Gabriel, hath said, Amen !'



### THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.

*Tartar Song, from the Prose Ver-  
sion of Chodzko.*

BLACK are the moors before Kazan,  
And their stagnant waters smell  
of blood :  
I said in my heart, with horse and  
man  
I will swim across this shallow  
flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,  
Like new moons were the shoes  
he bare,  
Silken trappings hung on his back,  
In a talisman on his neck, a  
prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are follow-  
ing me ;  
But when I looked behind, alas !  
Not one of all the band could I  
see,  
All had sunk in the black morass !

Where are our shallow fords ? and  
where  
The power of Kazan with its  
fourfold gates ?  
From the prison windows our  
maidens fair  
Talk of us still through the iron  
gates.

We cannot hear them ; for horse  
and man  
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss !  
Ah ! the black day hath come down  
on Kazan !  
Ah ! was ever a grief like this ?



### THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

*Armenian Popular Song, from the  
Prose Version of Alishan.*

Down from yon distant mountain  
height  
The brooklet flows through the  
village street ;  
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,  
Washing, yes washing, there he  
stands,  
In the water cool and sweet.  
Brook, from what mountain dost  
thou come ?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet !

I come from yon mountain high  
and cold,  
Where lieth the new snow on the old,  
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!  
I go to the river there below  
Where in bunches the violets grow,  
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!  
I go to the garden in the vale  
Where all night long the nightingale  
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!  
I go to the fountain at whose brink  
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,  
And whenever she looks therein,  
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,  
And my joy is then complete.

### TO THE STORK.

*Armenian Popular Song, from the  
Prose Version of Alishan.*

WELCOME, O Stork! that dost wing  
Thy flight from the far-away!  
Thou hast brought us the signs of  
Spring,  
Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend  
Upon our roof to rest;  
In our ash-tree, O my friend,  
My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,  
O Stork, to thee I impart  
The thousand sorrows, the pain  
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,  
Away from this tree of ours,  
The withering winds did blow,  
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,  
Cloudy and dark and drear;  
They were breaking the snow on  
high,

And winter was drawing near.  
From Varaca's rocky wall,  
From the rock of Varaca unrolled,  
The snow came and covered all,  
And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow  
Was hidden away and lost,  
And the rose-trees that in it grow  
Were withered by snow and frost.



### CONSOLATION.

*To M. Duperrier, Gentleman of  
Aix in Provence, on the Death of  
his Daughter.*

FROM MALHERBE.

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow  
be eternal?

And shall the sad discourse  
Whispered within thy heart, by  
tenderness paternal,  
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into  
the tomb descending  
By death's frequented ways,  
Has it become to thee a labyrinth  
never ending,  
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her  
youth a benediction:  
Nor should I be content,  
As a censorious friend, to solace  
thine affliction  
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which  
fairest things exposes  
To fates the most forlorn;  
A rose, she too hath lived as long as  
live the roses,  
The space of one brief morn.

\* \* \* \*

Death has his rigorous laws, un-  
paralleled, unfeeling ;  
All prayers to him are vain ;  
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf  
to our appealing,  
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, only thatch  
for cover,  
Unto these laws must bend ;  
The sentinel that guards the barriers  
of the Louvre  
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petu-  
lant defiance,  
Is never for the best ;  
To will what God doth will, that is  
the only science  
That gives us any rest.



# TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

FROM MALHERBE.

THOU mighty Prince of Church and  
State,  
Richelieu ! until the hour of death,  
Whatever road man chooses, Fate  
Still holds him subject to her breath.  
Spun of all silks, our days and nights  
Have sorrows woven with delights ;  
And of this intermingled shade  
Our various destiny appears,  
Even as one sees the course of years  
Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours  
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave ;  
Sometimes impending peril lowers  
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.  
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,  
That gives to human destinies  
Their foreordained necessity,  
Has made no law more fixed below  
Than the alternate ebb and flow  
Of Fortune and Adversity.

# THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER  
OF NISMES.

AN angel with a radiant face,  
Above a cradle bent to look,  
Seemed his own image there to trace,  
As in the waters of a brook.

'Dear child ! who me resemblest so,'  
It whispered, 'come, O come  
with me !  
Happy together let us go,  
The earth unworthy is of thee !

'Here none to perfect bliss attain ;  
The soul in pleasure suffering lies ;  
Joy hath an undertone of pain,  
And even the happiest hours  
their sighs.

'Fear doth at every portal knock ;  
Never a day serene and pure  
From the o'ershadowing tempest's  
shock  
Hath made the morrow's dawn  
secure.

'What, then, shall sorrows and  
shall fears  
Come to disturb so pure a brow ?  
And with the bitterness of tears  
These eyes of azure troubled  
grow ?

'Ah no ! into the fields of space,  
Away shalt thou escape with me ;  
And Providence will grant thee  
grace  
Of all the days that were to be.

'Let no one in thy dwelling cower  
In sombre vestments draped and  
veiled ;  
But let them welcome thy last hour  
As thy first moments once they  
hailed.

'Without a cloud be there each  
brow;  
There let the grave no shadow  
cast;  
When one is pure as thou art now  
The fairest day is still the last.'

And waving wide his wings of white,  
The angel, at these words, had  
sped  
Towards the eternal realms of  
light!—  
Poormother! see, thy son is dead!



### TO ITALY.

FROM FILICAJA.

ITALY! Italy! thou who'rt doomed  
to wear  
The fatal gift of beauty, and  
possess  
The dower funest of infinite  
wretchedness  
Written upon thy forehead by  
despair;  
Ah! would that thou wert stronger,  
or less fair,  
That they might fear thee more,  
or love thee less,  
Who in the splendour of thy love-  
liness  
Seem wasting, yet to mortal  
combat dare!  
Then from the Alps I should not  
see descending  
Such torrents of armed men, nor  
Gallic horde  
Drinking the wave of Po, dis-  
tained with gore,  
Nor should I see thee girded with  
a sword  
Not thine, and with the stranger's  
arm contending,  
Victor or vanquished, slave for  
evermore

### WANDERER'S NIGHT- SONGS.

FROM GOETHE.

I.

THOU that from the heavens art,  
Every pain and sorrow stillest,  
And the doubly wretched heart  
Doubly with refreshment fillest,  
I am weary with contending!  
Why this rapture and unrest?  
Peace descending  
Come, ah, come into my breast!

II.

O'er all the hill-tops  
Is quiet now,  
In all the tree-tops  
Hearst thou  
Hardly a breath;  
The birds are asleep in the trees:  
Wait; soon like these  
Thou too shalt rest.



### REMORSE.

FROM AUGUST VON PLATEN.

How I started up in the night, in  
the night,  
Drawn on without rest or re-  
prieve!  
The streets, with their watchmen,  
were lost to my sight,  
As I wandered so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Through the gate with the arch  
mediaeval.  
The mill-brook rushed from the  
rocky height,  
I leaned o'er the bridge in my  
yearning;  
Deep under me watched I the  
waves in their flight,  
As they glided so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Yet backward not one was returning.



O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,

The stars in melodious existence ;  
And with them the moon, more serenely bedight ;—

They sparkled so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night,  
in the night,

And again on the waves in their fleeting ;

Ah woe ! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,

Now silence thou light,  
In the night, in the night,  
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

**SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.**

FROM THE SPANISH OF SANTA TERESA.

LET nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee ;  
All things are passing ;  
God never changeth ;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things ;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting ;  
Alone God sufficeth.

# The New-England Tragedies.

## I. JOHN ENDICOTT.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHN ENDICOTT . . .	<i>Governor.</i>
JOHN ENDICOTT . . .	<i>His son.</i>
RICHARD BELLINGHAM . . .	<i>Deputy Governor.</i>
JOHN NORTON . . .	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
EDWARD BUTTER . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
WALTER MERRY . . .	<i>Tithing-man.</i>
NICHOLAS UPSALL . . .	<i>An old citizen.</i>
SAMUEL COLE . . .	<i>Landlord of the Three Mariners.</i>
SIMON KEMPTHORN } . . .	<i>Sea-Captains.</i>
RALPH GOLDSMITH }	
WENLOCK CHRISTISON }	
EDITH, his daughter }	<i>Quakers</i>
EDWARD WHARTON }	

*Assistants, Halberdiers, Marshal, &c.*

The Scene is in Boston in the year 1665.

### PROLOGUE.

TO-NIGHT we strive to read, as we  
may best,  
This city, like an ancient palimpsest ;  
And bring to light, upon the blotted  
page,  
The mournful record of an earlier  
age,  
That, pale and half effaced, lies  
hidden away  
Beneath the fresher writing of to-  
day.  
Rise, then, O buried city that  
hast been ;  
Rise up, rebuilt in the painted  
scene,  
And let our curious eyes behold  
once more

The pointed gable and the pent-  
house door,  
The Meeting-house with leaden-  
latticed panes,  
The narrow thoroughfares, the  
crooked lanes !  
Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows  
of the Past,  
Rise from your long-forgotten  
graves at last ;  
Let us behold your faces, let us hear  
The words ye uttered in those days  
of fear !  
Revisit your familiar haunts again—  
The scenes of triumph, and the  
scenes of pain,  
And leave the footprints of your  
bleeding feet  
Once more upon the pavement of  
the street !

Nor let the Historian blame the  
Poet here,  
If he perchance misdate the day or  
year,  
And group events together, by his  
art,  
That in the Chronicles lie far  
apart ;  
For as the double stars, though  
sundered far,  
Seem to the naked eye a single star,  
So facts of history, at a distance  
seen,  
Into one common point of light  
convene.  
'Why touch upon such themes?'  
perhaps some friend  
May ask, incredulous; 'and to what  
good end ?  
Why drag again into the light of day  
The errors of an age long passed  
away ?'  
I answer : 'For the lesson that  
they teach ;  
The tolerance of opinion and of  
speech.

Hope, Faith, and Charity remain,—  
these three ;  
And greatest of them all is Charity.'  
Let us remember, if these words  
be true,  
That unto all men Charity is  
due ;  
Give what we ask ; and pity, while  
we blame,  
Lest we become copartners in the  
shame,—  
Lest we condemn, and yet ourselves  
partake,  
And persecute the dead for con-  
science' sake.  
Therefore it is the author seeks  
and strives  
To represent the dead as in their  
lives,  
And lets at times his characters  
unfold  
Their thoughts in their own lan-  
guage, strong and bold :  
He only asks of you to do the like ;  
To hear him first, and, if you will,  
then strike.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sunday afternoon. The  
interior of the Meeting-house.  
On the pulpit, an hour-glass ;  
below, a box for contributions.*  
JOHN NORTON *in the pulpit.*  
GOVERNOR ENDICOTT *in a  
canopied seat, attended by four  
halberdiers. The congregation  
singing.*

The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens high ;  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim  
Right royally he rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

*Norton (rising, and turning the  
hourglass on the pulpit).* I  
heard a great voice from the  
temple saying  
Unto the Seven Angels, Go your  
ways ;  
Pour out the vials of the wrath of  
God  
Upon the earth. And the first  
Angel went  
And poured his vial on the earth ;  
and straight  
There fell a noisome and a grievous  
sore  
On them which had the birth-mark  
of the Beast,  
And them which worshipped and  
adored his image.

On us hath fallen this grievous pestilence.

There is a sense of horror in the air ;  
And apparitions of things horrible  
Are seen by many. From the sky  
above us

The stars fall ; and beneath us the  
earth quakes !

The sound of drums at midnight in  
the air,

The sound of horsemen riding to  
and fro,

As if the gates of the invisible world  
Were opened, and the dead came  
forth to warn us,—

All these are omens of some dire  
disaster

Impending over us, and soon to  
fall.

Moreover, in the language of the  
Prophet,

Death is again come up into our  
windows,

To cut off little children from with-  
out,

And young men from the streets.  
And in the midst

Of all these supernatural threats  
and warnings

Doth Heresy uplift its horrid head ;  
A vision of Sin more awful and  
appalling

Than any phantasm, ghost, or  
apparition,

As arguing and portending some  
enlargement

Of the mysterious Power of Dark-  
ness !

(EDITH, barefooted, and clad in  
sackcloth, with her hair hanging  
loose upon her shoulders, walks  
slowly up the aisle, followed by  
WHARTON and other Quakers.  
The congregation starts up in  
confusion.)

Edith (to Norton, raising her  
hand). Peace !

Norton. Anathema maranatha !  
The Lord cometh !

Edith. Yea, verily he cometh,  
and shall judge

The shepherds of Israel, who do  
feed themselves,

And leave their flocks to eat what  
they have trodden

Beneath their feet.

Norton. Be silent, babbling  
woman !

St. Paul commands all women to  
keep silence

Within the churches.

Edith. Yet the women prayed  
And prophesied at Corinth in his  
day ;

And, among those on whom the  
fiery tongues

Of Pentecost descended, some  
were women !

Norton. The Elders of the  
Churches, by our law,

Alone have power to open the doors  
of speech

And silence in the Assembly. I  
command you !

Edith. The law of God is greater  
than your laws !

Ye build your church with blood,  
your town with crime ;

The heads thereof give judgment  
for reward ;

The priests thereof teach only for  
their hire ;

Your laws condemn the innocent  
to death ;

And against this I bear my testi-  
mony.

Norton. What testimony ?

Edith. That of the  
Holy Spirit,

Which, as your Calvin says, sur-  
passeth reason.

Norton. The labourer is worthy  
of his hire.

Edith. Yet our great Master  
did not teach for hire,

And the Apostles without purse or scrip

Went forth to do his work. Behold this box

Beneath thy pulpit. Is it for the poor?

Thou canst not answer. It is for the Priest;

And against this I bear my testimony.

*Norton.* Away with all these Heretics and Quakers!

Quakers, forsooth! Because a quaking fell

On Daniel, at beholding of the Vision,

Must ye needs shake and quake? Because Isaiah

Went stripped and barefoot, must ye wail and howl?

Must ye go stripped and naked? must ye make

A wailing like the dragons, and a mourning

As of the owls? Ye verify the adage That Satan is God's ape! Away with them!

(*Tumult. The Quakers are driven out with violence, EDITH following slowly. The congregation retires in confusion.*)

Thus freely do the Reprobates commit

Such measure of iniquity as fits them

For the intended measure of God's wrath,

And even in violating God's commands

Are they fulfilling the divine decree!

The will of man is but an instrument

Disposed and predetermined to its action

According unto the decree of God, Being as much subordinate thereto

As is the axe unto the hewer's hand!

(*He descends from the pulpit, and joins GOVERNOR ENDICOTT, who comes forward to meet him.*)

The omens and the wonders of the time,

Famine, and fire, and shipwreck, and disease,

The blast of corn, the death of our young men,

Our sufferings in all precious, pleasant things,

Are manifestations of the wrath divine,

Signs of God's controversy with New England.

These emissaries of the Evil One, These servants and ambassadors

Of Satan, Are but commissioned executioners

Of God's vindictive and deserved displeasure.

We must receive them as the Roman Bishop

Once received Attila, saying, I rejoice

You have come safe, whom I esteem to be

The scourge of God, sent to chastise his people.

This very heresy, perchance, may serve

The purposes of God to some good end.

With you I leave it; but do not neglect

The holy tactics of the civil sword.

*Endicott.* And what more can be done?

*Norton.* The hand that cut The Red Cross from the colours of the king

Can cut the red heart from this heresy.

Fear not. All blasphemies immediate

And heresies turbulent must be suppressed

By civil power.

*Endicott.* But in what way suppressed?

*Norton.* The Book of Deuteronomy declares  
That if thy son, thy daughter, or thy wife,  
Ay, or the friend which is as thine own soul,  
Entice thee secretly, and say to thee,  
Let us serve other gods, then shall thine eye  
Not pity him, but thou shalt surely kill him,  
And thine own hand shall be the first upon him  
To slay him.

*Endicott.* Four already have been slain;  
And others banished upon pain of death.  
But they come back again to meet their doom,  
Bringing the linen for their winding-sheets.  
We must not go too far. In truth, I shrink  
From shedding of more blood. The people murmur  
At our severity.

*Norton.* Then let them murmur!  
Truth is relentless! justice never wavers;  
The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy;  
The noble order of the Magistracy  
Cometh immediately from God, and yet  
This noble order of the Magistracy  
Is by these Heretics despised and outraged.

*Endicott.* To-night they sleep in prison. If they die,  
They cannot say that we have caused their death.  
We do but guard the passage, with the sword  
Pointed towards them; if they dash upon it,

Their blood will be on their own heads, not ours.

*Norton.* Enough, I ask no more.  
My predecessor

Coped only with the milder heresies  
Of Antinomians and of Anabaptists.

He was not born to wrestle with these fiends.

Chrysostom in his pulpit; Augustine

In disputation; Timothy in his house!

The lantern of St. Botolph's ceased to burn

When from the portals of that church he came

To be a burning and a shining light  
Here in the wilderness. And, as he lay

On his death-bed, he saw me in a vision

Ride on a snow-white horse into this town.

His vision was prophetic; thus I came,

A terror to the impenitent, and Death

On the pale horse of the Apocalypse  
To all the accursed race of Heretics! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *A street. On one side, NICHOLAS UPSALL'S house; on the other, WALTER MERRY'S, with a flock of pigeons on the roof. UPSALL seated in the porch of his house.*

*Upsall.* O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,  
How welcome to the weary and the old!

Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly cares!

Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!

Ah, why will man by his austerities

Shut out the blessed sunshine and  
the light,  
And make of thee a dungeon of  
despair !

*Walter Merry (entering, and  
looking around him).* All silent  
as a graveyard ! No one stir-  
ring ;

No footfall in the street, no sound  
of voices !

By righteous punishment and per-  
severance,

And perseverance in that punish-  
ment

At last I've brought this contu-  
macious town

To strict observance of the Sabbath  
day.

Those wanton gospellers, the  
pigeons yonder,  
Are now the only Sabbath-breakers  
left.

I cannot put them down. As if to  
taunt me,

They gather every Sabbath after-  
noon

In noisy congregation on my roof,  
Billing and cooing. Whir ! take  
that, ye Quakers.

*(Throws a stone at the pigeons.  
Sees UPSALL.)*

Ah ! Master Nicholas !

*Upsall.* Good afternoon,  
Dear neighbour Walter.

*Merry.* Master Nicholas,  
You have to-day withdrawn your-  
self from meeting.

*Upsall.* Yea, I have chosen rather  
to worship God  
Sitting in silence here at my own  
door.

*Merry.* Worship the Devil ! You  
this day have broken  
Three of our strictest laws. First,  
by abstaining  
From public worship. Secondly,  
by walking  
Profanely on the Sabbath.

*Upsall.* Not one step.  
I have been sitting still here, seeing  
the pigeons  
Feed in the street and fly about the  
roofs.

*Merry.* You have been in the  
street with other intent  
Than going to and from the Meet-  
ing-house.  
And, thirdly, you are harbouring  
Quakers here.

I am amazed !

*Upsall.* Men sometimes, it is said,  
Entertain angels unawares.

*Merry.* Nice angels !  
Angels in broad-brimmed hats and  
russet cloaks,

The colour of the Devil's nutting-  
bag ! They came

Into the Meeting-house this after-  
noon

More in the shape of devils than of  
angels ;

The women screamed and fainted ;  
and the boys

Made such an uproar in the gallery  
I could not keep them quiet.

*Upsall.* Neighbour Walter,  
Your persecution is of no avail.

*Merry.* 'Tis prosecution, as the  
Governor says,

Not persecution.

*Upsall.* Well, your prosecution ;  
Your hangings do no good.

*Merry.* The reason is,  
We do not hang enough. But, mark  
my words,

We'll scour them ; yea, I warrant  
ye, we'll scour them !

And now go in and entertain your  
angels,

And don't be seen here in the street  
again

Till after sundown ! — There they  
are again !

*(Exit UPSALL. MERRY throws  
another stone at the pigeons, and  
then goes into his house.)*

SCENE III. — *A room in UPSALL'S house. Night. EDITH WHARTON, and other Quakers, seated at a table. UPSALL seated near them. Several books on the table.*

*Wharton.* William and Marmaduke, our martyred brothers,  
Sleep in untimely graves, if aught  
untimely  
Can find place in the providence  
of God,  
Where nothing comes too early or  
too late.  
I saw their noble death. They to  
the scaffold  
Walked hand in hand. Two hundred  
armed men  
And many horsemen guarded them,  
for fear  
Of rescue by the crowd, whose  
hearts were stirred.

*Edith.* O holy martyrs !

*Wharton.* When they  
tried to speak,  
Their voices by the roll of drums  
were drowned.  
When they were dead they still  
looked fresh and fair,  
The terror of death was not upon  
their faces.  
Our sister Mary, likewise, the meek  
woman,  
Has passed through martyrdom to  
her reward ;  
Exclaiming, as they led her to her  
death,  
'These many days I've been in  
Paradise.'

And, when she died, Priest Wilson  
threw the hangman  
His handkerchief, to cover the pale  
face  
He dared not look upon.

*Edith.* As persecuted,  
Yet not forsaken ; as unknown, yet  
known ;  
As dying, and behold we are alive ;

As sorrowful, and yet rejoicing  
always ;  
As having nothing, yet possessing  
all !

*Wharton.* And Leddra, too, is  
dead. But from his prison,  
The day before his death, he sent  
these words  
Unto the little flock of Christ :  
'Whatever

May come upon the followers of the  
Light,—

Distress, affliction, famine, naked-  
ness,

Or perils in the city or the sea,  
Or persecution, or even death  
itself,—

I am persuaded that God's armour  
of Light,

As it is loved and lived in, will pre-  
serve you.

Yea, death itself ; through which  
you will find entrance

Into the pleasant pastures of the  
fold,

Where you shall feed for ever as the  
herds

That roam at large in the low valleys  
of Achor.

And as the flowing of the ocean fills  
Each creek and branch thereof, and  
then retires,

Leaving behind a sweet and whole-  
some savour ;

So doth the virtue and the life of  
God

Flow evermore into the hearts of  
those

Whom he hath made partakers of  
his nature ;

And, when it but withdraws itself  
a little,

Leaves a sweet savour after it, that  
many

Can say they are made clean by  
every word

That he hath spoken to them in  
their silence.'



*Edith (rising, and breaking into a kind of chant).* Truly, we do but grope here in the dark,  
Near the partition-wall of Life and Death,  
At every moment dreading or desiring  
To lay our hands upon the unseen door !  
Let us, then, labour for an inward stillness,—  
An inward stillness and an inward healing ;  
That perfect silence where the lips and heart  
Are still, and we no longer entertain  
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,  
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait  
In singleness of heart, that we may know  
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,  
That we may do His will, and do that only !

*(A long pause, interrupted by the sound of a drum approaching; then shouts in the street, and a loud knocking at the door.)*

*Marshal.* Within there ! Open the door !

*Merry.* Will no one answer ?

*Marshal.* In the King's name ! Within there !

*Merry.* Open the door !  
*Upsall (from the window).* It is not barred. Come in. Nothing prevents you.

The poor man's door is ever on the latch.

He needs no bolt nor bar to shut out thieves ;

He fears no enemies, and has no friends

Importunate enough to turn the key upon them !

*(Enter JOHN ENDICOTT, the MARSHAL, MERRY, and a crowd. Seeing the Quakers silent and unmoved, they pause, awe-struck, ENDICOTT opposite EDITH.)*

*Marshal.* In the King's name do I arrest you all !

Away with them to prison. Master Upsall,

You are again discovered harbouring here

These ranters and disturbers of the peace.

You know the law.

*Upsall.* I know it, and am ready To suffer yet again its penalties.

*Edith (to Endicott).* Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus ?

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—JOHN ENDICOTT'S room. *Early morning.*

*John Endicott.* 'Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus ?'  
All night these words were ringing in mine ears !  
A sorrowful sweet face ; a look that pierced me  
With meek reproach ; a voice of resignation

That had a life of suffering in its tone ;  
And that was all ! And yet I could not sleep,

Or, when I slept, I dreamed that awful dream !

I stood beneath the elm-tree on the Common

On which the Quakers have been hanged, and heard

A voice, not hers, that cried amid the darkness,

'This is Aceldama, the field of blood !

I will have mercy, and not sacrifice !'

(*Opens the window, and looks out.*)

The sun is up already ; and my heart  
Sickens and sinks within me when  
I think

How many tragedies will be enacted  
Before his setting. As the earth rolls  
round,

It seems to me a huge Ixion's wheel,  
Upon whose whirling spokes we are  
bound fast,

And must go with it ! Ah, how  
bright the sun

Strikes on the sea and on the masts  
of vessels,

That are uplifted in the morning air,  
Like crosses of some peaceable  
crusade !

It makes me long to sail for lands  
unknown,

No matter whither ! Under me,  
in shadow,

Gloomy and narrow lies the little  
town,

Still sleeping, but to wake and toil  
awhile,

Then sleep again. How dismal looks  
the prison,

How grim and sombre in the sunless  
street,—

The prison where she sleeps, or  
wakes and waits

For what I dare not think of,—  
death, perhaps !

A word that has been said may be  
unsaid.

It is but air. But when a deed is done  
It cannot be undone, nor can our  
thoughts

Reach out to all the mischiefs that  
may follow.

'Tis time for morning prayers. I  
will go down.

My father, though severe, is kind  
and just ;

And when his heart is tender with  
devotion,—

When from his lips have fallen the  
words 'Forgive us

As we forgive,'—then will I inter-  
cede

For these poor people, and perhaps  
may save them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Dock Square. On one side, the tavern of the Three Mariners. In the background, a quaint building with gables ; and, beyond it, wharves and shipping.* CAPTAIN KEMPTHORN and others seated at a table before the door. SAMUEL COLE standing near them.

*Kemphthorn.* Come, drink about !  
Remember Parson Melham,  
And bless the man who first in-  
vented flip !

(*They drink.*)

*Cole.* Pray, Master Kemphthorn,  
where were you last night ?

*Kemphthorn.* On board the  
Swallow, Simon Kemphthorn,  
master,

Up for Barbadoes, and the Wind-  
ward Islands.

*Cole.* The town was in a tumult.  
*Kemphthorn.* And for what ?

*Cole.* Your Quakers were arrested.

*Kemphthorn.* How my Quakers ?

*Cole.* Those you brought in your  
vessel from Barbadoes.

They made an uproar in the Meet-  
ing-house

Yesterday, and they're now in  
prison for it.

I owe you little thanks for bringing  
them

To the Three Mariners.

*Kemphthorn.* They have not  
harmed you.

I tell you, Goodman Cole, that  
Quaker girl

Is precious as a sea-bream's eye. I  
tell you

It was a lucky day when first she set  
Her little foot upon the Swallow's  
deck,

Bringing good luck, fair winds, and  
pleasant weather.

*Cole.* I am a law-abiding citizen ;  
I have a seat in the new Meeting-  
house,

A cow-right on the Common ; and,  
besides,

Am corporal in the Great Artillery.  
I rid me of the vagabonds at once.

*Kemphorn.* Why should you not  
have Quakers at your tavern  
If you have fiddlers ?

*Cole.* Never ! never ! never !  
If you want fiddling you must go  
elsewhere,

To the Green Dragon and the  
Admiral Vernon,

And other such disreputable places.  
But the Three Mariners is an

orderly house,  
Most orderly, quiet, and respect-  
able.

Lord Leigh said he could be as quiet  
here

As at the Governor's. And have I  
not

King Charles's Twelve Good Rules,  
all framed and glazed,

Hanging in my best parlour ?

*Kemphorn.* Here's a health  
To good King Charles. Will you  
not drink the King ?

Then drink confusion to old Parson  
Palmer.

*Cole.* And who is Parson Palmer ?  
I don't know him.

*Kemphorn.* He had his cellar  
underneath his pulpit,  
And so preached o'er his liquor, just  
as you do.

(*A drum within.*)

*Cole.* Here comes the Marshal.  
*Merry (within).* Make room  
for the Marshal.

*Kemphorn.* How pompous and  
imposing he appears ;  
His great buff doublet belying like  
a mainsail,  
And all his streamers fluttering in  
the wind.

What holds he in his hand ?

*Cole.* A Proclamation.

(*Enter the MARSHAL, with a pro-  
clamation ; and MERRY, with  
a halberd. They are preceded by  
a drummer, and followed by the  
hangman, with an armful of  
books, and a crowd of people,  
among whom are UPSALL and  
JOHN ENDICOTT. A pile is made  
of the books.*)

*Merry.* Silence the drum ! Good  
citizens, attend

To the new laws enacted by the  
Court.

*Marshal (reads).* 'Whereas a  
cursed sect of Heretics  
Has lately risen, commonly called  
Quakers,

Who take upon themselves to be  
commissioned

Immediately of God, and further-  
more

Infallibly assisted by the Spirit  
To write and utter blasphemous  
opinions,

Despising Government and the  
order of God

In Church and Commonwealth,  
and speaking evil

Of Dignities, reproaching and  
reviling

The Magistrates and Ministers, and  
seeking

To turn the people from their faith,  
and thus

Gain proselytes to their pernicious  
ways ;—

This Court, considering the  
premises,  
And to prevent like mischief as is  
wrought  
By their means in our land, doth  
hereby order,  
That whatsoever master or com-  
mander  
Of any ship, bark, pink, or catch  
shall bring  
To any roadstead, harbour, creek,  
or cove  
Within this Jurisdiction any  
Quakers,  
Or other blasphemous Heretics,  
shall pay  
Unto the Treasurer of the Common-  
wealth  
One hundred pounds, and for default  
thereof  
Be put in prison, and continue there  
Till the said sum be satisfied and  
paid.'

*Cole.* Now, Simon Kempthorn,  
what say you to that?

*Kempthorn.* I pray you, Cole,  
lend me a hundred pound!

*Marshal (reads).* 'If any one  
within this Jurisdiction  
Shall henceforth entertain, or shall  
conceal,  
Quakers, or other blasphemous  
Heretics,  
Knowing them so to be, every such  
person  
Shall forfeit to the country forty  
shillings  
For each hour's entertainment or  
concealment,  
And shall be sent to prison, as  
aforesaid,  
Until the forfeiture be wholly paid.'

*(Murmurs in the crowd.)*

*Kempthorn.* Now, Goodman  
Cole, I think your turn has  
come!

*Cole.* Knowing them so to be!

*Kempthorn.* At forty shillings  
The hour, your fine will be some  
forty pound!

*Cole.* Knowing them so to be!  
That is the law.

*Marshal (reads).* 'And it is  
further ordered and enacted,  
If any Quaker or Quakers shall pre-  
sume

To come henceforth into this Juris-  
diction,

Every male Quaker for the first  
offence

Shall have one ear cut off; and shall  
be kept

At labour in the Workhouse, till  
such time

As he be sent away at his own  
charge.

And for the repetition of the offence  
Shall have his other ear cut off, and  
then

Be branded in the palm of his right  
hand.

And every woman Quaker shall be  
whipt

Severely in three towns; and every  
Quaker,

Or he or she, that shall for a third  
time

Herein again offend, shall have  
their tongues

Bored through with a hot iron, and  
shall be

Sentenced to Banishment on pain of  
Death.'

*(Loud murmurs. The voice of  
CHRISTISON in the crowd.)*

O patience of the Lord! How long,  
how long,

Ere Thou avenge the blood of Thine  
Elect?)

*Merry.* Silence, there, silence!  
Do not break the peace!

*Marshal (reads).* 'Every inhabi-  
tant of this Jurisdiction  
Who shall defend the horrible opin-  
ions

Of Quakers, by denying due respect  
To equals and superiors, and with-  
drawing  
From Church Assemblies, and  
thereby approving  
The abusive and destructive prac-  
tices  
Of this accursed sect, in opposition  
To all the orthodox received opin-  
ions  
Of godly men, shall be forthwith  
committed  
Unto close prison for one month ;  
and then  
Refusing to retract and to reform  
The opinions as aforesaid, he shall  
be  
Sentenced to Banishment on pain  
of Death.  
By the Court. Edward Rawson,  
Secretary.  
Now, hangman, do your duty. Burn  
those books.

(*Loud murmurs in the crowd. The  
pile of books is lighted.*)

*Upsall.* I testify against these  
cruel laws !  
Forerunners are they of some judg-  
ment on us ;  
And, in the love and tenderness I  
bear  
Unto this town and people, I be-  
seech you,  
O Magistrates, take heed, lest ye be  
found  
As fighters against God !

*John Endicott (taking Upsall's  
hand).* Upsall, I thank you  
For speaking words such as some  
younger man,  
I or another, should have said before  
you.  
Such laws as these are cruel and  
oppressive ;  
A blot on this fair town, and a dis-  
grace  
To any Christian people.

*Merry (aside, listening behind  
them).* Here's sedition !

I never thought that any good would  
come

Of this young popinjay, with his long  
hair

And his great boots, fit only for the  
Russians

Or barbarous Indians, as his father  
says !

*The Voice.* Woe to the bloody  
town ! And rightfully

Men call it the Lost Town ! The  
blood of Abel

Cries from the ground, and at the  
final judgment

The Lord will say, 'Cain, Cain !  
where is thy brother ?'

*Merry.* Silence there in the  
crowd !

*Upsall (aside).* 'Tis Christison !  
*The Voice.* O foolish people, ye  
that think to burn

And to consume the truth of God,  
I tell you

That every flame is a loud tongue of  
fire

To publish it abroad to all the world  
Louder than tongues of men !

*Kemphthorn (springing to his feet).*  
Well said, my hearty !

There's a brave fellow ! There's a  
man of pluck !

A man who's not afraid to say his  
say,

Though a whole town's against him.  
Rain, rain, rain,

Bones of St. Botolph, and put out  
this fire !

(*The drum beats. Exeunt all but  
MERRY, KEMPTHORN, and COLE.*)

*Merry.* And now that matter's  
ended, Goodman Cole,

Fetch me a mug of ale, your  
strongest ale.

*Kemphthorn (sitting down).* And  
meanother mug of flip ; and put

Two gills of brandy in it. [*Exit Cole.*  
*Merry.* No; no more.

Not a drop more, I say. You've had enough.

*Kempthorn.* And who are you, sir?

*Merry.* I'm a Tithing-man, And Merry is my name.

*Kempthorn.* A merry name! I like it; and I'll drink your merry health

Till all is blue.

*Merry.* And then you will be clapped

Into the stocks, with the red letter D Hung round about your neck for drunkenness.

You're a free-drinker,—yes, and a free-thinker!

*Kempthorn.* And you are Andrew Merry, or Merry Andrew.

*Merry.* My name is Walter Merry, and not Andrew.

*Kempthorn.* Andrew or Walter, you're a merry fellow;

I'll swear to that.

*Merry.* No swearing, let me tell you.

The other day one Shorthose had his tongue

Put into a cleft stick for profane swearing.

(*COLE brings the ale.*)

*Kempthorn.* Well, where's my flip? As sure as my name's Kempthorn—

*Merry.* Is your name Kempthorn?

*Kempthorn.* That's the name I go by.

*Merry.* What, Captain Simon Kempthorn of the Swallow?

*Kempthorn.* No other.

*Merry* (*touching him on the shoulder*). Then you're wanted. I arrest you

In the King's name.

*Kempthorn.* And where's your warrant?

*Merry* (*unfolding a paper, and reading*). Here.

Listen to me. 'Hereby you are required,

In the King's name, to apprehend the body

Of Simon Kempthorn, mariner, and him

Safely to bring before me, there to answer

All such objections as are laid to him, Touching the Quakers.' Signed, John Endicott.

*Kempthorn.* Has it the Governor's seal?

*Merry.* Ay, here it is.

*Kempthorn.* Death's head and crossbones. That's a pirate's flag!

*Merry.* Beware how you revile the Magistrates;

You may be whipped for that.

*Kempthorn.* Then mum's the word.

(*Exeunt MERRY and KEMP-THORN.*)

*Cole.* There's mischief brewing! Sure, there's mischief brewing!

I feel like Master Josselyn when he found

The hornets' nest, and thought it some strange fruit,

Until the seeds came out, and then he dropped it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the Governor's house. Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT and MERRY.*

*Endicott.* My son, you say?

*Merry.* Your Worship's eldest son.

*Endicott.* Speaking against the laws?

*Merry.* Ay, worshipful sir.

*Endicott.* And in the public market-place?

*Merry.* I saw him  
With my own eyes, heard him with  
my own ears.

*Endicott.* Impossible!

*Merry.* He stood  
there in the crowd  
With Nicholas Upsall, when the  
laws were read  
To-day against the Quakers, and I  
heard him  
Denounce and vilipend them as  
unjust,

As cruel, wicked, and abominable.

*Endicott.* Ungrateful son! O  
God! thou layest upon me  
A burden heavier than I can  
bear!

Surely the power of Satan must be  
great

Upon the earth, if even the elect  
Are thus deceived and fall away  
from grace!

*Merry.* Worshipful sir! I meant  
no harm—

*Endicott.* 'Tis well.  
You've done your duty, though  
you've done it roughly,  
And every word you've uttered since  
you came

Has stabbed me to the heart!

*Merry.* I do beseech  
Your Worship's pardon!

*Endicott.* He whom I  
have nurtured  
And brought up in the reverence  
of the Lord!

The child of all my hopes and my  
affections!

He upon whom I leaned as a sure  
staff

For my old age! It is God's chas-  
tisement

For leaning upon any arm but His!

*Merry.* Your Worship!—

*Endicott.* And this comes from  
holding parley  
With the delusions and deceits of  
Satan.

At once, for ever, must they be  
crushed out.

Or all the land will reek with  
heresy!

Pray, have you any children?

*Merry.* No, not any.

*Endicott.* Thank God for that.  
He has delivered you

From a great care. Enough; my  
private griefs

Too long have kept me from the  
public service.

(*Exit MERRY. ENDICOTT seats  
himself at the table and arranges  
his papers.*)

The hour has come; and I am  
eager now

To sit in judgment on these Here-  
tics.

(*A knock.*)

Come in. Who is it? (*Not looking  
up.*)

*John Endicott.* It is I.

*Endicott* (*restraining himself.*)  
Sit down!

*John Endicott* (*sitting down*). I  
come to intercede for these  
poor people

Who are in prison, and await their  
trial.

*Endicott.* It is of them I wish to  
speak with you.

I have been angry with you, but  
'tis passed.

For when I hear your footsteps  
come or go,

See in your features your dead  
mother's face,

And in your voice detect some tone  
of hers,

All anger vanishes, and I re-  
member

The days that are no more, and  
come no more,

When as a child you sat upon my  
knee,

And prattled of your playthings,  
and the games

You played among the pear-trees  
in the orchard !

*John Endicott.* O, let the memory  
of my noble mother  
Plead with you to be mild and  
merciful !

For mercy more becomes a Magis-  
trate

Than the vindictive wrath which  
men call justice !

*Endicott.* The sin of heresy is a  
deadly sin.

'Tis like the falling of the snow,  
whose crystals

The traveller plays with, thought-  
less of his danger,

Until he sees the air so full of  
light

That it is dark ; and blindly stag-  
gering onward,

Lost, and bewildered, he sits down  
to rest ;

There falls a pleasant drowsiness  
upon him,

And what he thinks is sleep, alas !  
is death.

*John Endicott.* And yet who is  
there that has never doubted ?

And, doubting and believing, has  
not said,

' Lord, I believe ; help thou mine  
unbelief ' ?

*Endicott.* In the same way we  
trifle with our doubts,

Whose shining shapes are like the  
stars descending ;

Until at last, bewildered and dis-  
mayed,

Blinded by that which seemed to  
give us light,

We sink to sleep, and find that it  
is death,— (*rising*)

Death to the soul through all eter-  
nity !

Alas that I should see you growing  
up

To man's estate, and in the ad-  
monition

And nurture of the Law, to find  
you now

Pleading for Heretics !

*John Endicott (rising).* In the  
sight of God,

Perhaps all men are Heretics. Who  
dares

To say that he alone has found the  
truth ?

We cannot always feel and think  
and act

As those who go before us. Had  
you done so,

You would not now be here.

*Endicott.* Have  
you forgotten

The doom of Heretics, and the fate  
of those

Who aid and comfort them ? Have  
you forgotten

That in the market-place this very  
day

You trampled on the laws ? What  
right have you,

An inexperienced and untravelled  
youth,

To sit in judgment here upon the  
acts

Of older men and wiser than your-  
self,

Thus stirring up sedition in the  
streets,

And making me a byword and a  
jest ?

*John Endicott.* Words of an in-  
experienced youth like me

Were powerless if the acts of older  
men

Went not before them. 'Tis these  
laws themselves

Stir up sedition, not my judgment  
of them.

*Endicott.* Take heed, lest I be  
called, like Brutus was,

To be the judge of my own son !  
Begone !

When you are tired of feeding upon  
husks,



Return again to duty and submission,

But not till then.

*John Endicott.* I hear and I obey! *[Exit.]*

*Endicott.* O happy, happy they who have no children!

He's gone! I hear the hall door shut behind him.

It sends a dismal echo through my heart,

As if for ever it had closed between us,

And I should look upon his face no more!

O, this will drag me down into my grave,—

To that eternal resting-place wherein

Manlieth down, and riseth not again!

Till the heavens be no more he shall not wake,

Nor be roused from his sleep; for Thou dost change

His countenance, and sendest him away! *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of Assistants.*  
ENDICOTT, BELLINGHAM, ATHERTON, and other magistrates.  
KEMPTHORN, MERRY, and constables. Afterwards WHARTON, EDITH, and CHRISTISON.

*Endicott.* Call Captain Simon Kempthorn.

*Merry.* Simon Kempthorn, Come to the bar!

*(KEMPTHORN comes forward.)*

*Endicott.* You are accused of bringing  
Into this Jurisdiction, from Barbadoes,

Some persons of that sort and sect of people

Known by the name of Quakers, and maintaining

Most dangerous and heretical opinions;

Purposely coming here to propagate

Their heresies and errors; bringing with them

And spreading sundry books here, which contain

Their doctrines most corrupt and blasphemous,

And contrary to the truth professed among us.

What say you to this charge?

*Kempthorn.* I do acknowledge,

Among the passengers on board the Swallow

Were certain persons saying Thee and Thou.

They seemed a harmless people, most ways silent,

Particularly when they said their prayers.

*Endicott.* Harmless and silent as the pestilence!

You'd better have brought the fever or the plague

Among us in your ship! Therefore, this Court,

For preservation of the Peace and Truth,

Hereby commands you speedily to transport,

Or cause to be transported speedily, The aforesaid persons hence unto

Barbadoes,

From whence they came; you paying all the charges

Of their imprisonment.  
*Kempthorn.* Worshipful sir,

No ship e'er prospered that has  
carried Quakers  
Against their will! I knew a vessel  
once—

*Endicott.* And for the more  
effectual performance  
Hereof you are to give security  
In bonds amounting to one hundred  
pounds.

On your refusal, you will be com-  
mitted  
To prison till you do it.

*Kemphorn.* But you see  
I cannot do it. The law, sir, of  
Barbadoes

Forbids the landing Quakers on  
the island.

*Endicott.* Then you will be  
committed. Who comes next?

*Merry.* There is another charge  
against the Captain.

*Endicott.* What is it?

*Merry.* Profane swearing, please  
your Worship.

He cursed and swore from Dock  
Square to the Court-house.

*Endicott.* Then let him stand in  
the pillory for one hour.

(*Exit KEMPTHORN with constable.*)

Who's next?

*Merry.* The Quakers.

*Endicott.* Call them.

*Merry.* Edward Wharton,  
Come to the bar!

*Wharton.* Yea, even to the  
bench.

*Endicott.* Take off your hat.

*Wharton.* My hat offendeth not.  
If it offendeth any, let him take it;  
For I shall not resist.

*Endicott.* Take off his hat.  
Let him be fined ten shillings for  
contempt.

(*MERRY takes off WHARTON'S hat.*)

*Wharton.* What evil have I  
done?

*Endicott.* Your hair's too long;  
And in not putting off your hat to us  
You've disobeyed and broken that  
commandment

Which sayeth 'Honour thy father  
and thy mother.'

*Wharton.* John Endicott, thou  
art become too proud;  
And lovest him who putteth off the  
hat,

And honourest thee by bowing of  
the body,

And sayeth 'Worshipful sir!' 'Tis  
time for thee

To give such follies over, for thou  
mayest

Be drawing very near unto thy  
grave.

*Endicott.* Now, sirrah, leave  
your canting. Take the oath.

*Wharton.* Nay, sirrah me no  
sirrahs!

*Endicott.* Will you swear?

*Wharton.* Nay, I will not.

*Endicott.* You made  
a great disturbance  
And uproar yesterday in the  
Meeting-house,  
Having your hat on.

*Wharton.* I made no dis-  
turbance;

For peacefully I stood, like other  
people.

I spake no words; moved against  
none my hand;

But by the hair they haled me out,  
and dashed

Their books into my face.

*Endicott.* You, Edward

Wharton,

On pain of death, depart this Juris-  
diction

Within ten days. Such is your  
sentence. Go.

*Wharton.* John Endicott, it had  
been well for thee

If this day's doings thou hadst left  
undone.

But, banish me as far as thou hast power,  
Beyond the guard and presence of my God

Thou canst not banish me!

*Endicott.* Depart the Court;  
We have no time to listen to your babble.

Who's next? [*Exit WHARTON.*  
*Merry.* This woman, for the same offence.

(*EDITH comes forward.*)

*Endicott.* What is your name?

*Edith.* 'Tis to the world unknown,

But written in the Book of Life.

*Endicott.* Take heed  
It be not written in the Book of Death!

What is it?

*Edith.* Edith Christison.

*Endicott (with eagerness).* The daughter  
Of Wenlock Christison?

*Edith.* I am his daughter.

*Endicott.* Your father hath given us trouble many times.

A bold man and a violent, who sets  
At nought the authority of our Church and State,

And is in banishment on pain of death.

Where are you living?

*Edith.* In the Lord.

*Endicott.* Make answer  
Without evasion. Where?

*Edith.* My outward being  
Is in Barbadoes.

*Endicott.* Then why come you here?

*Edith.* I come upon an errand of the Lord.

*Endicott.* 'Tis not the business of the Lord you're doing;  
It is the Devil's. Will you take the oath?

Give her the book.

(*MERRY offers the Book.*)

*Edith.* You offer me this Book

To swear on; and it saith, 'Swear not at all,

Neither by heaven, because it is God's Throne,

Nor by the earth, because it is his footstool!'

I dare not swear.

*Endicott.* You dare not? Yet you Quakers

Deny this Book of Holy Writ, the Bible,

To be the Word of God.

*Edith (reverentially).* Christ is the Word,

The everlasting oath of God. I dare not.

*Endicott.* You own yourself a Quaker,—do you not?

*Edith.* I own that in derision and reproach

I am so called.

*Endicott.* Then you deny the Scripture

To be the rule of life.

*Edith.* Yea, I believe The Inner Light, and not the Written Word,

To be the rule of life.

*Endicott.* And you deny That the Lord's Day is holy.

*Edith.* Every day Is the Lord's Day. It runs through

all our lives,  
As through the pages of the Holy Bible

*Edith.* Thus saith the Lord.'

*Endicott.* You are accused of making

An horrible disturbance, and affrighting

The people in the Meeting-house on Sunday.

What answer make you?

*Edith.* I do not deny That I was present in your Steeple-house

On the First Day ; but I made no disturbance.

*Endicott.* Why came you there ?

*Edith.* Because the Lord commanded.

His word was in my heart, a burning fire

Shut up within me and consuming me,

And I was very weary with forbearing ;

I could not stay.

*Endicott.* 'Twas not the Lord that sent you ;

As an incarnate devil did you come !

*Edith.* On the First Day, when, seated in my chamber,

I heard the bells toll, calling you together,

The sound struck at my life, as once at his,

The holy man, our Founder, when he heard

The far-off bells toll in the Vale of Beavor.

It sounded like a market bell to call The folk together, that the Priest might set

His wares to sale. And the Lord said within me,

'Thou must go cry aloud against that Idol,

And all the worshippers thereof.' I went

Barefooted, clad in sackcloth, and I stood

And listened at the threshold ; and I heard

The praying and the singing and the preaching,

Which were but outward forms, and without power.

Then rose a cry within me, and my heart

Was filled with admonitions and reproofs.

Remembering how the Prophets and Apostles

Denounced the covetous hirelings and diviners,

I entered in, and spake the words the Lord

Commanded me to speak. I could no less.

*Endicott.* Are you a Prophetess ?

*Edith.* Is it not written, 'Upon my handmaidens will I pour out

My spirit, and they shall prophesy' ?

*Endicott.* Enough ; For out of your own mouth are you condemned !

Need we hear further ?

*The Judges.* We are satisfied.

*Endicott.* It is sufficient. Edith Christison,

The sentence of the Court is, that you be

Scourged in three towns, with forty stripes save one,

Then banished upon pain of death !

*Edith.* Your sentence Is truly no more terrible to me Than had you blown a feather into the air,

And, as it fell upon me, you had said,

'Take heed it hurt thee not !' God's will be done !

*Wenlock Christison (unseen in the crowd).* Woe to the city of blood ! The stone shall cry

Out of the wall : the beam from out the timber

Shall answer it ! Woe unto him that buildeth

A town with blood, and stablisheth a city

By his iniquity !

*Endicott.* Who is it makes Such outcry here ?

*Christison (coming forward).* I, Wenlock Christison !

*Endicott.* Banished on pain of death, why come you here ?

*Christison.* I come to warn you  
that you shed no more  
The blood of innocent men! It  
cries aloud

For vengeance to the Lord!

*Endicott.* Your life is forfeit  
Unto the law; and you shall surely  
die,

And shall not live.

*Christison.* Like unto Eleazer,  
Maintaining the excellence of an-  
cient years

And the honour of his gray head, I  
stand before you;

Like him disdaining all hypocrisy,  
Lest, through desire to live a little  
longer,

I get a stain to my old age and  
name!

*Endicott.* Being in banishment  
on pain of death,

You come now in among us in re-  
bellion.

*Christison.* I come not in among  
you in rebellion,  
But in obedience to the Lord of  
Heaven.

Not in contempt to any Magistrate,  
But only in the love I bear your  
souls,

As ye shall know hereafter, when  
all men

Give an account of deeds done in  
the body!

God's righteous judgments ye can  
not escape.

*One of the Judges.* Those who  
have gone before you said the  
same,

And yet no judgment of the Lord  
hath fallen

Upon us.

*Christison.* He but waiteth till  
the measure

Of your iniquities shall be filled up,  
And ye have run your race. Then  
will his wrath

Descend upon you to the uttermost!

For thy part, Humphrey Atherton,  
it hangs

Overthy head already. It shall come  
Suddenly, as a thief doth in the  
night,

And in the hour when least thou  
thinkest of it!

*Endicott.* We have a law, and by  
that law you die.

*Christison.* I, a free man of Eng-  
land and free-born,  
Appeal unto the laws of mine own  
nation!

*Endicott.* There's no appeal to  
England from this Court!

What! do you think our statutes  
are but paper?

Are but dead leaves that rustle in  
the wind?

Or litter to be trampled under foot?  
What say ye, Judges of the Court,—

what say ye?

Shall this man suffer death? Speak  
your opinions.

*One of the Judges.* I am a mortal  
man, and die I must,

And that ere long; and I must then  
appear

Before the awful judgment-seat of  
Christ,

To give account of deeds done in  
the body.

My greatest glory on that day will be  
That I have given my vote against  
this man.

*Christison.* If, Thomas Danforth,  
thou hast nothing more

To glory in upon that dreadful day  
Than blood of innocent people, then  
thy glory

Will be turned into shame! The  
Lord hath said it!

*Another Judge.* I cannot give  
consent, while other men

Who have been banished upon  
pain of death

Are now in their own houses here  
among us.

*Endicott.* Yet that will not consent,  
make record of it.  
I thank my God that I am not afraid  
To give my judgment. Wenlock  
Christison,  
You must be taken back from hence  
to prison,  
Thence to the place of public execu-  
tion,  
There to be hanged till you be dead  
—dead—dead!

*Christison.* If ye have power to  
take my life from me,—  
Which I do question,—God hath  
power to raise  
The principle of life in other men,  
And send them here among you.  
There shall be  
No peace unto the wicked, saith my  
God.

Listen, ye Magistrates, for the Lord  
hath said it!  
The day ye put his servitors to  
death,  
That day the Day of your own Visi-  
tation,  
The Day of Wrath, shall pass  
above your heads,  
And ye shall be accursed for ever-  
more!

(*To EDITH, embracing her.*)

Cheer up, dear heart! they have not  
power to harm us

(*Exeunt CHRISTISON and EDITH  
guarded. The scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*A Street. Enter JOHN  
ENDICOTT and UPSALL.*

*John Endicott.* Scourged in three  
towns! and yet the busy people  
Go up and down the streets on their  
affairs  
Of business or of pleasure, as if  
nothing

Had happened to disturb them or  
their thoughts!

When bloody tragedies like this are  
acted

The pulse of a nation should stand  
still;

The town should be in mourning,  
and the people

Speak only in low whispers to each  
other.

*Upsall.* I know this people; and  
that underneath

A cold outside there burns a secret  
fire

That will find vent, and will not be  
put out,

Till every remnant of these bar-  
barous laws

Shall be to ashes burned, and blown  
away.

*John Endicott.* Scourged in three  
towns! It is incredible

Such things can be! I feel the  
blood within me

Fast mounting in rebellion, since in  
vain

Have I implored compassion of my  
father!

*Upsall.* You know your father  
only as a father;

I know him better as a Magistrate.  
He is a man both loving and se-  
vere;

A tender heart; a will inflexible.  
None ever loved him more than I  
have loved him.

He is an upright man and a just man  
In all things save the treatment of  
the Quakers.

*John Endicott.* Yet I have found  
him cruel and unjust

Even as a father. He has driven me  
forth

Into the street; has shut his door  
upon me,

With words of bitterness. I am as  
homeless

As these poor Quakers are.

*Upsall.* Then come with me.  
You shall be welcome for your  
father's sake,  
And the old friendship that has  
been between us.  
He will relent ere long. A father's  
anger  
Is like a sword without a handle,  
piercing  
Both ways alike, and wounding him  
that wields it  
No less than him that it is pointed at  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Prison. Night.*  
*EDITH reading the Bible by a lamp.*

*Edith.* 'Blessed are ye when  
men shall persecute you,  
And shall revile you, and shall say  
against you  
All manner of evil falsely for my  
sake!  
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for  
great  
Is your reward in heaven. For so  
the prophets,  
Which were before you, have been  
persecuted.'

(*Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.*)

*John Endicott.* Edith!

*Edith.* Who is it speaketh?

*John Endicott.* Saul of Tarsus:  
As thou didst call me once.

*Edith (coming forward).* Yea, I  
remember.

Thou art the Governor's son.

*John Endicott.* I am ashamed  
Thou shouldst remember me.

*Edith.* Why comest thou  
Into this dark guest-chamber in  
the night?

What seekest thou?

*John Endicott.* Forgiveness!

*Edith.* I forgive  
All who have injured me. What  
hast thou done?

*John Endicott.* I have betrayed  
thee, thinking that in this  
I did God service. Now, in deep  
contrition,  
I come to rescue thee.

*Edith.* From what?

*John Endicott.* From prison.

*Edith.* I am safe here within  
these gloomy walls.

*John Endicott.* From scourging  
in the streets, and in three  
towns!

*Edith.* Remembering who was  
scourged for me, I shrink not  
Nor shudder at the forty stripes  
save one.

*John Endicott.* Perhaps from  
death itself!

*Edith.* I fear not death,  
Knowing who died for me.

*John Endicott (aside).* Surc  
some divine  
Ambassador is speaking through  
those lips

And looking through those eyes! I  
cannot answer!

*Edith.* If all these prison doors  
stood opened wide  
I would not cross the threshold,—  
not one step.

There are invisible bars I cannot  
break;

There are invisible doors that shut  
me in,

And keep me ever steadfast to my  
purpose.

*John Endicott.* Thou hast the  
patience and the faith of Saints!

*Edith.* Thy Priest hath been  
with me this day to save me,  
Not only from the death that comes  
to all,

But from the second death!

*John Endicott.* The Pharisee!  
My heart revolts against him and  
his creed!

Alas! the coat that was without a  
seam

Is rent asunder by contending  
sects ;

Each bears away a portion of the  
garment,

Blindly believing that he has the  
whole !

*Edith.* When Death, the Healer,  
shall have touched our eyes  
With moist clay of the grave, then  
shall we see

The truth as we have never yet  
beheld it.

But he that overcometh shall not be  
Hurt of the second death. Has he  
forgotten

The many mansions in our Father's  
house ?

*John Endicott.* There is no pity  
in his iron heart !

The hands that now bear stamped  
upon their palms

The burning sign of Heresy, here-  
after

Shall be uplifted against such  
accusers,

And then the imprinted letter and  
its meaning

Will not be Heresy, but Holiness !

*Edith.* Remember thou con-  
demnest thine own father !

*John Endicott.* I have no father !  
He has cast me off.

I am as homeless as the wind that  
moans

And wanders through the streets.  
O, come with me !

Do not delay. Thy God shall be my  
God,

And where thou goest I will go.

*Edith.* I cannot.  
Yet will I not deny it, nor conceal  
it ;

From the first moment I beheld thy  
face

I felt a tenderness in my soul towards  
thee.

My mind has since been inward to  
the Lord,

Waiting his word. It has not yet  
been spoken.

*John Endicott.* I cannot wait.  
Trust me. O, come with me !

*Edith.* In the next room, my  
father, an old man,

Sitteth imprisoned and condemned  
to death,

Willing to prove his faith by  
martyrdom ;

And thinkest thou his daughter  
would do less ?

*John Endicott.* O, life is sweet,  
and death is terrible !

*Edith.* I have too long walked  
hand in hand with death

To shudder at that pale familiar  
face.

But leave me now. I wish to be  
alone.

*John Endicott.* Not yet. O, let  
me stay.

*Edith.* Urge me no more.

*John Endicott.* Alas ! good night.  
I will not say good-bye !

*Edith.* Put this temptation under-  
neath thy feet.

To him that overcometh shall be  
given

The white stone with the new name  
written on it,

That no man knows save him that  
doth receive it.

And I will give thee a new name,  
and call thee

Paul of Damascus and not Saul of  
Tarsus.

(*Exit ENDICOTT. EDITH sits down  
again to read the Bible.*)



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*King Street, in front of the town-house. KEMPTHORN in the pillory. MERRY, and a crowd of lookers-on.*

*Kemphthorn (sings).*

The world is full of care,  
Much like unto a bubble;  
Women and care, and care and women,  
And women and care and trouble.

Good Master Merry, may I say con-found?

*Merry.* Ay, that you may.

*Kemphthorn.* Well, then, with your permission,  
Confound the Pillory!

*Merry.* That's the very thing  
The joiner said who made the  
Shrewsbury stocks.

He said, Confound the stocks, be-  
cause they put him  
Into his own. He was the first  
man in them.

*Kemphthorn.* For swearing, was  
it?

*Merry.* No, it was for  
charging;

He charged the town too much;  
and so the town,  
To make things square, set him in  
his own stocks,  
And fined him fivepound sterling,—  
just enough

To settle his own bill.

*Kemphthorn.* And served him  
right;

But, Master Merry, is it not eight  
bells?

*Merry.* Not quite.

*Kemphthorn.* For, do you see?  
I'm getting tired

Of being perched up aloft here in  
this cro' nest

Like the first mate of a whaler, or  
a Middy

Mast-headed, looking out for land!  
Sail ho!

Here comes a heavy-laden mer-  
chantman

With the lee clews eased off, and  
running free

Before the wind. A solid man of  
Boston.

A comfortable man, with dividends,  
And the first salmon, and the first  
green peas.

*(A gentleman passes.)*

He does not even turn his head to  
look.

He's gone without a word. Here  
comes another

A different kind of craft on a taut  
bowline,—

Deacon Giles Firmin the apothec-  
ary,

A pious and a ponderous citizen,  
Looking as rubicund and round  
and splendid

As the great bottle in his own shop  
window!

*(DEACON FIRMIN passes.)*

And here's my host of the Three  
Mariners,

My creditor and trusty taverner,  
My corporal in the Great Artillery!  
He's not a man to pass me without  
speaking.

*(COLE looks away and passes.)*

Don't yaw so; keep your luff, old  
hypocrite!

Respectable, ah yes, respectable,  
You, with your seat in the new  
Meeting-house,

Your cow-right on the Common!  
But who's this?

I did not know the Mary Ann was  
in!

And yet this is my old friend,  
Captain Goldsmith,

As sure as I stand in the bilboes here.  
Why, Ralph, my boy!

(Enter RALPH GOLDSMITH.)

*Goldsmith.* Why, Simon, is it you?

Set in the bilboes?

*Kemphthorn.* Chock-a-block, you see,

And without chafing-gear.

*Goldsmith.* And what's it for?

*Kemphthorn.* Ask that starbowl with the boat-hook there—

That handsome man.

*Merry (bowing).* For swearing.

*Kemphthorn.* In this town They put sea-captains in the stocks for swearing,

And Quakers for not swearing. So look out.

*Goldsmith.* I pray you set him free; he meant no harm;

'Tis an old habit he picked up afloat.

*Merry.* Well, as your time is out, you may come down.

The law allows you now to go at large Like Elder Oliver's horse upon the Common.

*Kemphthorn.* Now, hearties, bear a hand! Let go and haul.

(KEMPTHORN is set free, and comes forward, shaking GOLDSMITH'S hand.)

*Kemphthorn.* Give me your hand, Ralph. Ah, how good it feels!

The hand of an old friend.

*Goldsmith.* God bless you, Simon!

*Kemphthorn.* Now let us make a straight wake for the tavern Of the Three Mariners, Samuel Cole commander;

Where we can take our ease, and see the shipping, And talk about old times.

*Goldsmith.* First I must pay My duty to the Governor, and take him

His letters and despatches. Come with me.

*Kemphthorn.* I'd rather not. I saw him yesterday.

*Goldsmith.* Then wait for me at the Three Nuns and Comb.

*Kemphthorn.* I thank you. That's too near to the town pump.

I will go with you to the Governor's, And wait outside there, sailing off and on;

If I am wanted, you can hoist a signal.

*Merry.* Shall I go with you and point out the way?

*Goldsmith.* O no, I thank you. I am not a stranger

Here in your crooked little town.

*Merry.* How now, sir;

Do you abuse our town? [Exit.

*Goldsmith.* O, no offence.

*Kemphthorn.* Ralph, I am under bonds for a hundred pound.

*Goldsmith.* Hard lines. What for?

*Kemphthorn.* To take some Quakers back

I brought here from Barbadoes in the Swallow.

And how to do it I don't clearly see, For one of them is banished, and another

Is sentenced to be hanged! What shall I do?

*Goldsmith.* Just slip your hawser on some cloudy night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the top-sail, Simon! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Street in front of the prison. In the background a gateway and several flights of steps leading up terraces to the GOVERNOR'S house. A pump on one side of the street. JOHN ENDICOTT, MERRY, UPSALL, and others. A drum beats.*

*John Endicott.* O shame, shame, shame!

*Merry.* Yes, it would be a shame  
But for the damnable sin of  
Heresy!

*John Endicott.* A woman  
scourged and dragged about  
our streets!

*Merry.* Well, Roxbury and  
Dorchester must take  
Their share of shame. She will be  
whipped in each!

Three towns, and forty stripes  
save one; that makes  
Thirteen in each.

*John Endicott.* And are we  
Jews or Christians?  
See where she comes, amid a  
gaping crowd!

And she a child. O, pitiful! pitiful!  
There's blood upon her clothes, her  
hands, her feet!

(*Enter MARSHAL and a drummer;  
EDITH, stripped to the waist,  
followed by the hangman with a  
scourge, and a noisy crowd.*)

*Edith.* Here let me rest one  
moment. I am tired.  
Will some one give me water?

*Merry.* At his peril.

*Upsall.* Alas! that I should  
live to see this day!

*A Woman.* Did I forsake my  
father and my mother  
And come here to New England to  
see this?

*Edith.* I am athirst. Will no  
one give me water?

*John Endicott (making his way  
through the crowd with water).*

In the Lord's name!

*Edith (drinking).* In his name  
I receive it!

Sweet as the water of Samaria's  
well

This water tastes. I thank thee.  
Is it thou?

I was afraid thou hadst deserted  
me.

*John Endicott.* Never will I  
desert thee, nor deny thee.

Be comforted.

*Merry.* O Master Endicott,  
Be careful what you say.

*John Endicott.* Peace, idle  
babbler!

*Merry.* You'll rue these words!

*John Endicott.* Art thou  
not better now?

*Edith.* They've struck me as  
with roses.

*John Endicott.* Ah, these  
wounds!

These bloody garments!

*Edith.* It is granted me  
To seal my testimony with my blood.

*John Endicott.* O blood-red seal  
of man's vindictive wrath!

O roses of the garden of the Lord!  
I, of the household of Iscariot,  
I have betrayed in thee my Lord  
and Master!

(*WENLOCK CHRISTISON appears  
above, at the window of the  
prison, stretching out his hands  
through the bars.*)

*Christison.* Be of good courage,  
O my child! my child!

Blessed art thou when men shall  
persecute thee!

Fear not their faces, saith the Lord,  
fear not,

For I am with thee to deliver thee.

*A Citizen.* Who is it crying  
from the prison yonder?

*Merry.* It is old Wenlock  
Christison.

*Christison.* Remember  
Him who was scourged, and  
mocked, and crucified!

I see his messengers attending thee.  
Be steadfast, O, be steadfast to the  
end!

*Edith (with exultation).* I can-  
not reach thee with these arms,  
O father!

But closely in my soul do I embrace thee  
And hold thee. In thy dungeon  
and thy death  
I will be with thee, and will comfort thee!

*Marshal.* Come, put an end to this. Let the drum beat.

(*The drum beats. Exeunt all but JOHN ENDICOTT, UPSALL, and MERRY.*)

*Christison.* Dear child, farewell!  
Never shall I behold  
Thy face again with these bleared  
eyes of flesh;  
And never wast thou fairer, lovelier,  
dearer  
Than now, when scourged and  
bleeding, and insulted  
For the truth's sake. O pitiless,  
pitiless town!  
The wrath of God hangs over thee;  
and the day  
Is near at hand when thou shalt be  
abandoned  
To desolation and the breeding of  
nettles.  
The bitter and the cormorant shall  
lodge  
Upon thine upper lintels, and their  
voice  
Sing in thy windows. Yea, thus  
saith the Lord!

*John Endicott.* Awake! awake!  
ye sleepers, ere too late,  
And wipe these bloody statutes from  
your books! [*Exit.*]

*Merry.* Take heed; the walls  
have ears!

*Upsall.* At last, the heart  
Of every honest man must speak  
or break!

(*Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT  
with his halberdiers.*)

*Endicott.* What is this stir and  
tumult in the street?

*Merry.* Worshipful sir, the  
whipping of a girl,  
And her old father howling from  
the prison.

*Endicott (to his halberdiers).* Go  
on.

*Christison.* Antiochus! Antio-  
chus!

O thou that slayest the Maccabees!  
The Lord

Shall smite thee with incurable  
disease,

And no man shall endure to carry  
thee!

*Merry.* Peace, old blasphemer!  
*Christison.* I both

feel and see

The presence and the waft of death  
go forth

Against thee, and already thou dost  
look

Like one that's dead!

*Merry (pointing).* And there is  
your own son,

Worshipful sir, abetting the sedition.  
*Endicott.* Arrest him. Do not

spare him.

*Merry (aside).* His own child!  
There is some special providence

takes care

That none shall be too happy in  
this world!

His own first-born!

*Endicott.* O Absalom, my son!

(*Exeunt; the GOVERNOR, with his  
halberdiers, ascending the steps  
of his house.*)

SCENE III.—*The Governor's pri-  
vate room. Papers upon the  
table. ENDICOTT and BELL-  
INGHAM.*

*Endicott.* There is a ship from  
England has come in,  
Bringing despatches and much  
news from home.

His Majesty was at the Abbey  
crowned ;

And when the coronation was complete

There passed a mighty tempest  
o'er the city,

Portentous with great thunderings  
and lightnings.

*Bellingham.* After his father's,  
if I well remember,

There was an earthquake, that  
foreboded evil.

*Endicott.* Ten of the Regicides  
have been put to death !

The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton,  
and Bradshaw

Have been dragged from their  
graves, and publicly

Hanged in their shrouds at Tyburn.  
*Bellingham.* Horrible !

*Endicott.* Thus the old tyranny  
revives again !

Its arm is long enough to reach us  
here,

As you will see. For, more insulting still

Than flaunting in our faces dead  
men's shrouds,

Here is the King's Mandamus,  
taking from us,

From this day forth, all power to  
punish Quakers.

*Bellingham.* That takes from us  
all power ; we are but puppets,

And can no longer execute our  
laws.

*Endicott.* His Majesty begins  
with pleasant words,

' Trusty and well-beloved, we greet  
you well ' ;

Then with a ruthless hand he strips  
from me

All that which makes me what I  
am ; as if

From some old general in the field,  
grown gray

In service, scarred with many  
wounds,

Just at the hour of victory, he  
should strip

His badge of office and his well-  
gained honours,

And thrust him back into the ranks  
again.

(*Opens the Mandamus, and hands it to BELLINGHAM ; and, while he is reading, ENDICOTT walks up and down the room.*)

Here read it for yourself ; you see  
his words

Are pleasant words—considerate—  
not reproachful—

Nothing could be more gentle—or  
more royal ;

But then the meaning underneath  
the words,

Mark that. He says all people  
known as Quakers

Among us, now condemned to  
suffer death

Or any corporal punishment whatever,

Who are imprisoned, or may be  
obnoxious

To the like condemnation, shall be  
sent

Forthwith to England, to be dealt  
with there

In such wise as shall be agreeable  
Unto the English law and their  
demerits.

Is it not so ?  
*Bellingham (returning the paper).* Ay, so the paper says.

*Endicott.* It means we shall no  
longer rule the Province ;

It means farewell to law and liberty,  
Authority, respect for Magis-

trates,

The peace and welfare of the  
Commonwealth.

If all the knaves upon this continent

Can make appeal to England, and  
so thwart

The ends of truth and justice by  
 delay,  
 Our power is gone for ever. We  
 are nothing  
 But ciphers, valueless save when  
 we follow  
 Some unit; and our unit is the  
 King!  
 'Tis he that gives us value.  
*Bellingham.* I confess  
 Such seems to be the meaning of  
 this paper.  
 But being the King's Mandamus,  
 signed and sealed,  
 We must obey, or we are in rebel-  
 lion.  
*Endicott.* I tell you, Richard  
 Bellingham,—I tell you,  
 That this is the beginning of a  
 struggle  
 Of which no mortal can foresee the  
 end.  
 I shall not live to fight the battle  
 for you,  
 I am a man disgraced in every  
 way;  
 This order takes from me my self-  
 respect  
 And the respect of others. 'Tis my  
 doom,  
 Yes, my death-warrant, but must  
 be obeyed!  
 Take it, and see that it is exe-  
 cuted  
 So far as this, that all be set at  
 large;  
 But see that none of them be sent  
 to England  
 To bear false witness, and to spread  
 reports  
 That might be prejudicial to our-  
 selves. [*Exit* BELLINGHAM.  
 There's a dull pain keeps knock-  
 ing at my heart,  
 Dolefully saying, 'Set thy house in  
 order,  
 For thou shalt surely die, and shalt  
 not live!'

For me the shadow on the dial-  
 plate  
 Goeth not back, but on into the  
 dark! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The street. A crowd,  
 reading a placard on the door of  
 the Meeting-house.* NICHOLAS  
 UPSALL among them. Enter  
 JOHN NORTON.

*Norton.* What is this gathering  
 here?

*Upsall.* One William Brand,  
 An old man like ourselves, and  
 weak in body,  
 Has been so cruelly tortured in his  
 prison,  
 The people are excited, and they  
 threaten

To tear the prison down.

*Norton.* What has been done?

*Upsall.* He has been put in irons,  
 with his neck  
 And heels tied close together, and  
 so left

From five in the morning until nine  
 at night.

*Norton.* What more was done?

*Upsall.* He has  
 been kept five days  
 In prison without food, and cruelly  
 beaten,  
 So that his limbs were cold, his  
 senses stopped.

*Norton.* What more?

*Upsall.* And is this  
 not enough?

*Norton.* Now hear me.  
 This William Brand of yours has  
 tried to beat

Our Gospel Ordinances black and  
 blue;

And, if he has been beaten in like  
 manner,

It is but justice, and I will appear  
 In his behalf that did so. I suppose  
 That he refused to work.

*Upsall.* He was too weak.  
How could an old man work, when  
he was starving?

*Norton.* And what is this placard?

*Upsall.* The Magistrates,  
To appease the people and prevent  
a tumult,  
Have put up these placards through-  
out the town,  
Declaring that the jailer shall be  
dealt with  
Impartially and sternly by the  
Court.

*Norton (tearing down the placard).* Down with this weak  
and cowardly concession,  
This flag of truce with Satan and  
with Sin!

I fling it in his face! I trample it  
Under my feet? It is his cunning  
craft,

The masterpiece of his diplomacy,  
To cry and plead for boundless  
toleration.

But toleration is the first-born child  
Of all abominations and deceits.

There is no room in Christ's triumphant  
army

For tolerationists. And if an Angel  
Preach any other gospel unto you  
Than that ye have received, God's  
malediction

Descend upon him! Let him be  
accursed! [*Exit.*]

*Upsall.* Now, go thy ways, John  
Norton! go thy ways,  
Thou Orthodox Evangelist, as men  
call thee!

But even now there cometh out of  
England,

Like an o'ertaking and accusing  
conscience,

An outraged man, to call thee to  
account

For the unrighteous murder of his  
son! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Wilderness.*

*Enter EDITH.*

*Edith.* How beautiful are these  
autumnal woods!

The wilderness doth blossom like  
the rose,  
And change into a garden of the  
Lord!

How silent everywhere! Alone  
and lost

Here in the forest, there comes  
over me

An inward awfulness. I recall the  
words

Of the Apostle Paul: 'In journey-  
ings often,

Often in perils in the wilderness,  
In weariness, in painfulness, in

watchings,  
In hunger and thirst, in cold and

nakedness;'

And I forget my weariness and pain,  
My watchings, and my hunger and  
my thirst.

The Lord hath said that he will  
seek his flock

In cloudy and dark days, and they  
shall dwell

Securely in the wilderness, and  
sleep

Safe in the woods! Whichever way  
I turn,

I come back with my face towards  
the town.

Dimly I see it, and these beyond it.  
O cruel town! I know what waits

me there,  
And yet I must go back; for ever

louder  
I hear the inward calling of the

Spirit,  
And must obey the voice. O woods,  
that wear

Your golden crown of martyrdom,  
bloodstained,

From you I learn a lesson of sub-  
mission,

# The New-England Tragedies.

And am obedient even unto death,  
If God so wills it. [Exit.]

*John Endicott (within).* Edith!  
Edith! Edith!

(He enters.)

It is in vain! I call, she answers not!  
I follow, but I find no trace of her!  
Blood! blood! The leaves above me  
and around me  
Are red with blood! The pathways  
of the forest,  
The clouds that canopy the setting  
sun,  
And even the little river in the  
meadows,  
Are stained with it! Where'er I  
look, I see it!  
Away, thou horrible vision! Leave  
me! leave me!

Alas! yon winding stream, that  
gropes its way  
Through mist and shadow, doubling  
on itself,  
At length will find, by the unerring  
law  
Of nature, what it seeks. O soul of  
man,  
Groping through mist and shadow,  
and recoiling  
Back on thyself, are, too, thy devious  
ways  
Subject to law? and when thou  
seemest to wander  
The farthest from thy goal, art thou  
still drawing  
Nearer and nearer to it, till at length  
Thou findest, like the river, what  
thou seekest?

[Exit.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Daybreak. Street in front of UPSALL'S house. A light in the window. Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.*

*John Endicott.* O silent, sombre,  
and deserted streets,  
To me ye're peopled with a sad  
procession,  
And echo only to the voice of sor-  
row!  
O houses full of peacefulness and  
sleep,  
Far better were it to awake no more  
Than wake to look upon such scenes  
again!  
There is a light in Master Upsall's  
window.  
The good man is already risen, for  
sleep  
Deserts the couches of the old.

(Knocks at UPSALL'S door.)

*Upsall (at the window).* Who's  
there?

*John Endicott.* Am I so changed  
you do not know my voice?

*Upsall.* I know you. Have you  
heard what things have hap-  
pened?

*John Endicott.* I have heard  
nothing.

*Upsall.* Stay; I will come down.

*John Endicott.* I am afraid some  
dreadful news awaits me!

I do not dare to ask, yet am im-  
patient

To know the worst. O, I am very  
weary

With waiting and with watching  
and pursuing!

(Enter UPSALL.)

*Upsall.* Thank God, you have  
come back! I've much to tell  
you.

Where have you been?

*John Endicott.* You know that  
I was seized,



Fined, and released again. You know that Edith  
After her scourging in three towns,  
was banished  
Into the wilderness, into the land  
That is not sown; and there I followed her,  
But found her not. Where is she?  
*Upsall.* She is here.

*John Endicott.* O, do not speak that word, for it means death!

*Upsall.* No, it means life. She sleeps in yonder chamber.

Listen to me. When news of Leddra's death

Reached England, Edward Burroughs, having boldly

Got access to the presence of the King,

Told him there was a vein of innocent blood

Opened in his dominions here, which threatened

To overrun them all. The King replied,

'But I will stop that vein!' and he forthwith

Sent his Mandamus to our Magistrates,

That they proceed no further in this business.

So all are pardoned, and all set at large.

*John Endicott.* Thank God! This is a victory for truth!

Our thoughts are free. They cannot be shut up

In prison walls, nor put to death on scaffolds!

*Upsall.* Come in; the morning air blows sharp and cold

Through the damp streets.

*John Endicott.* It is the dawn of day

That chases the old darkness from our sky,

And fills the land with liberty and light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The parlour of the Three Mariners. Enter KEMPTHORN.*

*Kemphthorn.* A dull life this,—a dull life anyway!

Ready for sea; the cargo all aboard,

Cleared for Barbadoes, and a fair wind blowing

From nor'-nor'-west; and I, an idle lubber,

Laid neck and heels by that confounded bond!

I said to Ralph, says I, 'What's to be done?'

Says he: 'Just slip your hawser in the night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the top-sail, Simon.'

But that won't do; because, you see, the owners

Somehow or other are mixed up with it.

Here are King Charles's Twelve Good Rules, that Cole

Thinks as important as the Rule of Three. (*Reads.*)

'Make no comparisons; make no long meals.'

Those are good rules and golden for a landlord

To hang in his best parlour, framed and glazed!

'Maintain no ill opinions; urge no healths.'

I drink the King's, whatever he may say,

And, as to ill opinions, that depends. Now of Ralph Goldsmith I've a

good opinion,

And of the bilboes I've an ill opinion;

And both of these opinions I'll maintain

As long as there's a shot left in the locker.

(*Enter EDWARD BUTTER with an ear-trumpet.*)

*Butter.* Good morning, Captain Kempthorn.

*Kempthorn.* Sir, to you. You've the advantage of me. I don't know you.

What may I call your name?

*Butter.* That's not your name?

*Kempthorn.* Yes, that's my name.

What's yours?

*Butter.* My name is Butter. I am the treasurer of the Commonwealth.

*Kempthorn.* Will you be seated?

*Butter.* What say? Who's conceited?

*Kempthorn.* Will you sit down?

*Butter.* O, thank you.

*Kempthorn.* Spread yourself

Upon this chair, sweet Butter.

*Butter* (*sitting down*). A fine morning.

*Kempthorn.* Nothing's the matter with it that I know of.

I have seen better, and I have seen worse.

The wind's nor'-west. That's fair for them that sail.

*Butter.* You need not speak so loud; I understand you.

You sail to-day.

*Kempthorn.* No, I don't sail to-day.

So, be it fair or foul, it matters not. Say, will you smoke? There's choice tobacco here.

*Butter.* No, thank you. It's against the law to smoke.

*Kempthorn.* Then, will you drink? There's good ale at this inn.

*Butter.* No, thank you. It's against the law to drink.

*Kempthorn.* Well, almost everything's against the law

In this good town. Give a wide berth to one thing,

You're sure to fetch up soon on something else.

*Butter.* And so you sail to-day for dear Old England.

I am not one of those who think a sup

Of this New England air is better worth

Than a whole draught of our Old England's ale.

*Kempthorn.* Nor I. Give me the ale and keep the air.

But, as I said, I do not sail to-day.

*Butter.* Ah yes; you sail to-day.

*Kempthorn.* I'm under bonds To take some Quakers back to the Barbadoes;

And one of them is banished, and another

Is sentenced to be hanged.

*Butter.* No, all are pardoned, All are set free, by order of the Court;

But some of them would fain return to England.

You must not take them. Upon that condition

Your bond is cancelled.

*Kempthorn.* Ah, the wind has shifted!

I pray you, do you speak officially?

*Butter.* I always speak officially.

To prove it.

Here is the bond.

(*Rising, and giving a paper.*)

*Kempthorn.* And here's my hand upon it.

And, look you, when I say I'll do a thing

The thing is done. Am I now free to go?

*Butter.* What say?

*Kempthorn.* I say, confound the tedious man

With his strange speaking-trumpet! Can I go?

*Butter.* You're free to go, by order of the Court.

Your servant, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Kemphthorn* (shouting from the window). Swallow, ahoy! Hallo!

If ever a man was happy to leave Boston,  
That man is Simon Kemphthorn of the Swallow!

(Re-enter BUTTER.)

*Butter*. Pray, did you call?

*Kemphthorn*. Call? Yes, I hailed the Swallow.

*Butter*. That's not my name.

My name is Edward Butter.

You need not speak so loud.

*Kemphthorn* (shaking hands). Good-bye! Good-bye!

*Butter*. Your servant, sir.

*Kemphthorn*. And yours a thousand times! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—GOVERNOR ENDICOTT'S private room. An open window. ENDICOTT seated in an arm-chair. BELLINGHAM standing near.

*Endicott*. O lost, O loved! wilt thou return no more?

O loved and lost, and loved the more when lost!

How many men are dragged into their graves

By their rebellious children! I now feel

The agony of a father's breaking heart

In David's cry, 'O Absalom, my son!

*Bellingham*. Can you not turn your thoughts a little while

To public matters? There are papers here

That need attention.

*Endicott*. Trouble me no more!

My business now is with another world.

Ah, Richard Bellingham! I greatly fear

That in my righteous zeal I have been led

To doing many things which left undone

My mind would now be easier. Did I dream it,

Or has some person told me, that John Norton

Is dead?

*Bellingham*. You have not dreamed it. He is dead,

And gone to his reward. It was no dream.

*Endicott*. Then it was very sudden; for I saw him

Standing where you now stand not long ago.

*Bellingham*. By his own fireside, in the afternoon

A faintness and a giddiness came o'er him;

And, leaning on the chimney-piece, he cried,

'The hand of God is on me!' and fell dead.

*Endicott*. And did not some one say, or have I dreamed it,

That Humphrey Atherton is dead?

*Bellingham*. Alas! He is gone, and by a death as sudden,

Returning home one evening, at the place

Where usually the Quakers have been scourged,

His horse took fright, and threw him to the ground,

So that his brains were dashed about the street.

*Endicott*. I am not superstitious, Bellingham,

And yet I tremble lest it may have been

A judgment on him.

*Bellingham*. So the people think.

They say his horse saw standing in  
the way  
The ghost of William Leddra, and  
was frightened.

And furthermore, brave Richard  
Davenport,

The captain of the Castle, in the  
storm

Has been struck dead by lightning.

*Endicott.* Speak  
no more,

For as I listen to your voice it seems  
As if the Seven Thunders uttered  
their voices

And the dead bodies lay about the  
streets

Of the disconsolate city ! Belling-  
ham,

I did not put those wretched men  
to death.

I did but guard the passage with  
the sword

Pointed towards them, and they  
rushed upon it !

Yet now I would that I had taken  
no part

In all that bloody work.

*Bellingham.* The guilt of it  
Be on their heads, not ours.

*Endicott.* Are all set free ?

*Bellingham.* All are at large.

*Endicott.* And none have  
been sent back

To England to malign us with the  
King ?

*Bellingham.* The ship that brought  
them sails this very hour,  
But carries no one back.

(*A distant cannon.*)

*Endicott.* What is that gun ?

*Bellingham.* Her parting signal.

Through the window there,  
Look, you can see her sails, above  
the roofs,

Dropping below the Castle, outward  
bound.

*Endicott.* O white, white, white !  
Would that my soul had wings  
As spotless as those shining sails to  
fly with !

Now lay this cushion straight. I  
thank you. Hark !

I thought I heard the hall door  
open and shut !

I thought I heard the footsteps of  
my boy !

*Bellingham.* It was the wind.  
There's no one in the passage.

*Endicott.* O Absalom, my son !  
I feel the world

Sinking beneath me, sinking, sink-  
ing, sinking !

Death knocks ! I go to meet him !  
Welcome, Death !

(*Rises, and sinks back dead ; his  
head falling aside upon his  
shoulder.*)

*Bellingham.* O ghastly sight !  
Like one who has been hanged !

*Endicott ! Endicott !* He makes  
no answer !

(*Raises ENDICOTT'S head.*)

He breathes no more ! How bright  
this signet-ring

Glitters upon his hand, where he  
has worn it

Through such long years of trouble,  
as if Death

Had given him this memento of  
affection,

And whispered in his ear, ' Re-  
member me ! '

How placid and how quiet is his  
face,

Now that the struggle and the strife  
are ended !

Only the acrid spirit of the times  
Corroded this true steel. O, rest  
in peace,

Courageous heart ! For ever rest in  
peace !

## II. GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GILES COREY . . . . .	<i>Farmer.</i>
JOHN HATHORNE . . . . .	<i>Magistrate.</i>
COTTON MATHER . . . . .	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
JONATHAN WALCOT . . . . .	<i>A youth.</i>
RICHARD GARDNER . . . . .	<i>Sea-Captain.</i>
JOHN GLOYD . . . . .	<i>Corey's hired man</i>
MARTHA . . . . .	<i>Wife of Giles Corey</i>
TITUBA . . . . .	<i>An Indian woman</i>
MARY WALCOT . . . . .	<i>One of the Afflicted.</i>

The Scene is in Salem in the year 1692.

### PROLOGUE.

DELUSIONS of the days that once  
have been,  
Witchcraft and wonders of the  
world unseen,  
Phantoms of air, and necromantic  
arts  
That crushed the weak and awed  
the stoutest hearts,—  
These are our theme to-night ; and  
vaguely here,  
Through the dim mists that crowd  
the atmosphere,  
We draw the outlines of weird  
figures cast  
In shadow on the background of  
the Past.

Who would believe that in the  
quiet town  
Of Salem, and amid the woods that  
crown  
The neighbouring hillsides, and  
the sunny farms  
That fold it safe in their paternal  
arms,—  
Who would believe that in those  
peaceful streets,  
Where the great elms shut out the  
summer heats,  
Where quiet reigns, and breathes  
through brain and breast

The benediction of unbroken rest,—  
Who would believe such deeds could  
find a place  
As these whose tragic history we  
retrace ?

'Twas but a village then : the  
goodman ploughed  
His ample acres under sun or cloud ;  
The goodwife at her doorstep sat  
and spun,  
And gossiped with her neighbours  
in the sun ;  
The only men of dignity and state  
Were then the Minister and the  
Magistrate,  
Who ruled their little realm with  
iron rod,  
Less in the love than in the fear of  
God ;  
And who believed devoutly in the  
Powers  
Of Darkness, working in this world  
of ours,  
In spells of Witchcraft, incantations  
dread,  
And shrouded apparitions of the  
dead.

Upon the simple folk 'with fire  
and flame,'  
Saith the old Chronicle, 'the Devil  
came ;

## The New-England Tragedies.

Scattering his firebrands and his  
poisonous darts,  
To set on fire of Hell all tongues and  
hearts!  
And 'tis no wonder; for, with all his  
host,  
There most he rages where he  
hateth most,  
And is most hated; so on us he brings  
All these stupendous and porten-  
tous things!

Something of this our scene to-  
night will show;

And ye who listen to the Tale of  
Woe,  
Be not too swift in casting the first  
stone,  
Nor think New England bears the  
guilt alone.  
This sudden burst of wickedness  
and crime  
Was but the common madness of  
the time,  
When in all lands, that lie within  
the sound  
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was  
burned or drowned.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The woods near Salem Village. Enter TITUBA, with a basket of herbs.*

*Tituba.* Here's monk's-hood,  
that breeds fever in the  
blood;  
And deadly nightshade, that makes  
men see ghosts;  
And henbane, that will shake them  
with convulsions;  
And meadow-saffron and black  
hellebore,  
That rack the nerves, and puff the  
skin with dropsy;  
And bitter-sweet, and briony, and  
eye-bright,  
That cause eruptions, nosebleed,  
rheumatisms;  
I know them, and the places where  
they hide  
In field and meadow; and I know  
their secrets,  
And gather them because they give  
me power  
Over all men and women. Armed  
with these,  
I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,  
Am stronger than the captain with  
his sword,  
Am richer than the merchant with  
his money,

Am wiser than the scholar with his  
books,  
Mightier than Ministers and Magis-  
trates,  
With all the fear and reverence that  
attend them!  
For I can fill their bones with aches  
and pains,  
Can make them cough with asthma,  
shake with palsy,  
Can make their daughters see and  
talk with ghosts;  
Or fall into delirium and convulsions.  
I have the Evil Eye, the Evil Hand;  
A touch from me, and they are  
weak with pain;  
A look from me, and they consume  
and die.  
The death of cattle and the blight  
of corn,  
The shipwreck, the tornado, and  
the fire,—  
These are my doings, and they know  
it not.  
Thus I work vengeance on mine  
enemies,  
Who, while they call me slave, are  
slaves to me!

(*Exit TITUBA. Enter MATHER, booted and spurred, with a riding-whip in his hand.*)

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

*Mather.* Methinks that I have  
come by paths unknown  
Into the land and atmosphere of  
Witches;  
For, meditating as I journeyed on,  
Lo! I have lost my way! If I re-  
member  
Rightly, it is Scribonius the learned  
That tells the story of a man who,  
praying  
For one that was possessed by Evil  
Spirits,  
Was struck by Evil Spirits in the face;  
I, journeying to circumvent the  
Witches,  
Surely by Witches have been led  
astray.  
I am persuaded there are few affairs  
In which the Devil doth not inter-  
fere.  
We cannot undertake a journey even,  
But Satan will be there to meddle  
with it  
By hindering or by furthering. He  
hath led me  
Into this thicket, struck me in the face  
With branches of the trees, and so  
entangled  
The fetlocks of my horse with vines  
and brambles,  
That I must needs dismount, and  
search on foot  
For the lost pathway leading to the  
village.

(*Re-enter* TITUBA.)

What shape is this? What mon-  
strous apparition,  
Exceeding fierce, that none may  
pass that way?  
Tell me, good woman, if you are a  
woman—

*Tituba.* I am a woman, but I am  
not good.  
I am a Witch!

*Mather.* Then tell me, Witch  
and woman,  
For you must know the pathways  
through this wood,

Where lieth Salem Village!

*Tituba.* Reverend sir,  
The village is near by. I'm going  
there

With these few herbs. I'll lead you.  
Follow me.

*Mather.* First say, who are you?  
I am loath to follow

A stranger in this wilderness, for fear  
Of being misled, and left in some  
morass.

Who are you?

*Tituba.* I am Tituba the Witch,  
Wife of John Indian.

*Mather.* You are Tituba?  
I know you then. You have re-  
nounced the Devil,  
And have become a penitent con-  
fessor.

The Lord be praised! Go on, I'll  
follow you.

Wait only till I fetch my horse, that  
stands

Tethered among the trees, not far  
from here.

*Tituba.* Let me get up behind  
you, reverend sir.

*Mather.* The Lord forbid! What  
would the people think,

If they should see the Reverend  
Cotton Mather

Ride into Salem with a Witch be-  
hind him?

The Lord forbid!

*Tituba.* I do not need a horse;  
I can ride through the air upon a  
stick;

Above the tree-tops and above the  
houses,

And no one see me, no one over-  
take me! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room at* JUSTICE  
HATHORNE'S. *A clock in the*  
*corner. Enter* HATHORNE *and*  
MATHER.

*Hathorne.* You are welcome, reve-  
rend sir, thrice welcome here

Beneath my humble roof.

*Mather.* I thank your Worship.

*Hathorne.* Pray you be seated.

You must be fatigued

With your long ride through unfrequented woods.

(*They sit down.*)

*Mather.* You know the purport of my visit here,—

To be advised by you, and counsel with you,

And with the Reverend Clergy of the village,

Touching these witchcrafts that so much afflict you ;

And see with mine own eyes the wonders told

Of spectres and the shadows of the dead,

That come back from their graves to speak with men.

*Hathorne.* Some men there are, I have known such, who think

That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen,

The world of matter and the world of spirit—

Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,

And touch each other only at a point.

But these two worlds are not divided thus,

Save for the purposes of common speech.

They form one globe, in which the parted seas

All flow together and are intermingled,

While the great continents remain distinct.

*Mather.* I doubt it not. The spiritual world

Lies all about us, and its avenues are open to the unseen feet of phantoms

That come and go, and we perceive them not

Save by their influence, or when at times

A most mysterious Providence permits them

To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

*Hathorne.* You, who are always welcome here among us,

Are doubly welcome now. We need your wisdom,

Your learning in these things, to be our guide.

The Devil hath come down in wrath upon us,

And ravages the land with all his hosts.

*Mather.* The Unclean Spirit said, 'My name is Legion!'

Multitudes in the Valley of Destruction !

But when our fervent, well-directed prayers,

Which are the great artillery of Heaven,

Are brought into the field, I see them scattered

And driven like Autumn leaves before the wind.

*Hathorne.* You, as a Minister of God, can meet them

With spiritual weapons ; but, alas ! I, as a Magistrate, must combat them

With weapons from the armoury of the flesh.

*Mather.* These wonders of the world invisible,—

These spectral shapes that haunt our habitations,—

The multiplied and manifold afflictions

With which the aged and the dying saints

Have their death prefaced and their age imbittered,—

Are but prophetic trumpets that proclaim

The Second Coming of our Lord on earth.



The evening wolves will be much more abroad

When we are near the evening of the world.

*Hathorne.* When you shall see, as I have hourly seen, The sorceries and the witchcrafts that torment us,

See children tortured by invisible spirits,

And wasted and consumed by powers unseen,

You will confess the half has not been told you.

*Mather.* It must be so. The death-pangs of the Devil

Will make him more a Devil than before,

And Nebuchadnezzar's furnace will be heated

Seven times more hot before its putting out.

*Hathorne.* Advise me, reverend sir. I look to you

For counsel and for guidance in this matter.

What further shall we do?

*Mather.* Remember this, That as a sparrow falls not to the ground

Without the will of God, so not a Devil

Can come down from the air without his leave.

We must inquire.

*Hathorne.* Dear sir, we have inquired;

Sifted the matter thoroughly, through and through,

And then resifted it.

*Mather.* If God permits These Evil Spirits from the unseen regions

To visit us with surprising informations,

We must inquire what cause there is for this,

But not receive the testimony borne

By spectres as conclusive proof of guilt

In the accused.

*Hathorne.* Upon such evidence We do not rest our case. The ways are many

In which the guilty do betray themselves.

*Mather.* Be careful. Carry the knife with such exactness, That on one side no innocent blood be shed

By too excessive zeal, and, on the other,

No shelter given to any work of darkness.

*Hathorne.* For one, I do not fear excess of zeal.

What do we gain by parleying with the Devil?

You reason, but you hesitate to act! Ah, reverend sir! believe me, in such cases

The only safety is in acting promptly. 'Tis not the part of wisdom to delay In things where not to do is still to do A deed more fatal than the deed we shrink from.

You are a man of books and meditation,

But I am one who acts.

*Mather.* God give us wisdom In the directing of this thorny business,

And guide us, lest New England should become

Of an unsavoury and sulphurous odour

In the opinion of the world abroad!

(The clock strikes.)

I never hear the striking of a clock Without a warning and an admonition

That time is on the wing, and we must quicken

Our tardy pace in journeying Heavenward,

As Israel did in journeying  
Canaanward!

(*They rise.*)

*Hathorne.* Then let us make  
all haste; and I will show you  
In what disguises and what fearful  
shapes

The Unclean Spirits haunt this  
neighbourhood,

And you will pardon my excess of  
zeal.

*Mather.* Ah, poor New England!

He who hurricanoed

The house of Job is making now on  
thee

One last assault, more deadly and  
more snarled

With unintelligible circumstances  
Than any thou hast hitherto en-  
countered! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in WALCOT'S  
house. MARY WALCOT seated  
in an arm-chair. TITUBA with  
a mirror.*

*Mary.* Tell me another story,  
Tituba.

A drowsiness is stealing over me  
Which is not sleep; for, though I  
close mine eyes,

I am awake, and in another world.  
Dim faces of the dead and of the  
absent

Come floating up before me,—  
floating, fading,  
And disappearing.

*Tituba.* Look into this glass.

What see you?

*Mary.* Nothing but a golden  
vapour,

Yes, something more. An island,  
with the sea

Breaking all round it, like a bloom-  
ing hedge.

What land is this?

*Tituba.* It is San Salvador,  
Where Tituba was born. What  
see you now?

*Mary.* A man all black and fierce.

*Tituba.* That is my father.  
He was an Obi man, and taught me  
magic,

Taught me the use of herbs and  
images.

What is he doing?

*Mary.* Holding in his hand  
A waxen figure. He is melting it  
Slowly before a fire.

*Tituba.* And now what see you?

*Mary.* A woman lying on a bed  
of leaves,  
Wasted and worn away. Ah, she  
is dying!

*Tituba.* That is the way the Obi  
men destroy

The people they dislike! That is  
the way

Some one is wasting and consum-  
ing you.

*Mary.* You terrify me, Tituba!

O, save me

From those who make me pine and  
waste away!

Who are they? Tell me.

*Tituba.* That I do not know,  
But you will see them. They will  
come to you.

*Mary.* No, do not let them come!

I cannot bear it!

I am too weak to bear it! I am  
dying.

(*Falls into a trance.*)

*Tituba.* Hark! there is some  
one coming!

(*Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and  
WALCOT.*)

*Walcot.* There she lies,  
Wasted and worn by devilish in-  
cantations!

O my poor sister!

*Mather.* Is she always thus?

*Walcot.* Nay, she is sometimes tortured by convulsions.  
*Mather.* Poor child! How thin she is! How wan and wasted!  
*Hathorne.* Observe her. She is troubled in her sleep.  
*Mather.* Some fearful vision haunts her.  
*Hathorne.* You now see With your own eyes, and touch with your own hands, The mysteries of this Witchcraft.  
*Mather.* One would need The hands of Briareus and the eyes of Argus To see and touch them all.  
*Hathorne.* You now have entered The realm of ghosts and phantoms —the vast realm Of the unknown and the invisible, Through whose wide-open gates there blows a wind From the dark valley of the shadow of Death, That freezes us with horror.  
*Mary*(starting). Take her hence! Take her away from me. I see her there!  
 She's coming to torment me!  
*Walcot* (taking her hand). O my sister!  
 What frightens you? She neither hears nor sees me.  
 She's in a trance.  
*Mary.* Do you not see her there?  
*Tituba.* My child, who is it?  
*Mary.* Ah, I do not know. I cannot see her face.  
*Tituba.* How is she clad?  
*Mary.* She wears a crimson bodice. In her hand She holds an image, and is pinching it  
 Between her fingers. Ah, she tortures me!  
 I see her face now. It is Goodwife Bishop!

Why does she torture me? I never harmed her!  
 And now she strikes me with an iron rod!  
 O, I am beaten!  
*Mather.* This is wonderful! I can see nothing! Is this apparition  
 Visibly there, and yet we cannot see it?  
*Hathorne.* It is. The spectre is invisible  
 Unto our grosser senses, but she sees it.  
*Mary.* Look! look! there is another clad in gray!  
 She holds a spindle in her hand and threatens  
 To stab me with it! It is Goodwife Corey!  
 Keep her away! Now she is coming at me!  
 O mercy! mercy!  
*Walcot* (thrusting with his sword). There is nothing there!  
*Mather* (to Hathorne). Do you see anything?  
*Hathorne.* The laws that govern  
 The spiritual world prevent our seeing  
 Things palpable and visible to her. These spectres are to us as if they were not.  
 Mark her, she wakes.  
 (TITUBA touches her, and she awakes.)  
*Mary.* Who are these gentlemen?  
*Walcot.* They are our friends.  
 Dear Mary are you better?  
*Mary.* Weak, very weak.  
 (Taking a spindle from her lap, and holding it up.)  
 How came this spindle here?

## The New-England Tragedies.

*Tituba.* You wrenched it from  
the hand of Goodwife Corey  
When she rushed at you.

*Hathorne.* Mark that,  
reverend sir!

*Mather.* It is most marvellous,  
most inexplicable!

*Tituba* (*picking up a bit of gray  
cloth from the floor*). And  
here, too is a bit of her gray  
dress,

That the sword cut away.

*Mather.* Beholding this,  
It were indeed by far more credu-  
lous

To be incredulous than to believe.  
None but a Sadducee, who doubts  
of all

Pertaining to the spiritual world,  
Could doubt such manifest and  
damning proofs!

*Hathorne.* Are you convinced?

*Mather* (*to Mary*). Dear child,  
be comforted!

Only by prayer and fasting can you  
drive

These Unclean Spirits from you.  
An old man

Gives you his blessing. God be  
with you, Mary!

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—GILES COREY'S Farm.  
*Morning. Enter COREY with a  
horseshoe and a hammer.*

*Corey.* The Lord hath prospered  
me. The rising sun  
Shines on my Hundred Acres and  
my woods  
As if he loved them. On a morn  
like this

I can forgive mine enemies, and  
thank God

For all his goodness unto me and  
mine.

My orchard groans with russets  
and pearmaines;

My ripening corn shines golden in  
the sun;

My barns are crammed with hay,  
my cattle thrive;

The birds sing blithely on the trees  
around me!

And blither than the birds my  
heart within me,

But Satan still goes up and down  
the earth;

And to protect this house from his  
assaults,

And keep the powers of darkness  
from my door,

This Horseshoe will I nail upon the  
threshold.

(*Nails down the horseshoe.*)

There, ye night-hags and witches  
that torment

The neighbourhood, ye shall not  
enter here!—

What is the matter in the field?—

John Gloyd!

The cattle are all running to the  
woods!—

John Gloyd! Where is the man?

(*Enter JOHN GLOYD.*)

Look here!

What ails the cattle? Are they all  
bewitched?

They run like mad.

*Gloyd.* They have been  
overlooked.

*Corey.* The Evil Eye is on them  
sure enough.

Call all the men. Be quick. Go  
after them!

(*Exit GLOYD and enter MARTHA.*)

*Martha.* What is amiss?

*Corey.* The catt'e  
are bewitched.

They are broken loose and making  
for the woods.

*Martha.* Why will you harbour such delusions, Giles?

Bewitched? Well, then it was John Gloyd bewitched them;

I saw him even now take down the bars

And turn them loose! They're only frolicsome.

*Corey.* The rascal!

*Martha.* I was standing in the road.

Talking with Goodwife Proctor, and I saw him.

*Corey.* With Proctor's wife? And what says Goodwife Proctor?

*Martha.* Sad things indeed; the saddest you can hear

Of Bridget Bishop. She's cried out upon!

*Corey.* Poor soul! I've known her forty year or more.

She was the widow Wasselby; and then

She married Oliver, and Bishop next.

She's had three husbands. I remember well

My games of shovel-board at Bishop's tavern

In the old merry days, and she so gay

With her red paragon bodice and her ribbons!

Ah, Bridget Bishop always was a Witch!

*Martha.* They'll little help her now,—her caps and ribbons

And her red paragon bodice, and her plumes,

With which she flaunted in the Meeting-house!

When next she goes there it will be for trial.

*Corey.* When will that be?

*Martha.* This very day at ten.

*Corey.* Then get you ready. We will go and see it.

Come; you shall ride behind me on the pillion

*Martha.* Not I. You know I do not like such things.

I wonder you should. I do not believe

In Witches nor in Witchcraft.

*Corey.* Well, I do.

There's a strange fascination in it all That draws me on and on. I know

not why.

*Martha.* What do we know of spirits good or ill,

Or of their power to help us or to harm us?

*Corey.* Surely what's in the Bible must be true.

Did not an Evil Spirit come on Saul?

Did not the Witch of Endor bring the ghost

Of Samuel from his grave? The Bible says so.

*Martha.* That happened very long ago.

*Corey.* With God

There is no long ago.

*Martha.* There is with us.

*Corey.* And Mary Magdalene

had seven devils,

And he who dwelt among the tombs a legion!

*Martha.* God's power is infinite.

I do not doubt it.

If in his providence he once permitted

Such things to be among the Israelites,

It does not follow he permits them now,

And among us who are not Israelites.

But we will not dispute about it, Giles.

Go to the village, if you think it best,

And leave me here; I'll go about my work. [*Exit into the house.*]

*Corey.* And I will go and saddle the gray mare.

The last word always. That is  
woman's nature.

If an old man will marry a young wife  
He must make up his mind to many  
things.

It's putting new cloth into an old  
garment,

When the strain comes, it is the  
old gives way.

(*Goes to the door.*)

O Martha! I forgot to tell you some-  
thing.

I've had a letter from a friend of  
mine,

A certain Richard Gardner of  
Nantucket,

Master and owner of a whaling-  
vessel;

He writes that he is coming down  
to see us.

I hope you'll like him.

*Martha.* I will do my best.

*Corey.* That's a good woman.

Now I will be gone.

I've not seen Gardner for this  
twenty year;

But there is something of the sea  
about him,—

Something so open, generous, large,  
and strong,

It makes me love him better than  
a brother. [*Exit.*]

(*MARTHA comes to the door.*)

*Martha.* O these old friends and  
cronies of my husband,

These captains from Nantucket  
and the Cape,

That come and turn my house into  
a tavern

With their carousing! Still there's  
something frank

In these seafaring men that makes  
me like them.

Why, here's a horseshoe nailed  
upon the doorstep!

Giles has done this to keep away  
the Witches.

I hope this Richard Gardner will  
bring with him

A gale of good sound common-  
sense, to blow

The fog of these delusions from his  
brain!

*Corey (within).* Ho! Martha!  
Martha!

(*Enter COREY.*)

Have you seen my saddle?

*Martha.* I saw it yesterday.

*Corey.* Where did you see it?

*Martha.* On a gray mare, that  
somebody was riding

Along the village road.

*Corey.* Who was it? Tell me.

*Martha.* Some one who should  
have stayed at home.

*Corey (restraining himself).* I see!  
Don't vex me, Martha. Tell me  
where it is.

*Martha.* I've hidden it away.

*Corey.* Go fetch it me.

*Martha.* Go find it.

*Corey.* No, I'll ride  
down to the village

Bare-back; and when the people  
stare and say,

'Giles Corey, where's your saddle?'  
I will answer,

'A witch has stolen it.' How shall  
you like that?

*Martha.* I shall not like it.

*Corey.* Then go fetch the  
saddle. [*Exit MARTHA.*]

If an old man will marry a young wife,  
Why then—why then—why then—  
he must spell Baker<sup>1</sup>!

(*Enter MARTHA with the saddle,  
which she throws down.*)

*Martha.* There! There's the  
saddle.

<sup>1</sup> A local expression for doing anything  
difficult. In the old spelling-books, Baker  
was the first word of two syllables, and when  
a child came to it he thought he had a hard  
task before him.

## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Corey. Take it up.

Martha. I won't !

Corey. Then let it lie there. I'll ride to the village, And say you are a Witch.

Martha. No, not that, Giles.

(*She takes up the saddle.*)

Corey. Now come with me, and saddle the gray mare With your own hands ; and you shall see me ride

Along the village road as is becoming

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms, your husband ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Green in front of the Meeting-house in Salem Village. People coming and going.*  
*Enter GILES COREY.*

Corey. A melancholy end ! Who would have thought That Bridget Bishop e'er would come to this ?

Accused, convicted, and condemned to death For Witchcraft ! And so good a woman too !

A Farmer. Good morrow, neighbour Corey.

Corey (*not hearing him*). Who is safe ? How do I know but under my own roof

I too may harbour Witches, and some Devil Be plotting and contriving against me ?

Farmer. He does not hear. Good morrow, neighbour Corey !

Corey. Good morrow.

Farmer. Have you seen John Proctor lately ?

Corey. No, I have not.

Farmer. Then do not see him, Corey.

Corey. Why should I not ?

Farmer. Because he's angry with you.

So keep out of his way. Avoid a quarrel.

Corey. Why does he seek to fix a quarrel on me ?

Farmer. He says you burned his house.

Corey. I burn his house ? If he says that, John Proctor is a liar !

The night his house was burned I was in bed, And I can prove it ! Why, we are old friends !

He could not say that of me.

Farmer. He did say it. I heard him say it.

Corey. Then he shall unsay it.

Farmer. He said you did it out of spite to him For taking part against you in the quarrel

You had with your John Gloyd about his wages.

He says you murdered Goodell ; that you trampled Upon his body till he breathed no more.

And so beware of him ; that's my advice ! [*Exit.*]

Corey. By Heaven ! this is too much ! I'll seek him out, And make him eat his words, or strangle him.

I'll not be slandered at a time like this When every word is made an accusation,

When every whisper kills, and every man Walks with a halter round his neck !

(*Enter GLOYD in haste.*)

What now ?

Gloyd. I came to look for you. The cattle—

*Corey.* Well,  
What of them? Have you found  
them?

*Gloyd.* They are dead.  
I followed them through the woods,  
across the meadows;  
Then they all leaped into the  
Ipswich River,  
And swam across, but could not  
climb the bank,  
And so were drowned.

*Corey.* You are to blame  
for this;  
For you took down the bars, and  
let them loose.

*Gloyd.* That I deny. They broke  
the fences down.  
You know they were bewitched.

*Corey.* Ah, my poor cattle!  
The Evil Eye was on them; that  
is true.

Day of disaster! Most unlucky day!  
Why did I leave my ploughing and  
my reaping  
To plough and reap this Sodom  
and Gomorrah?

O, I could drown myself for sheer  
vexation!

*Gloyd.* He's going for his cattle.  
He won't find them.

By this time they have drifted out  
to sea.

They will not break his fences any  
more,

Though they may break his heart.  
And what care I?

SCENE III.—COREY'S Kitchen. A  
table with supper. MARTHA  
knitting.

*Martha.* He's come at last. I  
hear him in the passage.

Something has gone amiss with him  
to-day;

I know it by his step, and by the  
sound

The door made as he shut it. He  
is angry.

(Enter COREY with his riding-  
whip. As he speaks, he takes off  
his hat and gloves, and throws  
them down violently.)

*Corey.* I say if Satan ever entered  
man  
He's in John Proctor.

*Martha.* Giles, what is the  
matter?

You frighten me.

*Corey.* I say if any man  
Can have a devil in him, then that  
man

Is Proctor,—is John Proctor, and  
no other!

*Martha.* Why, what has he been  
doing?

*Corey.* Everything!  
What do you think I heard there  
in the village?

*Martha.* I'm sure I cannot guess.  
What did you hear?

*Corey.* He says I burned his  
house!

*Martha.* Does he say that?

*Corey.* He says I burned his  
house. I was in bed

And fast asleep that night and I  
can prove it.

*Martha.* If he says that, I think  
the Father of Lies

Is surely in the man.

*Corey.* He does say that,  
And that I did it to wreak vengeance  
on him

For taking sides against me in the  
quarrel

I had with that John Gloyd about  
his wages.

And God knows that I never bore  
him malice

For that, as I have told him twenty  
times!

*Martha.* It is John Gloyd has  
stirred him up to this.

I do not like that Gloyd. I think  
him crafty,



## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Not to be trusted, sullen, and untruthful.

Come, have your supper. You are tired and hungry.

*Corey.* I'm angry, and not hungry.

*Martha.* Do eat something.

You'll be the better for it.

*Corey (sitting down).* I'm not hungry.

*Martha.* Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

*Corey.* It has gone down upon it, and will rise

To-morrow, and go down again upon it.

They have trumped up against me the old story

Of causing Goodell's death by trampling on him.

*Martha.* O, that is false. I know it to be false.

*Corey.* He has been dead these fourteen years or more.

Why can't they let him rest? Why must they drag him

Out of his grave to give me a bad name?

I did not kill him. In his bed he died,

As most men die, because his hour had come.

I have wronged no man. Why should Proctor say

Such things about me? I will not forgive him

Till he confesses he has slandered me.

Then, I've more trouble. All my cattle gone.

*Martha.* They will come back again.

*Corey.* Not in this world.

Did I not tell you they were overlooked?

They ran down through the woods, into the meadows,

And tried to swim the river, and were drowned.

It is a heavy loss.

*Martha.* I'm sorry for it.

*Corey.* All my dear oxen dead.

I loved them, Martha,

Next to yourself. I liked to look at them,

And watch the breath come out of their wide nostrils,

And see their patient eyes. Somehow I thought

It gave me strength only to look at them.

And how they strained their necks against the yoke

If I but spoke, or touched them with the goad!

They were my friends; and when Gloyd came and told me

They were all drowned, I could have drowned myself

From sheer vexation; and I said as much

To Gloyd and others.

*Martha.* Do not trust

John Gloyd

With anything you would not have repeated.

*Corey.* As I came through the woods this afternoon,

Impatient at my loss, and much perplexed

With all that I had heard there in the village,

The yellow leaves lit up the trees about me,

Like an enchanted palace, and I wished

I knew enough of magic or of Witchcraft

To change them into gold. Then suddenly

A tree shook down some crimson leaves upon me

Like drops of blood, and in the path before me

Stood Tituba the Indian, the old crone.

*Martha.* Were you not frightened?

# The New-England Tragedies.

*Corey.* No, I do not think I know the meaning of that word. Why frightened?

I am not one of those who think the Lord

Is waiting till he catches them some day

In the back yard alone! What should I fear?

She started from the bushes by the path,

And had a basket full of herbs and roots

For some witch-broth or other,—the old hag!

*Martha.* She has been here to-day.

*Corey.* With hand outstretched She said: 'Giles Corey, will you sign the Book?'

'Avaunt!' I cried: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'

At which she laughed and left me. But a voice

Was whispering in my ear continually:

'Self-murder is no crime. The life of man

Is his, to keep it or to throw away!'

*Martha.* 'Twas a temptation of the Evil One!

Giles, Giles! why will you harbour these dark thoughts?

*Corey (rising).* I am too tired to talk. I'll go to bed.

*Martha.* First tell me something about Bridget Bishop.

How did she look? You saw her? You were there?

*Corey.* I'll tell you that to-morrow, not to-night.

I'll go to bed.

*Martha.* First let us pray together.

*Corey.* I cannot pray to-night.

*Martha.* Say the Lord's Prayer, And that will comfort you.

*Corey.* I cannot say, 'As we forgive those that have sinned against us,'

When I do not forgive them.

*Martha (kneeling on the hearth).* God forgive you!

*Corey.* I will not make believe! I say, to-night

There's something thwarts me when I wish to pray,

And thrusts into my mind, instead of prayers,

Hate and revenge, and things that are not prayers.

Something of my old self,—my old, bad life,—

And the old Adam in me, rises up, And will not let me pray. I am

afraid The Devil hinders me. You know

I say Just what I think, and nothing more

nor less, And, when I pray, my heart is in my prayer.

I cannot say one thing and mean another.

If I can't pray, I will not make believe!

(*Exit COREY. MARTHA continues kneeling.*)

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—GILES COREY'S *Kitchen.*

*Morning.* COREY and MARTHA sitting at the breakfast table.

*Corey (rising).* Well, now I've told you all I saw and heard

Of Bridget Bishop; and I must be gone.

*Martha.* Don't go into the village, Giles, to-day.

Last night you came back tired and out of humour.

## Biles Corey of the Salem Farms.

*Corey.* Say, angry; say, right angry. I was never  
In a more devilish temper in my life.

All things went wrong with me.

*Martha.* You were much vexed;  
So don't go to the village.

*Corey (going).* No, I won't,  
I won't go near it. We are going to mow

The Ipswich meadows for the after-math,

The crop of sedge and rowens.

*Martha.* Stay a moment.  
I want to tell you what I dreamed last night.

Do you believe in dreams?

*Corey.* Why, yes and no.  
When they come true, then I believe in them;

When they come false, I don't believe in them.

But let me hear. What did you dream about?

*Martha.* I dreamed that you and I were both in prison;

That we had fetters on our hands and feet;

That we were taken before the Magistrates,

And tried for Witchcraft, and condemned to death!

I wished to pray; they would not let me pray;

You tried to comfort me, and they forbade it.

But the most dreadful thing in all my dream

Was that they made you testify against me!

And then there came a kind of mist between us;

I could not see you; and I woke in terror.

I never was more thankful in my life

Than when I found you sleeping at my side!

*Corey (with tenderness).* It was our talk last night that made you dream.

I'm sorry for it. I'll control myself  
Another time, and keep my temper down!

I do not like such dreams.—Remember, Martha,

I'm going to mow the Ipswich River meadows;

If Gardner comes, you'll tell him where to find me. [*Exit.*]

*Martha.* So this delusion grows from bad to worse.

First, a forsaken and forlorn old woman,

Ragged and wretched, and without a friend;

Then something higher. Now it's Bridget Bishop;

God only knows whose turn it will be next;

The Magistrates are blind, the people mad!

If they would only seize the Afflicted Children,

And put them in the Workhouse, where they should be,

There'd be an end of all this wickedness. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A street in Salem Village. Enter MATHER and HATHORNE.*

*Mather.* Yet one thing troubles me.

*Hathorne.* And what is that?

*Mather.* May not the Devil take the outward shape

Of innocent persons? Are we not in danger,

Perhaps, of punishing some who are not guilty?

*Hathorne.* As I have said, we do not trust alone

To spectral evidence.  
*Mather.* And then again,

If any shall be put to death for  
Witchcraft,  
We do but kill the body, not the  
soul.

The Unclean Spirits that possessed  
them once

Live still, to enter into other bodies.  
What have we gained? Surely,  
there's nothing gained.

*Hathorne.* Doth not the Scrip-  
ture say, 'Thou shalt not suffer  
A Witch to live'?

*Mather.* The Scripture sayeth it,  
But speaketh to the Jews; and we  
are Christians.

What say the laws of England?

*Hathorne.* They make Witchcraft  
Felony without the benefit of Clergy.  
Witches are burned in England.

You have read—  
For you read all things, not a book  
escapes you—

The famous Demonology of King  
James?

*Mather.* A curious volume. I  
remember also

The plot of the Two Hundred, with  
one Fian,

The Registrar of the Devil, at their  
head,

To drown his Majesty on his return  
From Denmark; how they sailed in  
sieves or riddles

Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lo-  
thian,

And, landing there, danced hand in  
hand, and sang,

'Goodwife, go ye before! goodwife,  
go ye!

If ye'll not go before, goodwife, let  
me!'

While Geilis Duncan played the  
Witches' Reel

Upon a jews-harp.

*Hathorne.* Then you know  
full well

The English law, and that in Eng-  
land Witches,

When lawfully convicted and at-  
tainted,

Are put to death.

*Mather.* When lawfully convicted:  
That is the point.

*Hathorne.* You heard the evidence  
Produced before us yesterday at the  
trial

Of Bridget Bishop.

*Mather.* One of the Afflicted,  
I know, bore witness to the appar-  
ition

Of ghosts unto the spectre of this  
Bishop,

Saying, 'You murdered us!' of the  
truth whereof

There was in matter of fact too  
much suspicion.

*Hathorne.* And when she cast  
her eyes on the Afflicted,

They were struck down; and this  
in such a manner

There could be no collusion in the  
business.

And when the accused but laid her  
hand upon them,

As they lay in their swoons, they  
straight revived,

Although they stirred not when the  
others touched them.

*Mather.* What most convinced  
me of the woman's guilt

Was finding hidden in her cellar wall  
Those poppets made of rags, with  
headless pins

Stuck into them point outwards,  
and whereof

She could not give a reasonable  
account.

*Hathorne.* When you shall read  
the testimony given

Before the Court in all the other  
cases,

I am persuaded you will find the  
proof

No less conclusive than it was in this.

Come, then, with me, and I will  
tax your patience

## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

With reading of the documents so far  
As may convince you that these sorcerers  
Are lawfully convicted and attainted.  
Like doubting Thomas, you shall lay your hand  
Upon these wounds, and you will doubt no more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A room in COREY'S house. MARTHA and two Deacons of the church.*

*Martha.* Be seated. I am glad to see you here.  
I know what you are come for.  
You are come  
To question me, and learn from my own lips  
If I have any dealings with the Devil;  
In short, if I'm a Witch.

*Deacon (sitting down).* Such is our purpose.  
How could you know beforehand why we came?

*Martha.* 'Twas only a surmise.  
*Deacon.* We came to ask you, You being with us in church covenant,  
What part you have, if any, in these matters.

*Martha.* And I make answer, No part whatsoever.

I am a farmer's wife, a working woman;  
You see my spinning-wheel, you see my loom,  
You know the duties of a farmer's wife,  
And are not ignorant that my life among you  
Has been without reproach until this day.

Is it not true?

*Deacon.* So much we're bound to own;

And say it frankly, and without reserve.

*Martha.* I've heard the idle tales that are abroad;

I've heard it whispered that I am a Witch;

I cannot help it. I do not believe in any Witchcraft. It is a delusion.

*Deacon.* How can you say that it is a delusion,

When all our learned and good men believe it?—

Our Ministers and worshipful Magistrates?

*Martha.* Their eyes are blinded, and see not the truth.

Perhaps one day they will be open to it.

*Deacon.* You answer boldly. The Afflicted Children

Say you appeared to them.

*Martha.* And did they say What clothes I came in?

*Deacon.* No, they could not tell.

They said that you foresaw our visit here,

And blinded them, so that they could not see

The clothes you wore.

*Martha.* The cunning, crafty girls!

I say to you, in all sincerity,

I never have appeared to any one in my own person. If the Devil

takes My shape to hurt these children, or afflict them,

I am not guilty of it. And I say It's all a mere delusion of the senses.

*Deacon.* I greatly fear that you will find too late

It is not so.

*Martha (rising).* They do accuse me falsely.

It is delusion, or it is deceit.

There is a story in the ancient Scriptures

# The New-England Tragedies.

Which much I wonder comes not  
to your minds.

Let me repeat it to you.

*Deacon.* We will hear it.

*Martha.* It came to pass that  
Naboth had a vineyard

Hard by the palace of the King  
called Ahab.

And Ahab, King of Israel, spake  
to Naboth,

And said to him, Give unto me thy  
vineyard,

That I may have it for a garden of  
herbs,

And I will give a better vineyard  
for it,

Or, if it seemeth good to thee, its  
worth

In money. And then Naboth said  
to Ahab,

The Lord forbid it me that I should  
give

The inheritance of my fathers  
unto thee.

And Ahab came into his house  
displeased

And heavy at the words which  
Naboth spake,

And laid him down upon his bed,  
and turned

His face away; and he would eat  
no bread.

And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, came  
And said to him, Why is thy spirit

sad?

And he said unto her, Because I  
spake

To Naboth, to the Jezreelite, and  
said,

Give me thy vineyard; and he  
answered, saying,

I will not give my vineyard unto  
thee.

And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, said,  
Dost thou not rule the realm of

Israel?

Arise, eat bread, and let thy heart  
be merry;

I will give Naboth's vineyard unto  
thee.

So she wrote letters in King Ahab's  
name,

And sealed them with his seal, and  
sent the letters

Unto the elders that were in his  
city

Dwelling with Naboth, and unto  
the nobles;

And in the letters wrote, Proclaim  
a fast;

And set this Naboth high among  
the people,

And set two men, the sons of  
Belial,

Before him, to bear witness and to  
say,

Thou didst blaspheme against God  
and the King;

And carry him out and stone him,  
that he die!

And the elders and the nobles of  
the city

Did even as Jezebel, the wife of  
Ahab,

Had sent to them and written in  
the letters.

And then it came to pass, when  
Ahab heard

Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose  
to go

Down unto Naboth's vineyard, and  
to take

Possession of it. And the word of  
God

Came to Elijah, saying to him, Arise,  
Go down to meet the King of Israel

In Naboth's vineyard, whither he  
hath gone

To take possession. Thou shalt  
speak to him,

Saying, Thus saith the Lord!  
What! hast thou killed

And also taken possession? In the  
place

Wherein the dogs have licked the  
blood of Naboth

## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Shall the dogs lick thy blood,—ay,  
even thine!

(Both of the Deacons start from  
their seats.)

And Ahab then, the King of Israel,  
Said, Hast thou found me, O mine  
enemy?

Elijah the Prophet answered, I  
have found thee!

So will it be with those who have  
stirred up

The sons of Belial here to bear  
false witness

And swear away the lives of inno-  
cent people;

Their enemy will find them out at  
last,

The Prophet's voice will thunder, I  
have found thee! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Meadows on Ipswich  
River. COREY and his men  
mowing; COREY in advance.*

Corey. Well done, my men. You  
see, I lead the field!

I'm an old man, but I can swing a  
scythe

Better than most of you, though  
you be younger.

(Hangs his scythe upon a tree.)

Gloyd (aside to the others). How  
strong he is! It's supernatural.  
No man so old as he is has such  
strength.

The Devil helps him!

Corey (wiping his forehead).  
Now we'll rest awhile,  
And take our noonning. What's the  
matter with you?

You are not angry with me,—are  
you, Gloyd?

Come, come, we will not quarrel.  
Let's be friends.

It's an old story, that the Raven  
said,

'Read the Third of Colossians and  
fifteenth.'

Gloyd. You're handier at the  
scythe, but I can beat you

At wrestling.

Corey. Well, perhaps so. I  
don't know,

I never wrestled with you. Why,  
you're vexed!

Come, come, don't bear a grudge.  
Gloyd. You are afraid.

Corey. What should I be afraid  
of? All bear witness

The challenge comes from him.  
Now, then, my man.

(They wrestle, and GLOYD is  
thrown.)

One of the Men. That's a fair  
fall.

Another. 'Twas nothing but a  
foil!

Others. You've hurt him!

Corey (helping GLOYD rise). No;  
this meadow-land is soft.

You're not hurt,—are you, Gloyd?  
Gloyd (rising). No, not  
much hurt!

Corey. Well, then, shake hands;  
and there's an end of it.

How do you like that Cornish hug,  
my lad?

And now we'll see what's in our  
basket here.

Gloyd (aside). The Devil and all  
his imps are in that man!

The clutch of his ten fingers burns  
like fire!

Corey (reverentially taking off  
his hat). God bless the food  
he hath provided for us,  
And make us thankful for it, for  
Christ's sake!

(He lifts up a keg of cider, and  
drinks from it.)

Gloyd. Do you see that? Don't  
tell me it's not Witchcraft.

Two of us could not lift that cask  
as he does !

(COREY puts down the keg, and  
opens a basket. A voice is heard  
calling.)

Voice. Ho ! Corey, Corey !

Corey. What is that ? I surely  
Heard some one calling me by  
name !

Voice. Giles Corey !  
(Enter a boy, running and out of  
breath.)

Boy. Is Master Corey here ?

Corey. Yes, here I am.

Boy. O Master Corey !

Corey. Well ?

Boy. Your wife—your wife—

Corey. What's happened to my  
wife ?

Boy. She's sent to prison !

Corey. The dream ! the dream !

O God, be merciful !

Boy. She sent me here to tell you.

Corey (putting on his jacket).

Where's my horse ?

Don't stand there staring, fellows.

Where's my horse ?

[Exit COREY.]

Gloyd. Under the trees there.

Run, old man, run, run !

You've got some one to wrestle  
with you now

Who'll trip your heels up, with your  
Cornish hug.

If there's a Devil, he has got you  
now.

Ah, there he goes ! His horse is  
snorting fire !

One of the Men. John Gloyd,  
don't talk so ! It's a shame to  
talk so !

He's a good master, though you  
quarrel with him.

Gloyd. If hard work and low  
wages make good masters,

Then he is one. But I think other-  
wise.

Come, let us have our dinner and  
be merry,

And talk about the old man and  
the Witches.

I know some stories that will make  
you laugh.

(They sit down on the grass and eat.)

Now there are Goody Cloyse and  
Goody Good,

Who have not got a decent tooth  
between them,

And yet these children—the Af-  
flicted Children—

Say that they bite them, and show  
marks of teeth

Upon their arms !

One of the Men. That makes the  
wonder greater.

That's Witchcraft. Why, if they  
had teeth like yours,

'Twould be no wonder if the girls  
were bitten !

Gloyd. And then those ghosts  
that come out of their graves

And cry, 'You murdered us ! you  
murdered us !'

One of the Men. And all those  
Apparitions that stick pins

Into the flesh of the Afflicted Chil-  
dren !

Gloyd. O those Afflicted Chil-  
dren ! they know well

Where the pins come from. I can  
tell you that.

And there's old Corey, he has got  
a horseshoe

Nailed on his doorstep to keep off  
the Witches,

And all the same his wife has gone  
to prison.

One of the Men. O, she's no  
Witch. I'll swear that Good-  
wife Corey

Never did harm to any living crea-  
ture.

She's a good woman, if there ever  
was one.



## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

*Gloyd.* Well, we shall see. As for that Bridget Bishop, She has been tried before; some years ago  
A negro testified he saw her shape  
Sitting upon the rafters in a barn,  
And holding in its hand an egg; and while  
He went to fetch his pitchfork, she had vanished.  
And now be quiet, will you? I am tired,  
And want to sleep here on the grass a little.  
(*They stretch themselves on the grass.*)

*One of the Men.* There may be Witches riding through the air  
Over our heads on broomsticks at this moment,  
Bound for some Satan's Sabbath in the woods  
To be baptized.  
*Gloyd.* I wish they'd take you with them,  
And hold you under water, head and ears,  
Till you were drowned; and that would stop your talking,  
If nothing else will. Let me sleep, I say.

### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Green in front of the village Meeting-house. An excited crowd gathering. Enter JOHN GLOYD.*

*A Farmer.* Who will be tried to-day?

*A Second.* I do not know. Here is John Gloyd. Ask him; he knows.

*Farmer.* John Gloyd, Whose turn is it to-day?

*Gloyd.* It's Goodwife Corey's.

*Farmer.* Giles Corey's wife?

*Gloyd.* The same.

She is not mine.

It will go hard with her with all her praying.

The hypocrite! She's always on her knees;

But she prays to the Devil when she prays.

Let us go in.

(*A trumpet blows.*)

*Farmer.* Here come the Magistrates.

*Second Farmer.* Who's the tall man in front?

*Gloyd.* O, that is Hathorne, A Justice of the Court, and Quarter-master

In the Three County Troop. He'll sift the matter.

That's Corwin with him; and the man in black

Is Cotton Mather, Minister of Boston.

(*Enter HATHORNE and other Magistrates on horseback, followed by the Sheriff, constables, and attendants on foot. The Magistrates dismount, and enter the Meeting-house, with the rest.*)

*Farmer.* The Meeting-house is full. I never saw So great a crowd before.

*Gloyd.* No matter. Come. We shall find room enough by elbowing

Our way among them. Put your shoulder to it.

*Farmer.* There were not half so many at the trial  
Of Goodwife Bishop.

*Gloyd.* Keep close after me,  
I'll find a place for you. They'll  
want me there.

I am a friend of Corey's, as you  
know,

And he can't do without me just at  
present. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Meeting-house. MATHER and the Magistrates seated in front of the pulpit. Before them a raised platform. MARTHA in chains. COREY near her. MARY WALCOT in a chair. A crowd of spectators, among them GLOYD. Confusion and murmurs during the scene.*

*Hathorne.* Call Martha Corey.

*Martha.* I am here.

*Hathorne.* Come forward.

(*She ascends the platform.*)

The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord  
and Lady

The King and Queen, here present,  
do accuse you

Of having on the tenth of June last  
past,

And divers other times before and  
after,

Wickedly used and practised cer-  
tain arts

Called Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and  
Incantations,

Against one Mary Walcot, single  
woman,

Of Salem Village; by which wicked  
arts

The aforesaid Mary Walcot was  
tormented,

Tortured, afflicted, pined, con-  
sumed, and wasted,

Against the peace of our Sovereign  
Lord and Lady

The King and Queen, as well as of  
the Statute

Made and provided in that case.  
What say you?

*Martha.* Before I answer give  
me leave to pray.

*Hathorne.* We have not sent for  
you, nor are we here,

To hear you pray, but to examine you  
in whatsoever is alleged against you.

Why do you hurt this person?

*Martha.* I do not.  
I am not guilty of the charge against  
me.

*Mary.* Avoid, she-devil! You  
torment me now!

Avoid, avoid, Witch?

*Martha.* I am innocent.  
I never had to do with any witch-  
craft

Since I was born. I am a gospel  
woman.

*Mary.* You are a Gospel Witch!  
*Martha (claspings her hands).*

Ah me! ah me! O, give me  
leave to pray!

*Mary (stretching out her hands).*  
She hurts me now.

See, she has pinched my hands!

*Hathorne.* Who  
made these marks

Upon her hands?

*Martha.* I do not know. I stand  
Apart from her. I did not touch  
her hands.

*Hathorne.* Who hurt her then?

*Martha.* I know not.

*Hathorne.* Do you think  
She is bewitched?

*Martha.* Indeed I do not think so.  
I am no Witch, and have no faith  
in Witches.

*Hathorne.* Then answer me:  
When certain persons came

To see you yesterday, how did you  
know

Beforehand why they came?

*Martha.* I had had speech,  
The children said I hurt them, and  
I thought

These people came to question me  
about it.

## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

*Hathorne.* How did you know the children had been told To note the clothes you wore?

*Martha.* My husband told me What others said about it.

*Hathorne.* Goodman Corey, Say, did you tell her?

*Corey.* I must speak the truth; I did not tell her. It was some one else.

*Hathorne.* Did you not say your husband told you so?

How dare you tell a lie in this assembly?

Who told you of the clothes? Confess the truth.

(*MARTHA bites her lips, and is silent.*)

You bite your lips, but do not answer me!

*Mary.* Ah, she is biting me! Avoid, avoid!

*Hathorne.* You said your husband told you.

*Martha.* Yes, he told me The children said I troubled them.

*Hathorne.* Then tell me, Why do you trouble them?

*Martha.* I have denied it.

*Mary.* She threatened me; stabbed at me with her spindle;

And, when my brother thrust her with his sword,

He tore her gown, and cut a piece away.

Here are they both, the spindle and the cloth.

(*Shows them.*)

*Hathorne.* And there are persons here who know the truth

Of what has now been said. What answer make you?

*Martha.* I make no answer. Give me leave to pray.

*Hathorne.* Whom would you pray to?

*Martha.* To my God and Father.

*Hathorne.* Who is your God and Father?

*Martha.* The Almighty!

*Hathorne.* Doth he you pray to say that he is God?

It is the Prince of Darkness, and not God.

*Mary.* There is a dark shape whispering in her ear.

*Hathorne.* What does he say to you?

*Martha.* I see no shape.

*Hathorne.* Did you not hear it whisper?

*Martha.* I heard nothing.

*Mary.* What torture! Ah, what agony I suffer!

(*Falls into a swoon.*)

*Hathorne.* You see this woman cannot stand before you.

If you would look for mercy, you must look

In God's way, by confession of your guilt.

Why does your spectre haunt and hurt this person?

*Martha.* I do not know. He who appeared of old

In Samuel's shape, a saint and glorified,

May come in whatsoever shape he chooses.

I cannot help it. I am sick at heart!

*Corey.* O Martha, Martha; let me hold your hand.

*Hathorne.* No; stand aside, old man.

*Mary (starting up).* Look there! Look there!

I see a little bird, a yellow bird, Perched on her finger; and it pecks at me.

Ah, it will tear mine eyes out!

*Martha.* I see nothing.

*Hathorne.* 'Tis the Familiar Spirit that attends her.

# The New-England Tragedies.

*Mary.* Now it has flown away.  
It sits up there  
Upon the rafters. It is gone; is  
vanished.

*Martha.* Giles, wipe these tears  
of anger from mine eyes.  
Wipe the sweat from my forehead.  
I am faint.

(*She leans against the railing.*)

*Mary.* O, she is crushing me  
with all her weight!

*Hathorne.* Did you not carry  
once the Devil's Book  
To this young woman?

*Martha.* Never.

*Hathorne.* Have you signed it,  
Or touched it?

*Martha.* No; I never saw it.

*Hathorne.* Did you not scourge  
her with an iron rod?

*Martha.* No, I did not. If any  
Evil Spirit  
Has taken my shape to do these  
evil deeds,

I cannot help it. I am innocent.

*Hathorne.* Did you not say the  
Magistrates were blind?

That you would open their eyes?

*Martha (with a scornful laugh).*

Yes, I said that;

If you call me a sorceress, you are  
blind!

If you accuse the innocent, you are  
blind!

Can the innocent be guilty?

*Hathorne.* Did you not  
On one occasion hide your hus-  
band's saddle

To hinder him from coming to the  
Sessions?

*Martha.* I thought it was a folly  
in a farmer  
To waste his time pursuing such  
illusions.

*Hathorne.* What was the bird  
that this young woman saw  
Just now upon your hand?

*Martha.* I know no bird.

*Hathorne.* Have you not dealt  
with a Familiar Spirit?

*Martha.* No, never, never!

*Hathorne.* What then  
was the Book

You showed to this young woman,  
and besought her

To write in it?

*Martha.* Where should I have  
a book?

I showed her none, nor have none.

*Mary.* The next Sabbath  
Is the Communion-day, but Martha  
Corey

Will not be there!

*Martha.* Ah, you are all  
against me.

What can I do or say?

*Hathorne.* You can confess.

*Martha.* No, I cannot, for I am  
innocent.

*Hathorne.* We have the proof of  
many witnesses

That you are guilty.

*Martha.* Give me leave to speak.  
Will you condemn me on such evi-  
dence,—

You who have known me for so  
many years?

Will you condemn me in this house  
of God,

Where I so long have worshipped  
with you all?

Where I have eaten the bread and  
drunk the wine

So many times at our Lord's Table  
with you?

Bear witness, you that hear me;  
you all know

That I have led a blameless life  
among you,

That never any whisper of suspicion  
Was breathed against me till this  
accusation.

And shall this count for nothing?

Will you take

My life away from me, because this  
girl,

## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Who is distraught, and not in her right mind,  
Accuses me of things I blush to name?

*Hathorne.* What! is it not enough? Would you hear more?

Giles Corey!

*Corey.* I am here.

*Hathorne.* Come forward, then.

(COREY ascends the platform.)

Is it not true, that on a certain night  
You were impeded strangely in your prayers?

That something hindered you? and that you left

This woman here, your wife, kneeling alone

Upon the hearth?

*Corey.* Yes; I cannot deny it.

*Hathorne.* Did you not say the Devil hindered you?

*Corey.* I think I said some words to that effect.

*Hathorne.* Is it not true, that fourteen head of cattle,

To you belonging, broke from their enclosure

And leaped into the river, and were drowned?

*Corey.* It is most true.

*Hathorne.* And did you not then say

That they were overlooked?

*Corey.* So much I said.

I see; they're drawing round me closer, closer,

A net I cannot break, cannot escape from! (*Aside.*)

*Hathorne.* Who did these things?

*Corey.* I do not know who did them.

*Hathorne.* Then I will tell you.

It is some one near you:

You see her now; this woman, your own wife.

*Corey.* I call the heavens to witness, it is false!

She never harmed me, never hindered me

In anything but what I should not do.

And I bear witness in the sight of heaven,

And in God's house here, that I never knew her

As otherwise than patient, brave, and true,

Faithful, forgiving, full of charity, A virtuous and industrious and good wife!

*Hathorne.* Tut, tut, man; do not rant so in your speech;

You are a witness, not an advocate!

Here, Sheriff, take this woman back to prison.

*Martina.* O Giles, this day you've sworn away my life!

*Mary.* Go, go and join the Witches at the door.

Do you not hear the drum? Do you not see them?

Go quick. They're waiting for you. You are late.

(*Exit MARTHA; COREY following.*)

*Corey.* The dream! the dream! the dream!

*Hathorne.* What does he say? Giles Corey, go not hence. You are yourself

Accused of Witchcraft and of Sorcery

By many witnesses. Say, are you guilty?

*Corey.* I know my death is fore-ordained by you,—

Mine and my wife's. Therefore I will not answer.

(*During the rest of the scene he remains silent.*)

*Hathorne.* Do you refuse to plead?—'twere better for you

To make confession, or to plead Not Guilty.—

# The New-England Tragedies.

Do you not hear me?—Answer, are you guilty?

Do you not know a heavier doom awaits you,

If you refuse to plead, than if found guilty?

Where is John Gloyd?

*Gloyd (coming forward).* Here am I.

*Hathorne.* Tell the Court; Have you not seen the supernatural power

Of this old man? Have you not seen him do

Strange feats of strength?

*Gloyd.* I've seen him lead the field,

On a hot day, in mowing, and against

Us younger men; and I have wrestled with him.

He threw me like a feather. I have seen him

Lift up a barrel with his single hands, Which two strong men could

hardly lift together,

And, holding it above his head, drink from it.

*Hathorne.* That is enough; we need not question further.

What answer do you make to this, Giles Corey?

*Mary.* See there! See there!

*Hathorne.* What is it? I see nothing.

*Mary.* Look! look! It is the ghost of Robert Goodell,

Whom fifteen years ago this man did murder

By stamping on his body! In his shroud

He comes here to bear witness to the crime!

*(The crowd shrinks back from COREY in horror.)*

*Hathorne.* Ghosts of the dead and voices of the living

Bear witness to your guilt, and you must die!

It might have been an easier death. Your doom

Will be on your own head, and not on ours.

Twice more will you be questioned of these things;

Twice more have room to plead or to confess.

If you are contumacious to the Court,

And if, when questioned, you refuse to answer,

Then by the Statute you will be condemned

To the *peine forte et dure*! To have your body

Pressed by great weights until you shall be dead!

And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—COREY'S Farm, as in Act II, Scene I. Enter RICHARD GARDNER, looking round him.

*Gardner.* Here stands the house as I remember it,

The four tall poplar-trees before the door;

The house, the barn, the orchard, and the well,

With its moss-covered bucket and its trough;

The garden, with its hedge of currant-bushes;

The woods, the harvest-fields; and, far beyond,

The pleasant landscape stretching to the sea.

But everything is silent and deserted!

## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of herds,  
No sound of flails, that should be beating now;  
Nor man nor beast astir. What can this mean?

*(Knocks at the door.)*

What ho! Giles Corey! Hillo-ho!  
Giles Corey!—

No answer but the echo from the barn,

And the ill-omened cawing of the crow,

That yonder wings his flight across the fields,

As if he scented carrion in the air.

*(Enter TITUBA with a basket.)*

What woman's this, that, like an apparition,

Haunts this deserted homestead in broad day?—

Woman, who are you?

*Tituba.* I am Tituba.  
I am John Indian's wife. I am a Witch.

*Gardner.* What are you doing here?

*Tituba.* I'm gathering herbs,—  
Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and pennyroyal.

*Gardner (looking at the herbs).*  
This is not cinquefoil, it is deadly nightshade!

This is not saxifrage, but hellebore!

This is not pennyroyal, it is henbane!

Do you come here to poison these good people?

*Tituba.* I get these for the Doctor in the village.

Beware of Tituba. I pinch the children;

Make little poppets and stick pins in them,

And then the children cry out they are pricked.

The Black Dog came to me, and said, 'Serve me!'

I was afraid. He made me hurt the children.

*Gardner.* Poor soul! She's crazed, with all these Devil's doings.

*Tituba.* Will you, sir, sign the Book?

*Gardner.* No, I'll not sign it. Where's Giles Corey? Do you know Giles Corey?

*Tituba.* He's safe enough. He's down there in the prison.

*Gardner.* Corey in prison? What is he accused of?

*Tituba.* Giles Corey and Martha Corey are in prison

Down there in Salem Village. Both are Witches.

She came to me and whispered, 'Kill the children!'

Both signed the Book!

*Gardner.* Begone, you imp of darkness!

You Devil's dam!

*Tituba.* Beware of Tituba!  
[Exit.]

*Gardner.* How often out at sea on stormy nights,

When the waves thundered round me, and the wind

Bellowed, and beat the canvas, and my ship

Clove through the solid darkness, like a wedge,

I've thought of him upon his pleasant farm,

Living in quiet with his thrifty housewife,

And envied him, and wished his fate were mine!

And now I find him shipwrecked utterly

Drifting upon this sea of sorceries,

And lost, perhaps, beyond all aid of man!

# The New-England Tragedies.

SCENE II.—*The Prison.* GILES  
COREY at a table, on which are  
some papers.

Corey. Now I have done with  
earth and all its cares ;  
I give my worldly goods to my dear  
children ;  
My body I bequeath to my tor-  
mentors,  
And my immortal soul to Him who  
made it.  
O God ! who in thy wisdom dost  
afflict me  
With an affliction greater than most  
men  
Have ever yet endured or shall en-  
dure,  
Suffer me not in this last bitter hour  
For any pains of death to fall from  
thee !

(MARTHA is heard singing.)

Arise, O righteous Lord !  
And disappoint my foes ;  
They are but thine avenging sword,  
Whose wounds are swift to close.

Corey. Hark, hark ! it is her  
voice ! She is not dead !  
She lives ! I am not utterly for-  
saken !

(MARTHA, singing.)

By thine abounding grace  
And mercies multiplied,  
I shall awake, and see thy face ;  
I shall be satisfied.

(COREY hides his face in his hands.  
Enter the JAILER, followed by  
RICHARD GARDNER.)

Jailer. Here's a seafaring man,  
one Richard Gardner,  
A friend of yours, who asks to  
speak with you.

(COREY rises. They embrace.)

Corey. I'm glad to see you ; ay,  
right glad to see you.

Gardner. And I most sorely  
grieved to see you thus.

Corey. Of all the friends I had in  
happier days,

You are the first, ay, and the only  
one

That comes to seek me out in my  
disgrace !

And you but come in time to say  
farewell.

They've dug my grave already in  
the field.

I thank you. There is something  
in your presence,

I know not what it is, that gives me  
strength.

Perhaps it is the bearing of the  
man

Familiar with all dangers of the  
deep,

Familiar with the cries of drowning  
men,

With fire, and wreck, and foundering  
ships at sea !

Gardner. Ah, I have never known  
a wreck like yours !

Would I could save you !

Corey. Do not speak of that.  
It is too late. I am resolved to  
die.

Gardner. Why would you die who  
have so much to live for ?—

Your daughters, and—

Corey. You cannot say the word.  
My daughters have gone from me.

They are married ;

They have their homes, their  
thoughts, apart from me ;

I will not say their hearts,—that  
were too cruel.

What would you have me do ?

Gardner. Confess and live.

Corey. That's what they said who  
came here yesterday

To lay a heavy weight upon my  
conscience



## Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

By telling me that I was driven forth  
As an unworthy member of their  
church.

*Gardner.* It is an awful death.

*Corey.* 'Tis but to drown,  
And have the weight of all the seas  
upon you.

*Gardner.* Say something; say  
enough to fend off death  
Till this tornado of fanaticism  
Blows itself out. Let me come in  
between you

And your severer self, with my plain  
sense;

Do not be obstinate.

*Corey.* I will not plead.  
If I deny, I am condemned already,  
In courts where ghosts appear as  
witnesses,

And swear men's lives away. If I  
confess,

Then I confess a lie, to buy a life  
Which is not life, but only death in  
life.

I will not bear false witness against  
any,

Not even against myself, whom I  
count least.

*Gardner (aside).* Ah, what a  
noble character is this!

*Corey.* I pray you, do not urge me  
to do that

You would not do yourself. I have  
already

The bitter taste of death upon my  
lips;

I feel the pressure of the heavy  
weight

That will crush out my life within  
this hour;

But if a word could save me, and  
that word

Were not the Truth; nay, if it did  
but swerve

A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I  
would not say it!

*Gardner (aside).* How mean I  
seem beside a man like this!

*Corey.* As for my wife, my Martha  
and my Martyr,—

Whose virtues, like the stars, un-  
seen by day,

Though numberless, do but await  
the dark

To manifest themselves unto all  
eyes,—

She who first won me from my evil  
ways,

And taught me how to live by her  
example,

By her example teaches me to die,  
And leads me onward to the better  
life!

*Sheriff (without).* Giles Corey!  
Come! The hour has struck!

*Corey.* I come!  
Here is my body; ye may torture  
it,

But the immortal soul ye cannot  
crush! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street in the  
Village. Enter GLOYD and  
others.*

*Gloyd.* Quick, or we shall be  
late!

*A Man.* That's not the way.  
Come here; come up this lane.

*Gloyd.* I wonder now  
If the old man will die, and will not  
speak?

He's obstinate enough and tough  
enough

For anything on earth.

(*A bell tolls.*)

Hark! What is that?

*A Man.* The passing bell. He's  
dead!

*Gloyd.* We are too late.

[*Exeunt in haste.*]

## The New-England Tragedies.

SCENE IV.—*A field near the graveyard. GILES COREY lying dead, with a great stone on his breast. The Sheriff at his head, RICHARD GARDNER at his feet. A crowd behind. The bell tolling. Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.*

*Hathorne.* This is the Potter's Field. Behold the fate  
Of those who deal in Witchcrafts,  
and, when questioned,  
Refuse to plead their guilt or innocence,  
And stubbornly drag death upon themselves.

*Mather.* O sight most horrible !  
In a land like this,

Spangled with Churches Evangelical,  
Inwrapped in our salvations, must we seek  
In mouldering statute-books of English Courts  
Some old forgotten law, to do such deeds ?  
Those who lie buried in the Potter's Field  
Will rise again, as surely as ourselves  
That sleep in honoured graves with epitaphs ;  
And this poor man, whom we have made a victim,  
Hereafter will be counted as a martyr !

# St. John.

SAINT JOHN *wandering over the face of the earth.*

*St. John.* The Ages come and go,  
The Centuries pass as Years;  
My hair is white as the snow,  
My feet are weary and slow,  
The earth is wet with my tears!  
The kingdoms crumble, and fall  
Apart, like a ruined wall,  
Or a bank that is undermined  
By a river's ceaseless flow,  
And leave no trace behind!  
The world itself is old;  
The portals of Time unfold  
On hinges of iron, that grate  
And groan with the rust and the  
weight,  
Like the hinges of a gate  
That hath fallen to decay;  
But the evil doth not cease;  
There is war instead of peace,  
Instead of love there is hate;  
And still I must wander and wait,  
Still I must watch and pray,  
Not forgetting in whose sight,  
A thousand years in their flight  
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam  
Of light, that comes and goes  
Like the course of the Holy Stream,  
The cityless river, that flows  
From fountains no one knows,  
Through the Lake of Galilee,  
Through forests and level lands,  
Over rocks, and shallows, and sands  
Of a wilderness wild and vast,  
Till it findeth its rest at last  
In the desolate Dead Sea!  
But alas! alas for me,  
Not yet this rest shall be!

What, then! doth Charity fail?  
Is Faith of no avail?  
Is Hope blown out like a light  
By a gust of wind in the night?

The clashing of creeds, and the strife  
Of the many beliefs, that in vain  
Perplex man's heart and brain,  
Are nought but the rustle of leaves,  
When the breath of God upheaves  
The boughs of the Tree of Life,  
And they subside again!  
And I remember still  
The words, and from whom they  
came,  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will!

And Him evermore I behold  
Walking in Galilee,  
Through the cornfield's waving  
gold,  
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,  
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.  
He toucheth the sightless eyes;  
Before him the demons flee;  
To the dead he sayeth: Arise!  
To the living: Follow me!  
And that voice still soundeth on  
From the centuries that are gone,  
To the centuries that shall be!  
From all vain pomps and shows,  
From the pride that overflows,  
And the false conceits of men;  
From all the narrow rules  
And subtleties of Schools,  
And the craft of tongue and pen;  
Bewildered in its search,  
Bewildered with the cry:  
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!  
Poor, sad Humanity  
Through all the dust and heat  
Turns back with bleeding feet,  
By the weary road it came,  
Unto the simple thought  
By the Great Master taught,  
And that remaineth still:  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will!

# The Divine Tragedy.

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## INTROITUS.

*The ANGEL bearing the PROPHET  
HABAKKUK through the air.*

*Prophet.* Why dost thou bear me  
aloft,  
O Angel of God, on thy pinions  
O'er realms and dominions?  
Softly I float as a cloud  
In air, for thy right hand upholds  
me,  
Thy garment enfolds me!

*Angel.* Lo! as I passed on my  
way  
In the harvest-field I beheld thee  
When no man compelled thee,  
Bearing with thine own hands  
This food to the famishing reapers,  
A flock without keepers!  
The fragrant sheaves of the wheat  
Made the air above them sweet;  
Sweeter and more divine  
Wasthe scent of the scattered grain,  
That the reaper's hand let fall  
To be gathered again  
By the hand of the gleaner!  
Sweetest, divinest of all,  
Was the humble deed of thine,  
And the meekness of thy demeanour!

*Prophet.* Angel of Light,  
I cannot gainsay thee,  
I can but obey thee!

*Angel.* Beautiful was it in the  
Lord's sight,  
To behold his Prophet  
Feeding those that toil,  
The tillers of the soil.  
But why should the reapers eat of it

And not the Prophet of Zion  
In the den of the lion?  
The Prophet should feed the  
Prophet!

Therefore I thee have uplifted,  
And bear thee aloft by the hair  
Of thy head, like a cloud that is  
drifted  
Through the vast unknown of the  
air!

Five days hath the Prophet been  
lying

In Babylon, in the den  
Of the lions, death-defying,  
Defying hunger and thirst;  
But the worst  
Is the mockery of men!  
Alas! how full of fear  
Is the fate of Prophet and Seer!  
For evermore, for evermore,  
It shall be as it hath been here-  
tofore;

The age in which they live  
Will not forgive  
The splendour of the everlasting  
light,  
That makes their foreheads bright,  
Nor the sublime  
Forerunning of their time!

*Prophet.* O tell me, for thou  
knowest,  
Wherefore, and by what grace,  
Have I, who am least and lowest,  
Been chosen to this place,  
To this exalted part?

*Angel.* Because thou art  
The Struggler; and from thy youth  
Thy humble and patient life

Hath been a strife  
And battle for the Truth ;  
Nor hast thou paused nor halted,  
Nor ever in thy pride  
Turned from the poor aside,  
But with deed and word and pen  
Hast served thy fellow-men ;  
Therefore art thou exalted !

*Prophet.* By thine arrow's light  
Thou goest onward through the  
night,

And by the clear  
Sheen of thy glittering spear !  
When will our journey end ?

*Angel.* Lo, it is ended !  
Yon silver gleam  
Is the Euphrates stream.  
Let us descend

Into the city splendid,  
Into the City of Gold !

*Prophet.* Behold !  
As if the stars had fallen from their  
places

Into the firmament below,  
The streets, the gardens, and the  
vacant spaces

With light are all aglow ;  
And hark !

As we draw near,  
What sound is it I hear  
Ascending through the dark ?

*Angel.* The tumultuous noise of  
the nations,  
Their rejoicings and lamentations,  
The pleadings of their prayer,  
The groans of their despair,  
The cry of their imprecations,  
Their wrath, their love, their hate.

*Prophet.* Surely the world doth  
wait

The coming of its Redeemer !

*Angel.* Awake from thy sleep,  
O dreamer !

The hour is near, though late ;  
Awake ! write the vision sublime,  
The vision, that is for a time,  
Though it tarry, wait ; it is nigh ;  
In the end it will speak and not lie.

## THE FIRST PASSOVER.

### I.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

*John the Baptist.* Repent ! re-  
pent ! repent !  
For the kingdom of God is at hand,  
And all the land  
Full of the knowledge of the Lord  
shall be

As the waters cover the sea,  
And encircle the continent !

Repent ! repent ! repent !  
For lo, the hour appointed,  
The hour so long foretold  
By the Prophets of old,  
Of the coming of the Anointed,  
The Messiah, the Paraclete,  
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh !  
He shall not strive nor cry,  
Nor his voice be heard in the street ;  
Nor the bruised reed shall he break,  
Nor quench the smoking flax ;  
And many of them that sleep  
In the dust of earth shall awake,  
On that great and terrible day,  
And the wicked shall wail and weep,  
And be blown like a smoke away,  
And be melted away like wax.  
Repent ! repent ! repent !

O Priest, and Pharisee,  
Who hath warned you to flee  
From the wrath that is to be ?  
From the coming anguish and ire ?  
The axe is laid at the root  
Of the trees, and every tree  
That bringeth not forth good fruit  
Is hewn down and cast into the fire !

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither ?  
In the hour that is uncertain,  
In the day of anguish and trouble,  
He that stretcheth the heavens as  
a curtain  
And spreadeth them out as a tent,  
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall  
wither,

## The Divine Tragedy.

And the whirlwind shall take you  
away as stubble!  
Repent! repent! repent!

*Priest.* Who art thou, O man  
of prayer!

In raiment of camel's hair,  
Begirt with leathern thong,  
That here in the wilderness,  
With a cry as of one in distress,  
Preachest unto this throng?  
Art thou the Christ?

*John.* Priest of Jerusalem,  
In meekness and humbleness,  
I deny not, I confess  
I am not the Christ!

*Priest.* What shall we say unto  
them

That sent us here? Reveal  
Thy name, and nought conceal!  
Art thou Elias?

*John.* No!

*Priest.* Art thou that Prophet, then,  
Of lamentation and woe,  
Who, as a symbol and sign  
Of impending wrath divine  
Upon unbelieving men,  
Shattered the vessel of clay  
In the Valley of Slaughter?

*John.* Nay.  
I am not he thou namest!

*Priest.* Who art thou, and what  
is the word

That here thou proclaimest?

*John.* I am the voice of one  
Crying in the wilderness alone:  
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;  
Make his paths straight  
In the land that is desolate!

*Priest.* If thou be not the Christ,  
Nor yet Elias, nor he  
That, in sign of the things to be,  
Shattered the vessel of clay  
In the Valley of Slaughter,  
Then declare unto us, and say  
By what authority now  
Baptizest thou?

*John.* I indeed baptize you with  
water

Unto repentance; but He,  
That cometh after me,  
Is mightier than I and higher;  
The latchet of whose shoes  
I am not worthy to unloose;  
He shall baptize you with fire,  
And with the Holy Ghost!  
Whose fan is in his hand;  
He will purge to the uttermost  
His floor, and garner his wheat,  
But will burn the chaff in the brand  
And fire of unquenchable heat!  
Repent! repent! repent!

### II.

#### MOUNT QUARANTANIA.

##### I.

*Lucifer.* Not in the lightning's  
flash, nor in the thunder,  
Not in the tempest, nor the cloudy  
storm,

Will I array my form;  
But part invisible these boughs  
asunder,  
And move and murmur, as the wind  
upheaves  
And whispers in the leaves.

Not as a terror and a desolation,  
Not in my natural shape, inspiring  
fear

And dread, will I appear;  
But in soft tones of sweetness and  
persuasion,

A sound as of the fall of mountain  
streams,  
Or voices heard in dreams.

He sitteth there in silence, worn  
and wasted  
With famine, and uplifts his hollow  
eyes

To the un pitying skies;  
For forty days and nights he hath  
not tasted

Of food or drink, his parted lips are  
pale,  
Surely his strength must fail.

## The First Passover.

Wherefore dost thou in penitential fasting

Waste and consume the beauty of thy youth?

Ah, if thou be in truth

The Son of the Unnamed, the Everlasting,

Command these stones beneath thy feet to be

Changed into bread for thee!

*Christus.* 'Tis written: Man shall not live by bread alone, But by each word that from God's mouth proceedeth!

### II.

*Lucifer.* Too weak, alas! too weak is the temptation

For one whose soul to nobler things aspires

Than sensual desires!

Ah, could I, by some sudden aberration,

Lead and delude to suicidal death  
This Christ of Nazareth!

Unto the holy Temple on Moriah,  
With its resplendent domes, and manifold

Bright pinnacles of gold,  
Where they await thy coming, O Messiah!

Lo, I have brought thee! Let thy glory here

Be manifest and clear.

Reveal thyself by royal act and gesture,

Descending with the bright triumphant host

Of all the highermost

Archangels, and about thee as a vesture

The shining clouds, and all thy splendours show

Unto the world below!

Cast thyself down, it is the hour appointed;

And God hath given his angels charge and care

To keep thee and upbear

Upon their hands his only Son, the Anointed,

Lest he should dash his foot against a stone

And die, and be unknown.

*Christus.* 'Tis written: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!

### III.

*Lucifer.* I cannot thus delude him to perdition!

But one temptation still remains untried,

The trial of his pride,

The thirst of power, the fever of ambition!

Surely by these a humble peasant's son

At last may be undone!

Above the yawning chasms and deep abysses,  
Across the headlong torrents, I have brought

Thy footsteps, swift as thought;  
And from the highest of these precipices,

The Kingdoms of the world thine eyes behold,

Like a great map unrolled.

From far-off Lebanon, with cedars crested,

To where the waters of the Asphalt Lake

On its white pebbles break,

And the vast desert, silent, sand-invested,

These kingdoms are all mine, and thine shall be,

If thou wilt worship me!

*Christus.* Get thee behind me, Satan! thou shalt worship the Lord thy God; Him only shalt thou serve!

## The Divine Tragedy.

*Angels Ministrant.* The sun goes down; the evening shadows lengthen,  
The fever and the struggle of the day  
Abate and pass away;  
Thine Angels Ministrant, we come to strengthen  
And comfort thee, and crown thee with the palm,  
The silence and the calm.

### III.

#### THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

*The Musicians.* Rise up, my love, my fair one,  
Rise up, and come away,  
For lo! the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone,  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

*The Bridegroom.* Sweetly the minstrels sing the Song of Songs!  
My heart runs forward with it, and I say:

O set me as a seal upon thine heart,  
And set me as a seal upon thine arm;  
For love is strong as life, and strong as death,  
And cruel as the grave is jealousy!

*The Musicians.* I sleep, but my heart awaketh;  
'Tis the voice of my beloved  
Who knocketh, saying: Open to me,  
My sister, my love, my dove,  
For my head is filled with dew,  
My locks with the drops of the night!

*The Bride.* Ah yes, I sleep, and yet my heart awaketh,  
It is the voice of my beloved who knocks.

*The Bridegroom.* O beautiful as Rebecca at the fountain,

O beautiful as Ruth among the sheaves!

O fairest among women! O undefiled!

Thou art all fair, my love, there's no spot in thee!

*The Musicians.* My beloved is white and ruddy,

The chiefest among ten thousand;  
His locks are black as a raven,  
His eyes are the eyes of doves,  
Of doves by the rivers of water,  
His lips are like unto lilies,  
Dropping with sweet-smelling myrrh.

*Architriclinus.* Who is that youth, with the dark azure eyes,  
And hair, in colour like unto the wine,

Parted upon his forehead, and behind  
Falling in flowing locks?

*Paranymphus.* The Nazarene  
Who preacheth to the poor in field and village  
The coming of God's Kingdom.

*Architriclinus.* How serene  
His aspect is! manly yet womanly.

*Paranymphus.* Most beautiful among the sons of men!

Often known to weep, but never known to laugh.

*Architriclinus.* And tell me, she with eyes of olive tint,  
And skin as fair as wheat, and pale brown hair,

The woman at his side?

*Paranymphus.* His mother, Mary.

*Architriclinus.* And the tall figure standing close beside them,

Clad all in white, with face and beard like ashes,  
As if he were Elias, the White Witness,

Come from his cave on Carmel to foretell

The end of all things?



## The First Passover.

*Paranymphus.* That is  
*Manahem*  
 The Essenian, he who dwells among  
 the palms  
 Near the Dead Sea.  
*Architriclinus.* He who fore-  
 told to Herod  
 He should one day be King?  
*Paranymphus.* The same.  
*Architriclinus.* Then why  
 Doth he come here to sadden with  
 his presence  
 Our marriage feast, belonging to a  
 sect  
 Haters of women, and that taste not  
 wine?  
*The Musicians.* My undefiled is  
 but one,  
 The only one of her mother,  
 The choice of her that bare her;  
 The daughters saw her and blessed  
 her;  
 The queens and the concubines  
 praised her,  
 Saying: Lo! who is this  
 That looketh forth as the morning?  
*Manahem (aside).* The Ruler of  
 the Feast is gazing at me,  
 As if he asked, why is that old man  
 here  
 Among the revellers? And thou,  
 the Anointed!  
 Why art thou here? I see as in a  
 vision  
 A figure clothed in purple, crowned  
 with thorns;  
 I see a cross uplifted in the dark-  
 ness,  
 And hear a cry of agony, that shall  
 echo  
 For ever and for ever through the  
 world!  
*Architriclinus.* Give us more  
 wine. These goblets are all  
 empty.  
*Mary (to Christus).* They have  
 no wine!  
*Christus.* O woman, what have I

To do with thee? Mine hour is  
 not yet come.  
*Mary (to the servants).* What-  
 ever he shall say to you, that do.  
*Christus.* Fill up these pots with  
 water.  
*The Musicians.* Come, my be-  
 loved,  
 Let us go forth into the field,  
 Let us lodge in the villages;  
 Let us get up early to the vineyards,  
 Let us see if the vine flourish,  
 Whether the tender grape appear,  
 And the pomegranates bud forth.  
*Christus.* Draw out now,  
 And bear unto the Ruler of the Feast.  
*Manahem (aside).* O thou  
 brought up among the Esse-  
 nians,  
 Nurtured in abstinence, taste not  
 the wine!  
 It is the poison of dragons from  
 the vineyards  
 Of Sodom, and the taste of death  
 is in it.  
*Architriclinus (to the Bride-  
 groom).* All men set forth good  
 wine at the beginning,  
 And when men have well drunk,  
 that which is worse;  
 But thou hast kept the good wine  
 until now.  
*Manahem (aside).* The things  
 that have been and shall be no  
 more,  
 The things that are, and that here-  
 after shall be  
 The things that might have been,  
 and yet were not,  
 The fading twilight of great joys  
 departed,  
 The daybreak of great truths as yet  
 unrisen,  
 The intuition and the expectation  
 Of something, which, when come,  
 is not the same,  
 But only like its forecast in men's  
 dreams,

## The Divine Tragedy.

The longing, the delay, and the  
delight,  
Sweeter for the delay ; youth, hope,  
love, death,  
And disappointment which is also  
death,  
All these make up the sum of human  
life ;

A dream within a dream, a wind at  
night  
Howling across the desert in  
despair,  
Seeking for something lost it cannot  
find.

Fate or foreseeing, or whatever  
name

Men call it, matters not ; what is  
to be

Hath been forewritten in the  
thought divine

From the beginning. None can  
hide from it,

But it will find him out ; nor run  
from it,

But it o'ertaketh him ! The Lord  
hath said it.

*The Bridegroom (to the Bride, on  
the balcony).* When Abra-  
ham went with Sarah into  
Egypt,

The land was all illumined with her  
beauty ;

But thou dost make the very night  
itself

Brighter than day ! Behold, in glad  
procession,

Crowding the threshold of the sky  
above us,

The stars come forth to meet thee  
with their lamps ;

And the soft winds, the ambassadors  
of flowers,

From neighbouring gardens and  
from fields unseen,

Come laden with odours unto thee,  
my Queen !

*The Musicians.* Awake, O north-  
wind,

And come, thou wind of the South,  
Blow, blow upon my garden,  
That the spices thereof may flow  
out.

### IV.

#### IN THE CORNFIELDS.

*Philip.* Onward through leagues  
of sun-illumined corn,  
As if through parted seas, the  
pathway runs,  
And crowned with sunshine as the  
Prince of Peace

Walks the beloved Master, leading  
us,

As Moses led our fathers in old  
times

Out of the land of bondage ! We  
have found

Him of whom Moses and the  
Prophets wrote,

Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of  
Joseph.

*Nathanael.* Can any good come  
out of Nazareth ?

Can this be the Messiah ?

*Philip.* Come and see.

*Nathanael.* The summer sun  
grows hot ; I am an hungred.  
How cheerily the Sabbath-breaking  
quail

Pipes in the corn, and bids us to his  
Feast

Of Wheat Sheaves ! How the  
bearded, ripening ears

Toss in the roofless temple of the  
air ;

As if the unseen hand of some High  
Priest

Waved them before Mount Tabor  
as an altar !

It were no harm, if we should pluck  
and eat.

*Philip.* How wonderful it is to  
walk abroad

With the Good Master ! Since the  
miracle

## The First Passover.

He wrought at Cana, at the marriage feast,  
His fame hath gone abroad through all the land,  
And when we come to Nazareth, thou shalt see  
How his own people will receive their Prophet,  
And hail him as Messiah ! See, he turns  
And looks at thee.

*Christus.* Behold an Israelite  
In whom there is no guile.

*Nathanael.* Whence knowest thou me ?

*Christus.* Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast  
Under the fig-tree, I beheld thee.

*Nathanael.* Rabbi,  
Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King  
Of Israel !

*Christus.* Because I said I saw thee  
Under the fig-tree, before Philip called thee,  
Believest thou ? Thou shalt see greater things.

Hereafter thou shalt see the heavens unclosed,  
And angels of God ascending and descending  
Upon the Son of Man !

*Pharisees (passing).* Hail, Rabbi !  
*Christus.* Hail !

*Pharisees.* Behold how thy disciples do a thing  
Which is not lawful on the Sabbath day,  
And thou forbiddest them not !

*Christus.* Have ye not read  
What David did when he an hungred was,  
And all they that were with him ?  
How he entered  
Into the house of God, and ate the shew-bread,

Which was not lawful saving for the priests ?

Have ye not read, how on the Sabbath days

The priests profane the Sabbath in the Temple,

And yet are blameless ? But I say to you,

One in this place is greater than the Temple !

And had ye known the meaning of the words,

I will have mercy and not sacrifice,  
The guiltless ye would not condemn. The Sabbath

Was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

*(Passes on with the disciples.)*

*Pharisees.* This is, alas ! some poor demoniac  
Wandering about the fields, and uttering

His unintelligible blasphemies  
Among the common people, who receive

As prophecies the words they comprehend not !

Deluded folk ! The incomprehensible

Alone excites their wonder. There is none

So visionary, or so void of sense,  
But he will find a crowd to follow him !

V.

NAZARETH.

*Christus (reading in the synagogue).* The Spirit of the Lord  
God is upon me.

He hath anointed me to preach good tidings

Unto the poor ; to heal the broken-hearted ;

To comfort those that mourn, and to throw open

## The Divine Tragedy.

The prison doors of captives, and  
proclaim

The Year Acceptable of the Lord  
our God !

(*He closes the book and sits down.*)

*A Pharisee.* Who is this youth?  
He hath taken the Teacher's  
seat !

Will he instruct the Elders ?

*A Priest.* Fifty years  
Have I been Priest here in the  
Synagogue,  
And never have I seen so young  
a man

Sit in the Teacher's seat !

*Christus.* Behold, to-day  
This scripture is fulfilled. One is  
appointed

And hath been sent to them that  
mourn in Zion,  
To give them beauty for ashes, and  
the oil

Of joy for mourning ! They shall  
build again

The old waste places ; and again  
raise up

The former desolations, and repair  
The cities that are wasted ! As a  
bridegroom

Decketh himself with ornaments,  
as a bride

Adorneth herself with jewels, so the  
Lord

Hath clothed me with the robe of  
righteousness.

*A Priest.* He speaks the Prophet's  
words ; but with an air

As if himself had been foreshadowed  
in them !

*Christus.* For Zion's sake I will  
not hold my peace,  
And for Jerusalem's sake I will not  
rest

Until its righteousness be as a  
brightness,

And its salvation as a lamp that  
burneth !

Thou shalt be called no longer the  
Forsaken,

Nor any more thy land, the Desolate,  
The Lord hath sworn, by his right  
hand hath sworn,

And by his arm of strength : I will  
no more

Give to thine enemies thy corn as  
meat ;

The sons of strangers shall not drink  
thy wine.

Go through, go through the gates !  
Prepare a way

Unto the people ! Gather out the  
stones !

Lift up a standard for the people !

*A Priest.* Ah !  
These are seditious words !

*Christus.* And they  
shall call them

The holy people ; the redeemed of  
God !

And thou, Jerusalem, shalt be called  
Sought out,

A city not forsaken !

*A Pharisee.* Is not this  
The carpenter Joseph's son ? Is not  
his mother

Called Mary ? and his brethren and  
his sisters

Are they not with us ? Doth he make  
himself

To be a Prophet ?

*Christus.* No man is a Prophet  
In his own country, and among his  
kin.

In his own house no Prophet is  
accepted.

I say to you, in the land of Israel  
Were many widows in Elijah's day,  
When for three years and more  
the heavens were shut,

And a great famine was throughout  
the land ;

But unto no one was Elijah sent  
Save to Sarepta, to a city of Sidon,

And to a woman there that was a  
widow.

## The First Passover.

And many lepers were there in the land

Of Israel, in the time of Eliseus  
The Prophet, and yet none of them  
was cleansed,

Save Naaman the Syrian !

*A Priest.* Say no more !  
Thou comest here into our syna-  
gogue

And speakest to the Elders and the  
Priests,

As if the very mantle of Elijah  
Had fallen upon thee ! Art thou not  
ashamed ?

*A Pharisee.* We want no Pro-  
phets here ! Let him be driven  
From Synagogue and city ! Let  
him go

And prophesy to the Samaritans !

*An Elder.* The world is changed.  
We elders are as nothing !

We are but yesterdays, that have  
no part

Or portion in to-day ! Dry leaves  
that rustle,

That make a little sound, and then  
are dust !

*A Pharisee.* A carpenter's appren-  
tice ! a mechanic,

Whom we have seen at work here  
in the town

Day after day ; a stripling without  
learning,

Shall he pretend to unfold the Word  
of God

To men grown old in study of the  
Law !

(CHRISTUS *is thrust out.*)

### VI.

#### THE SEA OF GALILEE.

PETER and ANDREW, *mending their  
nets.*

*Peter.* Never was such a marvel-  
lous draught of fishes

Heard of in Galilee ! The market-  
places

Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum  
Are full of them ! Yet we had toiled  
all night

And taken nothing, when the Master  
said :

Launch out into the deep, and cast  
your nets ;

And doing this, we caught such  
multitudes

Our nets like spiders' webs were  
snapped asunder,

And with the draught we filled two  
ships so full

That they began to sink. Then I  
knelt down

Amazed, and said : O Lord, depart  
from me,

I am a sinful man. And he made  
answer :

Simon, fear not ; henceforth thou  
shalt catch men !

What was the meaning of those  
words ?

*Andrew.* I know not.  
But here is Philip, come from  
Nazareth.

He hath been with the Master. Tell  
us, Philip,

What tidings dost thou bring ?

*Philip.* Most wonderful !  
As we drew near to Nain, out of  
the gate

Upon a bier was carried the dead  
body

Of a young man, his mother's only  
son,

And she a widow, who with lamen-  
tation

Bewailed her loss, and the much  
people with her ;

And when the Master saw her he  
was filled

With pity ; and he said to her : Weep  
not !

And came and touched the bier,  
and they that bare it

Stood still ; and then he said : Young  
man, arise !

## The Divine Tragedy.

And he that had been dead sat up,  
and soon

Began to speak ; and he delivered  
him

Unto his mother ; and there came  
a fear

On all the people, and they glorified

The Lord, and said, rejoicing : A  
great Prophet

Is risen up among us ! and the Lord  
Hath visited his people !

*Peter.* A great Prophet ?  
Ay, greater than a Prophet : greater  
even

Than John the Baptist !

*Philip.* Yet the Nazarenes  
Rejected him.

*Peter.* The Nazarenes are dogs !  
As natural brute beasts, they growl  
at things

They do not understand ; and they  
shall perish,

Utterly perish in their own corruption.

The Nazarenes are dogs !

*Philip.* They drave him forth  
Out of their Synagogue, out of their  
city,

And would have cast him down a  
precipice,

But passing through the midst of  
them he vanished

Out of their hands.

*Peter.* Wells are they  
without water,  
Clouds carried with a tempest, unto  
whom

The mist of darkness is reserved  
for ever !

*Philip.* Behold, he cometh. There  
is one man with him  
I am amazed to see !

*Andrew.* What man is that ?  
*Philip.* Judas Iscariot ; he that  
cometh last

Girt with a leathern apron. No one  
knoweth

His history ; but the rumour of him is  
He had an unclean spirit in his  
youth.

It hath not left him yet.

*Christus (passing).* Come unto  
me,

All ye that labour and are heavy  
laden,

And I will give you rest ! Come  
unto me,

And take my yoke upon you and  
learn of me,

For I am meek, and I am lowly in  
heart,

And ye shall all find rest unto your  
souls !

*Philip.* O there is something in  
that voice that reaches

The innermost recesses of my spirit !  
I feel that it might say unto the  
blind :

Receive your sight ! and straight-  
way they would see !

I feel that it might say unto the dead,  
Arise ! and they would hear it and  
obey !

Behold, he beckons to us !

*Christus (to Peter and Andrew).*  
Follow me !

*Peter.* Master, I will leave all and  
follow thee.

### VII.

#### THE DEMONIAK OF GADARA.

*A Gadarene.* He hath escaped,  
hath plucked his chains asunder,  
And broken his fetters ; always  
night and day

Is in the mountains here, and in  
the tombs,

Crying aloud, and cutting himself  
with stones,

Exceeding fierce, so that no man  
can tame him !

*The Demoniac (from above,  
unseen).* O Aschmedai ! O  
Aschmedai, have pity !

## The First Passover.

*A Gadarene.* Listen! It is his voice! Go warn the people  
Just landing from the lake!

*The Demoniac.* O Aschmedai!  
Thou angel of the bottomless pit,  
have pity!

It was enough to hurl King Solomon,  
On whom be peace! two hundred  
leagues away

Into the country, and to make him  
scullion

In the kitchen of the King of  
Maschkemen!

Why dost thou hurl me here among  
these rocks,

And cut me with these stones?

*A Gadarene.* He raves and  
mutters  
He knows not what.

*The Demoniac (appearing from  
a tomb among the rocks).* The  
wild cock Tarnegal

Singeth to me, and bids me to the  
banquet,

Where all the Jews shall come; for  
they have slain

Behemoth the great ox, who daily  
cropped

A thousand hills for food, and at  
a draught

Drank up the river Jordan, and  
have slain

The huge Leviathan, and stretched  
his skin

Upon the high walls of Jerusalem,  
And made them shine from one  
end of the world

Unto the other; and the fowl  
Barjuchne,

Whose outspread wings eclipse the  
sun, and make

Midnight at noon o'er all the  
continents!

And we shall drink the wine of  
Paradise

From Adam's cellars.

*A Gadarene.* O, thou unclean  
spirit!

*The Demoniac (hurling down a  
stone).* This is the wonderful  
Barjuchne's egg,

That fell out of her nest, and broke  
to pieces,

And swept away three hundred  
cedar-trees,

And threescore villages!—Rabbi  
Eliezer,

How thou didst sin there in that  
seaport town,

When thou hadst carried safe thy  
chest of silver

Over the seven rivers for her sake!  
I too have sinned beyond the reach  
of pardon.

Ye hills and mountains, pray for  
mercy on me!

Ye stars and planets, pray for  
mercy on me!

Ye sun and moon, O pray for mercy  
on me!

(CHRISTUS and his disciples pass.)

*A Gadarene.* There is a man  
here of Decapolis,

Who hath an unclean spirit; so  
that none

Can pass this way. He lives among  
the tombs

Up there upon the cliffs, and hurls  
down stones

On those who pass beneath.

*Christus.* Come out of him,  
Thou unclean spirit!

*The Demoniac.* V, hat have I to do  
With thee, thou Son of God? Do  
not torment us.

*Christus.* What is thy name?

*Demoniac.* Legion; for  
we are many.

Cain, the first murderer; and the  
King Belshazzar,

And Evil Merodach of Babylon,  
And Admatha, the death-cloud,

prince of Persia;  
And Aschmedai, the angel of the  
pit,

And many other devils. We are Legion.

Send us not forth beyond Decapolis;  
Command us not to go into the deep!

There is a herd of swine here in the pastures,—

Let us go into them.

*Christus.* Come out of him,  
Thou unclean spirit!

*A Gadarene.* See, how stupefied,  
How motionless he stands! He cries no more;

He seems bewildered and in silence stares

As one who, walking in his sleep, awakes

And knows not where he is, and looks about him,

And at his nakedness, and is ashamed.

*The Demoniac.* Why am I here alone among the tombs?

What have they done to me, that I am naked?

Ah, woe is me!

*Christus.* Go home unto thy friends

And tell them how great things the Lord hath done

For thee, and how he had compassion on thee!

*A Swineherd (running).* The herds! the herds! O most unlucky day!

They were all feeding quiet in the sun,

When suddenly they started, and grew savage

As the wild boars of Tabor, and together

Rushed down a precipice into the sea!

They are all drowned!

*Peter.* Thus righteously are punished

The apostate Jews, that eat the flesh of swine,

And broth of such abominable things!

*Greeks of Gadara.* We sacrifice a sow unto Demeter

At the beginning of harvest, and another

To Dionysus at the vintage-time.

Therefore we prize our herds of swine, and count them

Not as unclean, but as things consecrate

To the immortal gods. O great magician,

Depart out of our coasts; let us alone,—

We are afraid of thee!

*Peter.* Let us depart;  
For they that sanctify and purify

Themselves in gardens, eating flesh of swine,

And the abomination, and the mouse,

Shall be consumed together, saith the Lord!

# VIII.

## TALITHA CUMI.

*Jairus (at the feet of Christus).*  
O Master! I entreat thee! I implore thee!

My daughter lieth at the point of death;

I pray thee come and lay thy hands upon her,

And she shall live!

*Christus.* Who was it touched my garments?

*Simon Peter.* Thou seest the multitude that throng and press thee,

And sayest thou: Who touched me? 'Twas not I.

*Christus.* Some one hath touched my garments; I perceive

That virtue is gone out of me.

*A Woman.* O Master! Forgive me! For I said within myself,



## The First Passover.

If I so much as touch his garment's  
hem,

I shall be whole.

*Christus.* Be of good comfort,  
daughter!

Thy faith hath made thee whole.  
Depart in peace.

*A Messenger from the house.*

Why troublest thou the  
Master? Hearest thou not  
The flute-players, and the voices of  
the women

Singing their lamentation? She is  
dead!

*The Minstrels and Mourners.*

We have girded ourselves with  
sackcloth!

We have covered our heads with  
ashes!

For our young men die, and our  
maidens

Swoon in the streets of the city;  
And into their mother's bosom

They pour out their souls likewater!

*Christus (going in).* Give place.

Why make ye this ado, and  
weep?

She is not dead, but sleepeth.

*The Mother (from within).* Cruel  
death!

To take away from me this tender  
blossom!

To take away my dove, my lamb,  
my darling?

*The Minstrels and Mourners.*

He hath led me and brought  
into darkness,

Like the dead of old in dark places!  
He hath bent his bow, and hath set  
me

Apart as a mark for his arrow!  
He hath covered himself with a cloud

That our prayer should not pass  
through and reach him!

*The Crowd.* He stands beside

her bed! He takes her hand!  
Listen, he speaks to her!

*Christus (within).* Maiden, arise!

*The Crowd.* See, she obeys his  
voice! She stirs! She lives!  
Her mother holds her folded in her  
arms!

O miracle of miracles! O marvel!

### IX.

#### THE TOWER OF MAGDALA.

*Mary Magdalene.* Companion-  
less, unsatisfied, forlorn,  
I sit here in this lonely tower, and  
look

Upon the lake below me, and the  
hills

That swoon with heat, and see as  
in a vision

All my past life unroll itself before  
me.

The princes and the merchants  
come to me,

Merchants of Tyre and Princes of  
Damascus,

And pass, and disappear, and are  
no more;

But leave behind their merchandise  
and jewels,

Their perfumes, and their gold,  
and their disgust.

I loathe them, and the very memory  
of them

Is unto me as thought of food to one  
Cloyed with the luscious figs of

Dalmanutha!

What if hereafter, in the long here-  
after

Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,  
It were my punishment to be with  
them

Grown hideous and decrepit in their  
sins,

And hear them say: Thou that  
hast brought us here,

Be unto us as thou hast been of old!

I look upon this raiment that I wear,  
These silks, and these embroid-

eries, and they seem

## The Divine Tragedy.

Only as cerements wrapped about  
my limbs!  
I look upon these rings thick set  
with pearls  
And emerald and amethyst and  
jasper,  
And they are burning coals upon  
my flesh!  
This serpent on my wrist becomes  
alive!  
Away, thou viper! and away, ye  
garlands  
Whose odours bring the swift re-  
membrance back  
Of the unhallowed revels in these  
chambers!  
But yesterday,—and yet it seems to  
me  
Something remote, like a pathetic  
song  
Sung long ago by minstrels in the  
street,—  
But yesterday, as from this tower I  
gazed,  
Over the olive and the walnut  
trees,  
Upon the lake and the white ships,  
and wondered  
Whither and whence they steered,  
and who was in them,  
A fisher's boat drew near the land-  
ing-place  
Under the oleanders, and the  
people  
Came up from it, and passed be-  
neath the tower,  
Close under me. In front of them,  
as leader,  
Walked one of royal aspect, clothed  
in white,  
Who lifted up his eyes, and looked  
at me,  
And all at once the air seemed  
filled and living  
With a mysterious power, that  
streamed from him,  
And overflowed me with an atmo-  
sphere

Of light and love. As one entranced  
I stood,  
And when I woke again, lo! he  
was gone,  
So that I said: Perhaps it is a dream.  
But from that very hour the seven  
demons  
That had their habitation in this  
body  
Which men call beautiful, departed  
from me!

This morning, when the first gleam  
of the dawn  
Made Lebanon a glory in the air,  
And all below was darkness, I beheld  
An angel, or a spirit glorified,  
With wind-tossed garments walk-  
ing on the lake.  
The face I could not see, but I  
distinguished  
The attitude and gesture, and I  
knew  
'Twas he that healed me. And the  
gusty wind  
Brought to mine ears a voice,  
which seemed to say:  
Be of good cheer! 'Tis I! Be not  
afraid!  
And from the darkness, scarcely  
heard, the answer:  
If it be thou, bid me come unto thee  
Upon the water! And the voice  
said: Come!  
And then I heard a cry of fear:  
Lord, save me!  
As of a drowning man. And then  
the voice:  
Why didst thou doubt, O thou of  
little faith!  
At this all vanished, and the wind  
was hushed,  
And the great sun came up above  
the hills,  
And the swift-flying vapours hid  
themselves  
In caverns among the rocks! O, I  
must find him

## The First Passover.

And follow him, and be with him for ever !  
 Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls  
 The souls of flowers lie pent, the  
 precious balm  
 And spikenard of Arabian farms,  
 the spirits  
 Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures  
 Nursed by the sun and dew, not all  
 unworthy  
 To bathe his consecrated feet,  
 whose step  
 Makes every threshold holy that he  
 crosses ;  
 Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,  
 Thou and I only ! Let us search for  
 him  
 Until we find him, and pour out our  
 souls  
 Before his feet, till all that's left of us  
 Shall be the broken caskets, that  
 once held us !

### X.

#### THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE PHARISEE.

*A Guest (at table).* Are ye deceived ? Have any of the Rulers  
 Believed on him ? or do they know  
 indeed  
 This man to be the very Christ ?  
 Howbeit  
 We know whence this man is, but  
 when the Christ  
 Shall come, none knoweth whence  
 he is.  
*Christus.* Whereunto shall I  
 liken, then, the men  
 Of this generation ? and what are  
 they like ?  
 They are like children sitting in the  
 markets,  
 And calling unto one another, say-  
 ing :  
 We have piped unto you, and ye  
 have not danced ;

We have mourned unto you, and  
 ye have not wept !  
 This say I unto you, for John the  
 Baptist  
 Came neither eating bread nor  
 drinking wine ;  
 Ye say he hath a devil. The Son of  
 Man  
 Eating and drinking cometh, and  
 ye say :  
 Behold a gluttonous man, and a  
 wine-bibber ;  
 Behold a friend of publicans and  
 sinners !  
*A Guest (aside to Simon).* Who  
 is that woman yonder, gliding in  
 So silently behind him ?

*Simon.* It is Mary,  
 Who dwelleth in the Tower of  
 Magdala.

*The Guest.* See, how she kneels  
 there weeping, and her tears  
 Fall on his feet ; and her long  
 golden hair  
 Waves to and fro and wipes them  
 dry again.

And now she kisses them, and from  
 a box

Of alabaster is anointing them  
 With precious ointment, filling all  
 the house

With its sweet odour !

*Simon (aside).* O, this man,  
 forsooth,

Were he indeed a Prophet, would  
 have known

Who and what manner of woman  
 this may be

That toucheth him ! would know  
 she is a sinner !

*Christus.* Simon, somewhat have  
 I to say to thee.

*Simon.* Master, say on.

*Christus.* A certain creditor  
 Had once two debtors ; and the  
 one of them

Owed him five hundred pence ; the  
 other, fifty.

## The Divine Tragedy.

They having nought to pay withal,  
he frankly  
Forgave them both. Now tell me  
which of them  
Will love him most?  
*Simon.* He, I suppose, to whom  
He most forgave.  
*Christus.* Yea, thou hast  
rightly judged.  
Seest thou this woman? When  
thine house I entered,  
Thou gavest me no water for my feet,  
But she hath washed them with her  
tears, and wiped them  
With her own hair! Thou gavest  
me no kiss;  
This woman hath not ceased, since  
I came in,  
To kiss my feet! My head with oil  
didst thou  
Anoint not; but this woman hath  
anointed  
My feet with ointment. Hence I  
say to thee,  
Her sins, which have been many,  
are forgiven,  
For she loved much.  
*The Guests.* O, who, then, is  
this man  
That pardoneth also sins without  
atonement?  
*Christus.* Woman, thy faith hath  
saved thee! Go in peace!

### THE SECOND PASSOVER.

#### I.

BEFORE THE GATES OF MACHÆRUS.

*Manahem.* Welcome, O wilder-  
ness, and welcome night  
And solitude, and ye swift-flying  
stars  
That drift with golden sands the  
barren heavens,

Welcome once more! The Angels  
of the Wind  
Hasten across the desert to receive  
me;  
And sweeter than men's voices are  
to me  
The voices of these solitudes; the  
sound  
Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off cry  
Of bitterns in the reeds of water-  
pools.  
And lo! above me, like the Pro-  
phet's arrow  
Shot from the eastern window, high  
in air  
The clamorous cranes go singing  
through the night.  
O ye mysterious pilgrims in the air,  
Would I had wings that I might  
follow you!  
I look forth from these mountains,  
and behold  
The omnipotent and omnipresent  
night,  
Mysterious as the future and the fate  
That hangs o'er all men's lives! I  
see beneath me  
The desert stretching to the Dead  
Sea shore,  
And westward, faint and far away,  
the glimmer  
Of torches on Mount Olivet, an-  
nouncing  
The rising of the Moon of Passover.  
Like a great cross it seems, on  
which suspended,  
With head bowed down in agony,  
I see  
A human figure! Hide, O merci-  
ful heaven,  
The awful apparition from my sight!  
And thou, Machærus, lifting high  
and black  
Thy dreadful walls against the  
rising moon,  
Haunted by demons and by appar-  
itions

## The Second Passover.

Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedargon,  
How grim thou showest in the uncertain light,  
A palace and a prison, where King Herod  
Feasts with Herodias, while the Baptist John  
Fasts, and consumes his unavailing life!  
And in thy court-yard grows the untithed rue,  
Huge as the olives of Gethsemane,  
And ancient as the terebinth of Hebron,  
Coeval with the world. Would that its leaves  
Medicinal could purge thee of the demons  
That now possess thee, and the cunning fox  
That burrows in thy walls, contriving mischief!  
(*Music is heard from within.*)  
Angels of God! Sandalphon, thou that weavest  
The prayers of men into immortal garlands,  
And thou, Metatron, who dost gather up  
Their songs, and bear them to the gates of heaven,  
Now gather up together in your hands  
The prayers that fill this prison, and the songs  
That echo from the ceiling of this palace,  
And lay them side by side before God's feet!  
(*He enters the castle.*)

### II.

HEROD'S BANQUET-HALL.

*Manahem.* Thou hast sent for me, O King, and I am here.  
*Herod.* Who art thou?

*Manahem.* Manahem, the Essenian.  
*Herod.* I recognize thy features, but what mean  
These torn and faded garments? On thy road  
Have demons crowded thee, and rubbed against thee,  
And given thee weary knees? A cup of wine!  
*Manahem.* The Essenians drink no wine.  
*Herod.* What wilt thou, then?  
*Manahem.* Nothing.  
*Herod.* Not even a cup of water?  
*Manahem.* Nothing.  
Why hast thou sent for me?  
*Herod.* Dost thou remember One day when I, a schoolboy in the streets  
Of the great city, met thee on my way  
To school, and thou didst say to me: Hereafter  
Thou shalt be King?  
*Manahem.* Yea, I remember it.  
*Herod.* Thinking thou didst not know me, I replied:  
I am of humble birth; whereat, thou, smiling,  
Didst smite me with thy hand, and saidst again:  
Thou shalt be King; and let the friendly blows  
That Manahem hath given thee on this day  
Remind thee of the fickleness of fortune.  
*Manahem.* What more?  
*Herod.* No more.  
*Manahem.* Yea, for I said to thee:  
It shall be well with thee if thou love justice  
And clemency towards thy fellow-men.  
Hast thou done this, O King?  
*Herod.* Go, ask my people.

## The Divine Tragedy.

*Manahem.* And then, foreseeing  
all thy life, I added:  
But these thou wilt forget; and at  
the end

Of life the Lord will punish thee.

*Herod.* The end!  
When will that come? For this I  
sent to thee.

How long shall I still reign? Thou  
dost not answer!

Speak! shall I reign ten years?

*Manahem.* Thou  
shalt reign twenty,  
Nay, thirty years. I cannot name  
the end.

*Herod.* Thirty? I thank thee,  
good Essenian!

This is my birthday, and a happier  
one

Was never mine. We hold a banquet  
here.

See, yonder are Herodias and her  
daughter.

*Manahem (aside).* 'Tis said that  
devils sometimes take the  
shape

Of ministering angels, clothed with  
air,

That they may be inhabitants of  
earth,

And lead man to destruction. Such  
are these.

*Herod.* Knowest thou John the  
Baptist?

*Manahem.* Yea, I know him;  
Who knows him not?

*Herod.* Know, then,  
this John the Baptist

Said that it was not lawful I should  
marry

My brother Philip's wife, and John  
the Baptist

Is here in prison. In my father's  
time

Matthias Margaloth was put to  
death

For tearing the golden eagle from  
its station

Above the Temple Gate,—a slighter  
crime

Than John is guilty of. These things  
are warnings

To intermeddlers not to play with  
eagles,

Living or dead. I think the Essen-  
ians

Are wiser, or more wary, are they  
not?

*Manahem.* The Essenians do not  
marry.

*Herod.* Thou hast given  
My words a meaning foreign to my  
thought.

*Manahem.* Let me go hence, O  
King!

*Herod.* Stay yet awhile,  
And see the daughter of Herodias  
dance.

Cleopatra of Jerusalem, my mother,  
In her best days was not more  
beautiful.

(*Music.* THE DAUGHTER OF  
HERODIAS dances.)

*Herod.* O, what was Miriam  
dancing with her timbrel,  
Compared to this one?

*Manahem (aside).* O thou Angel  
of Death,

Dancing at funerals among the  
women,

When men bear out the dead! The  
air is hot

And stifles me! O for a breath of  
air!

Bid me depart, O King!

*Herod.* Not yet. Come hither,  
Salome, thou enchantress! Ask of  
me

Whate'er thou wilt; and even unto  
the half

Of all my kingdom, I will give it  
thee,

As the Lord liveth!

*Daughter of Herodias (kneeling).*  
Give me here the head

## The Second Passover.

Of John the Baptist on this silver charger!

*Herod.* Not that, dear child! I dare not, for the people

Regard John as a prophet.

*Daughter of Herodias.* Thou hast sworn it.

*Herod.* For mine oath's sake, then. Send unto the prison:

Let him die quickly. O accursed oath!

*Manahem.* Bid me depart, O King!

*Herod.* Good Manahem, Give methy hand. I love the Essensians.

He's gone and hears me not! The guests are dumb, Awaiting the pale face, the silent witness.

The lamps flare; and the curtains of the doorways

Wave to and fro as if a ghost were passing!

Strengthen my heart, red wine of Ascalon!

### III.

#### UNDER THE WALLS OF MACHÆRUS.

*Manahem (rushing out).* Away from this Palace of sin!

The demons, the terrible powers Of the air, that haunt its towers And hide in its water-spouts, Deafen me with the din Of their laughter and their shouts For the crimes that are done within!

Sink back into the earth,  
Or vanish into the air,  
Thou castle of despair!  
Let it all be but a dream  
Of the things of monstrous birth,  
Of the things that only seem!  
White Angel of the Moon,  
Onafiel! be my guide

Out of this hateful place  
Of sin and death, nor hide  
In yon black cloud too soon  
Thy pale and tranquil face!

*(A trumpet is blown from the walls.)*

Hark! hark! It is the breath  
Of the trump of doom and death,  
From the battlements overhead  
Like a burden of sorrow cast  
On the midnight and the blast,  
A wailing for the dead,  
That the gusts drop and uplift!  
O Herod, thy vengeance is swift!  
O Herodias, thou hast been  
The demon, the evil thing,  
That in place of Esther the Queen,  
In place of the lawful bride,  
Hast lain at night by the side  
Of Ahasuerus the king!

*(The trumpet again.)*

The Prophet of God is dead;  
At a drunken monarch's call,  
At a dancing-woman's beck,  
They have severed that stubborn  
neck,

And into the banquet-hall  
Are bearing the ghastly head!

*(A body is thrown from the tower.)*

A torch of lurid red  
Lights the window with its glow;  
And a white mass as of snow  
Is hurled into the abyss  
Of the black precipice,  
That yawns for it below!  
O hand of the Most High,  
O hand of Adonai!  
Bury it, hide it away  
From the birds and beasts of prey,  
And the eyes of the homicide,  
More pitiless than they,  
As thou didst bury of yore  
The body of him that died  
On the mountain of Peor!  
Even now I behold a sign,  
A threatening of wrath divine,  
A watery, wandering star,

## The Divine Tragedy.

Through whose streaming hair, and  
the white  
Unfolding garments of light,  
That trail behind it afar,  
The constellations shine !  
And the whiteness and brightness  
appear  
Like the Angel bearing the Seer  
By the hair of his head, in the might  
And rush of his vehement flight.  
And I listen until I hear  
From fathomless depths of the sky  
The voice of his prophecy  
Sounding louder and more near !  
Malediction ! malediction !  
May the lightnings of heaven fall  
On palace and prison wall,  
And their desolation be  
As the day of fear and affliction,  
As the day of anguish and ire,  
With the burning and fuel of fire,  
In the Valley of the Sea !

### IV.

#### NICODEMUS AT NIGHT.

*Nicodemus.* The streets are silent.  
The dark houses seem  
Like sepulchres, in which the  
sleepers lie  
Wrapped in their shrouds, and for  
the moment dead.  
The lamps are all extinguished ;  
only one  
Burns steadily, and from the door  
its light  
Lies like a shining gate across the  
street.  
He waits for me. Ah, should this  
be at last  
The long-expected Christ ! I see  
him there  
Sitting alone, deep-buried in his  
thought,  
As if the weight of all the world  
were resting

Upon him, and thus bowed him  
down. O Rabbi,  
We know thou art a Teacher come  
from God,  
For no man can perform the mira-  
cles  
Thou dost perform, except the Lord  
be with him.  
Thou art a Prophet, sent here to  
proclaim  
The Kingdom of the Lord. Behold  
in me  
A Ruler of the Jews, who long have  
waited  
The coming of that Kingdom. Tell  
me of it.

*Christus.* Verily, verily I say  
unto thee  
Except a man be born again, he  
cannot  
Behold the Kingdom of God !

*Nicodemus.* Be born again ?  
How can a man be born when he  
is old ?  
Say, can he enter for a second time  
Into his mother's womb, and so be  
born ?

*Christus.* Verily I say unto thee,  
except  
A man be born of water and the  
spirit,  
He cannot enter into the Kingdom  
of God.

For that which of the flesh is born,  
is flesh ;  
And that which of the spirit is born,  
is spirit.

*Nicodemus.* We Israelites from  
the Primeval Man  
Adam Abelion derive our bodies ;  
Our souls are breathings of the Holy  
Ghost.

No more than this we know, or  
need to know.

*Christus.* Then marvel not, that  
I said unto thee  
Ye must be born again.

*Nicodemus.* The mystery



## The Second Passover.

Of birth and death we cannot comprehend.

*Christus.* The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but know not whence it cometh, Nor whither it goeth. So is every one

Born of the spirit !

*Nicodemus (aside).* How can these things be ?

He seems to speak of some vague realm of shadows, Some unsubstantial kingdom of the air !

It is not this the Jews are waiting for,

Nor can this be the Christ, the Son of David,

Who shall deliver us !

*Christus.* Art thou a master Of Israel, and knowest not these things ?

We speak that we do know, and testify

That we have seen, and ye will not receive

Our witness. If I tell you earthly things,

And ye believe not, how shall ye believe

If I should tell you of things heavenly ?

And no man hath ascended up to heaven,

But he alone that first came down from heaven,

Even the Son of Man which is in heaven !

*Nicodemus (aside).* This is a dreamer of dreams ; a visionary,

Whose brain is overtaken, until he deems

The unseen world to be a thing substantial,

And this we live in an unreal vision !

And yet his presence fascinates and fills me

With wonder, and I feel myself exalted

Into a higher region, and become Myself in part a dreamer of his dreams,

A seer of his visions !

*Christus.* And as Moses Uplifted the serpent in the wilderness,

So must the Son of Man be lifted up ;

That whosoever shall believe in him

Shall perish not, but have eternal life.

He that believes in him is not condemned ;

He that believes not, is condemned already.

*Nicodemus (aside).* He speaketh like a Prophet of the Lord !

*Christus.* This is the condemnation : that the light

Is come into the world, and men loved darkness

Rather than light, because their deeds are evil !

*Nicodemus (aside).* Of me he speaketh ! He reproveth me Because I come by night to question him !

*Christus.* For every one that doeth evil deeds

Hateth the light, nor cometh to the light,

Lest he should be reprov'd.

*Nicodemus (aside).* Alas, how truly

He readeth what is passing in my heart !

*Christus.* But he that doeth truth comes to the light.

So that his deeds may be made manifest,

That they are wrought in God.

*Nicodemus.* Alas ! alas !

V.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

*Bartimeus.* Be not impatient,  
Chilion ; it is pleasant  
To sit here in the shadow of the walls  
Under the palms, and hear the hum  
of bees,  
And rumour of voices passing to  
and fro,  
And drowsy bells of caravans on  
their way  
To Sidon or Damascus. This is  
still  
The City of Palms, and yet the  
walls thou seest  
Are not the old walls, not the walls  
where Rahab  
Hid the two spies, and let them  
down by cords  
Out of the window, when the gates  
were shut,  
And it was dark. Those walls were  
overthrown  
When Joshua's army shouted, and  
the priests  
Blew with their seven trumpets.  
*Chilion.* When was that ?  
*Bartimeus.* O, my sweet rose of  
Jericho, I know not.  
Hundreds of years ago. And over  
there  
Beyond the river, the great prophet  
Elijah  
Was taken by a whirlwind up to  
heaven,  
In chariot of fire, with fiery horses.  
That is the plain of Moab ; and  
beyond it  
Rise the blue summits of Mount  
Abarim,  
Nebo and Pisgah and Peor, where  
Moses  
Died, whom the Lord knew face to  
face, and whom  
He buried in a valley, and no man  
Knows of his sepulchre unto this  
day.

*Chilion.* Would thou couldst see  
these places, as I see them.

*Bartimeus.* I have not seen a  
glimmer of light  
Since thou wast born. I never saw  
thy face,  
And yet I seem to see it ; and one day  
Perhaps shall see it ; for there is a  
Prophet  
In Galilee, the Messiah, the Son of  
David,  
Who heals the blind—if I could only  
find him.  
I hear the sound of many feet  
approaching,  
And voices, like the murmur of a  
crowd !  
What seest thou ?

*Chilion.* A young man clad in  
white  
Is coming through the gateway,  
and a crowd  
Of people follow.

*Bartimeus.* Can it be the Prophet ?  
O neighbours, tell me who it is  
that passes !

*One of the Crowd.* Jesus of  
Nazareth.

*Bartimeus (crying).* O Son of  
David !

Have mercy on me !

*Many of the Crowd.* Peace, Blind  
Bartimeus !

Do not disturb the Master.

*Bartimeus (crying more vehe-  
mently).* Son of David,

Have mercy on me !

*One of the Crowd.* See, the  
Master stops.

Be of good comfort ; rise, he  
calleth thee !

*Bartimeus (casting away his  
cloak).* Chilion ! good neigh-  
bours ! lead me on.

*Christus.* What wilt thou  
That I should do to thee ?

*Bartimeus.* Good Lord !  
my sight—

## The Second Passover.

That I receive my sight !

*Christus.* Receive thy sight !  
Thy faith hath made thee whole !

*The Crowd.* He sees again !

(CHRISTUS *passes on.* The crowd  
gathers round BARTIMEUS.)

*Bartimeus.* I see again ; but  
sight bewilders me !

Like a remembered dream, familiar  
things

Come back to me. I see the tender  
sky

Above me, see the trees, the city  
walls,

And the old gateway, through  
whose echoing arch

I groped so many years ; and you,  
my neighbours ;

But know you by your friendly  
voices only.

How beautiful the world is ! and  
how wide !

O, I am miles away, if I but look !  
Where art thou, Chilion ?

*Chilion.* Father, I am here.

*Bartimeus.* O let me gaze upon  
thy face, dear child !

For I have only seen thee with my  
hands !

How beautiful thou art ! I should  
have known thee ;

Thou hast her eyes whom we shall  
see hereafter !

O God of Abraham ? Elion ! Ado-  
nai !

Who art thyself a Father, pardon  
me

If for a moment I have thee post-  
poned

To the affections and the thoughts  
of earth,

Thee, and the adoration that I owe  
thee,

When by thy power alone these  
darkened eyes

Have been unsealed again to see  
thy light !

### VI.

#### JACOB'S WELL.

*A Samaritan Woman.* The sun  
is hot ; and the dry east-wind  
blowing

Fills all the air with dust. The  
birds are silent ;

Even the little fieldfares in the corn  
No longer twitter ; only the grass-  
hoppers

Sing their incessant song of sun  
and summer.

I wonder who those strangers were  
I met

Going into the city ? Galileans  
They seemed to me in speaking,  
when they asked

The short way to the market-place.  
Perhaps

They are fishermen from the lake ;  
or travellers,

Looking to find the inn. And here  
is some one

Sitting beside the well ; another  
stranger ;

A Galilean also by his looks.  
What can so many Jews be doing  
here

Together in Samaria ? Are they  
going

Up to Jerusalem to the Passover ?  
Our Passover is better here at  
Sychem,

For here is Ebal ; here is Gerizim,  
The mountain where our father  
Abraham

Went up to offer Isaac ; here the  
tomb

Of Joseph,—for they brought his  
bones from Egypt

And buried them in this land, and  
it is holy.

*Christus.* Give me to drink.

*Samaritan Woman.* How  
can it be that thou,

Being a Jew, askest to drink of me  
Which am a woman of Samaria ?

## The Divine Tragedy.

You Jews despise us; have no dealings with us;

Make us a by-word; call us in derision

The silly folk of Sychar. Sir, how is it  
Thou askest drink of me?

*Christus.* If thou hadst known  
The gift of God, and who it is that  
sayeth

Give me to drink, thou wouldst  
have asked of him;

He would have given thee the  
living water.

*Samaritan Woman.* Sir, thou  
hast nought to draw with, and  
the well

Is deep! Whence hast thou living  
water?

Say, art thou greater than our  
father Jacob,

Which gave this well to us, and  
drank thereof

Himself, and all his children, and  
his cattle?

*Christus.* Ah, whosoever drink-  
eth of this water

Shall thirst again; but whosoever  
drinketh

The water I shall give him shall  
not thirst

For evermore, for it shall be within  
him

A well of living water, springing up  
Into life everlasting.

*Samaritan Woman.* Every day  
I must go to and fro, in heat and  
cold,

And I am weary. Give me of this  
water,

That I may thirst not, nor come  
here to draw.

*Christus.* Go call thy husband,  
woman, and come hither,

*Samaritan Woman.* I have no  
husband, Sir,

*Christus.* Thou hast well said  
I have no husband. Thou hast had  
five husbands;

And he whom now thou hast is not  
thy husband.

*Samaritan Woman.* Surely thou  
art a Prophet, for thou readest  
The hidden things of life! Our  
fathers worshipped

Upon this mountain Gerizim; and  
ye say

The only place in which men ought  
to worship

Is at Jerusalem.

*Christus.* Believe me, woman,  
The hour is coming, when ye  
neither shall

Upon this mount, nor at Jeru-  
salem,

Worship the Father; for the hour  
is coming,

And is now come, when the true  
worshippers

Shall worship the Father in spirit  
and in truth!

The Father seeketh such to wor-  
ship him.

God is a Spirit; and they that  
worship him

Must worship him in spirit and in  
truth.

*Samaritan Woman.* Master, I  
know that the Messiah cometh,  
Which is called Christ; and he will  
tell us all things.

*Christus.* I that speak unto thee  
am he!

*The Disciples (returning).* Be-  
hold,

The Master sitting by the well, and  
talking

With a Samaritan woman! With  
a woman

Of Sychar, the silly people, always  
boasting

Of their Mount Ebal, and Mount  
Gerizim,

Their Everlasting Mountain, which  
they think

Higher and holier than our Mount  
Moriah!

## The Second Passover.

Why, once upon the Feast of the  
New Moon,  
When our great Sanhedrim of Jeru-  
salem  
Had all its watch-fires kindled on  
the hills  
To warn the distant villages, these  
people  
Lighted up others to mislead the  
Jews,  
And make a mockery of their festi-  
val!  
See, she has left the Master; and  
is running  
Back to the city!  
*Samaritan Woman.* O, come  
see a man  
Who hath told me all things that I  
ever did!  
Say, is not this the Christ?  
*The Disciples.* Lo, Master, here  
Is food, that we have brought thee  
from the city.  
We pray thee eat it.  
*Christus.* I have food to eat  
Ye know not of.  
*The Disciples (to each other).*  
Hath any man been here,  
And brought him aught to eat,  
while we were gone?  
*Christus.* The food I speak of is  
to do the will  
Of him that sent me, and to finish  
his work.  
Do ye not say, Lo! there are yet  
four months  
And cometh harvest? I say unto  
you,  
Lift up your eyes, and look upon  
the fields,  
For they are white already unto  
harvest!

### VII.

THE COASTS OF CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

*Christus (going up the mountain).*  
Whom do the people say I am?

*John.* Some say  
That thou art John the Baptist;  
some, Elias;  
And others, Jeremiah.  
*James.* Or that one  
Of the old Prophets is risen again.  
*Christus.* But who say ye I am?  
*Peter.* Thou art the Christ!  
Thou art the Son of God!  
*Christus.* Blessed art thou,  
Simon Barjona! Flesh and blood  
hath not  
Revealed it unto thee, but even my  
Father,  
Which is in heaven. And I say  
unto thee  
That thou art Peter; and upon this  
rock  
I build my Church, and all the  
gates of Hell  
Shall not prevail against it. But  
take heed  
Ye tell to no man that I am the  
Christ.  
For I must go up to Jerusalem,  
And suffer many things, and be re-  
jected  
Of the Chief Priests, and of the  
Scribes and Elders,  
And must be crucified, and the  
third day  
Shall rise again!  
*Peter.* Be it far from thee, Lord!  
This shall not be!  
*Christus.* Get thee behind me,  
Satan!  
Thou savourest not the things that  
be of God,  
But those that be of men! If any  
will  
Come after me, let him deny himself,  
And daily take his cross, and follow  
me.  
For whosoever will save his life  
shall lose it,  
And whosoever will lose his life  
shall find it.  
For wherein shall a man be profited

## The Divine Tragedy.

If he shall gain the whole world,  
and shall lose  
Himself or be a castaway !

*James (after a long pause).* Why  
doth

The Master lead us up into this  
mountain ?

*Peter.* He goeth up to pray.

*John.* See, where he standeth  
Above us on the summit of the hill !  
His face shines as the sun ! and all  
his raiment

Exceeding white as snow, so as  
no fuller

On earth can white them ! He is  
not alone ;

There are two with him there ; two  
men of eld,

Their white beards blowing on the  
mountain air,

Are talking with him.

*James.* I am sore afraid !

*Peter.* Who and whence are they ?

*John.* Moses and Elias !

*Peter.* O Master ! it is good for  
us to be here !

If thou wilt, let us make three  
tabernacles ;

For thee one, and for Moses and  
Elias !

*John.* Behold a bright cloud sail-  
ing in the sun !

It overshadows us. A golden mist  
Now hides them from us, and  
envelops us

And all the mountain in a lumin-  
ous shadow !

I see no more. The nearest rocks  
are hidden.

*Voice from the cloud.* Lo ! this  
is my beloved Son ! Hear him !

*Peter.* It is the voice of God.

He speaketh to us,

As from the burning bush he spake  
to Moses !

*John.* The cloud-wreaths roll  
away. The veil is lifted ;

We see again. Behold ! he is alone,

It was a vision that our eyes beheld,  
And it hath vanished into the un-  
seen.

*Christus (coming down from the  
mountain).* I charge ye, tell  
the vision unto no one,  
Till the Son of Man be risen from  
the dead !

*Peter (aside).* Again he speaks  
of it ! What can it mean,  
This rising from the dead ?

*James.* Why say the Scribes  
Elias must first come ?

*Christus.* He cometh first,  
Restoring all things. But I say to  
you,

That this Elias is already come.

They knew him not, but have done  
unto him

Whate'er they listed, as is written  
of him.

*Peter (aside).* It is of John the  
Baptist he is speaking.

*James.* As we descend, see, at  
the mountain's foot,

A crowd of people ; coming, going,  
thronging

Round the disciples, that we left  
behind us,

Seeming impatient that we stay so  
long.

*Peter.* It is some blind man, or  
some paralytic

That waits the Master's coming to  
be healed.

*James.* I see a boy, who struggles  
and demeans him

As if an unclean spirit tormented  
him ?

*A certain Man (running for-  
ward).* Lord ! I beseech thee,  
look upon my son.

He is mine only child ; a lunatic,  
And sorely vexed ; for oftentimes  
he falleth

Into the fire and oft into the water.  
Wherever the dumb spirit taketh  
him

## The Second Passover.

He teareth him. He gnasheth  
with his teeth,  
And pines away. I spake to thy  
disciples  
That they should cast him out, and  
they could not.

*Christus.* O faithless generation  
and perverse!

How long shall I be with you, and  
suffer you?

Bring thy son hither.

*Bystanders.* How the unclean  
spirit

Seizes the boy, and tortures him  
with pain!

He falleth to the ground and wal-  
lows, foaming!

He cannot live.

*Christus.* How long is it ago  
Since this came unto him?

*The Father.* Even of a child.

O have compassion on us, Lord,  
and help us,  
If thou canst help us.

*Christus.* If thou canst believe!  
For unto him that verily believeth,  
All things are possible.

*The Father.* Lord, I believe!  
Help thou mine unbelief!

*Christus.* Dumb and deaf spirit,  
Come out of him, I charge thee,  
and no more  
Enter thou into him!

*(The boy utters a loud cry of pain,  
and then lies still.)*

*Bystanders.* How motionless  
He lieth there. No life is left in him.  
His eyes are like a blind man's,  
that see not.

The boy is dead!

*Others.* Behold, the Master  
stoops,

And takes him by the hand, and  
lifts him up.

He is not dead.

*Disciples.* But one word from  
those lips

But one touch of that hand, and he  
is healed!

Ah, why could we not do it?

*The Father.* My poor child!

Now thou art mine again. The  
unclean spirit

Shall never more torment thee!  
Look at me!

Speak unto me! Say that thou  
knowest me!

*Disciples to Christus (departing).*

Good Master, tell us, for what  
reason was it

We could not cast him out?

*Christus.* Because  
of your unbelief!

### VIII.

#### THE YOUNG RULER.

*Christus.* Two men went up into  
the Temple to pray.

The one was a self-righteous Phari-  
see,

The other a Publican. And the  
Pharisee

Stood and prayed thus within him-  
self: O God,

I thank thee I am not as other men,  
Extortioners, unjust, adulterers,  
Or even as this Publican. I fast  
Twice in the week, and also I give  
tithes

Of all that I possess! The Publican,  
Standing afar off, would not lift so  
much

Even as his eyes to heaven, but  
smote his breast,  
Saying: God be merciful to me a  
sinner!

I tell you that this man went to his  
house

More justified than the other.  
Every one

That doth exalt himself shall be  
abased,

And he that humbleth himself shall  
be exalted!

## The Divine Tragedy.

*Children (among themselves).*  
Let us go nearer ! He is telling  
stories !

Let us go listen to them.

*An old Jew.* Children, children,  
What are ye doing here ? Why do  
ye crowd us ?

It was such little vagabonds as you  
That followed Elisha, mocking him  
and crying :

Go up, thou bald-head ! But the  
bears—the bears

Came out of the wood, and tare  
them !

*A Mother.* Speak not thus !  
We brought them here, that he  
might lay his hands

On them, and bless them.

*Christus.* Suffer little children  
To come unto me, and forbid them  
not ;

Of such is the kingdom of heaven ;  
and their angels

Look always on my Father's face.

*(Takes them in his arms and blesses  
them.)*

*A Young Ruler (running).* Good  
Master !

What good thing shall I do, that  
I may have

Eternal life ?

*Christus.* Why callest thou me  
good ?

There is none good but one, and  
that is God.

If thou wilt enter into life eternal,  
Keep the commandments.

*Young Ruler.* Which of them ?

*Christus.* Thou shalt not  
Commit adultery ; thou shalt not  
kill ;

Thou shalt not steal ; thou shalt  
not bear false witness ;

Honour thy father and thy mother ;  
and love

Thy neighbour as thyself.

*Young Ruler.* From my  
youth up

All these things have I kept.  
What lack I yet ?

*John.* With what divine compas-  
sion in his eyes

The Master looks upon this eager  
youth,

As if he loved him !

*Christus.* Wouldst thou  
perfect be,

Sell all thou hast, and give it to  
the poor,

And come, take up thy cross, and  
follow me,

And thou shalt have thy treasure  
in the heavens.

*John.* Behold, how sorrowful he  
turns away !

*Christus.* Children ! how hard  
it is for them that trust

In riches to enter into the kingdom  
of God !

'Tis easier for a camel to go through  
A needle's eye, than for the rich to

enter

The kingdom of God !

*John.* Ah, who then  
can be saved ?

*Christus.* With men this is in-  
deed impossible,

But unto God all things are pos-  
sible !

*Peter.* Behold, we have left all,  
and followed thee.

What shall we have therefor ?

*Christus.* Eternal life.

### IX.

#### AT BETHANY.

MARTHA *busy about household  
affairs.* MARY *sitting at the feet  
of* CHRISTUS.

*Martha.* She sitteth idly at the  
Master's feet,

And troubles not herself with  
household cares.

'Tis the old story. When a guest  
arrives



## The Second Passover.

She gives up all to be with him;  
while I

Must be the drudge, make ready  
the guest-chamber,

Prepare the food, set everything in  
order,

And see that nought is wanting in  
the house.

She shows her love by words, and  
I by works.

*Mary.* O Master! when thou  
comest it is always  
A Sabbath in the house. I cannot  
work;

I must sit at thy feet; must see  
thee, hear thee!

I have a feeble, wayward, doubting  
heart,

Incapable of endurance or great  
thoughts,

Striving for something that it can-  
not reach,

Baffled and disappointed, wounded,  
hungry;

And only when I hear thee am I  
happy,

And only when I see thee am at  
peace!

Stronger than I, and wiser, and  
far better

In every manner, is my sister  
Martha.

You see how well she orders every-  
thing

To make thee welcome; how she  
comes and goes,

Careful and cumbered ever with  
much serving,

While I but welcome thee with  
foolish words!

Whene'er thou speakest to me, I  
am happy;

When thou art silent, I am satisfied.  
Thy presence is enough. I ask no  
more.

Only to be with thee, only to see  
thee,

Sufficeth me. My heart is then at  
rest.

I wonder I am worthy of so much.

*Martha.* Lord, dost thou care  
not that my sister Mary

Hath left me thus to wait on thee  
alone?

I pray thee, bid her help me.

*Christus.* Martha, Martha,  
Careful and troubled about many  
things

Art thou, and yet one thing alone  
is needful!

Thy sister Mary hath chosen that  
good part,

Which never shall be taken away  
from her!

### X.

#### BORN BLIND.

*A Jew.* Who is this beggar  
blinking in the sun?

Is it not he who used to sit and beg  
By the Gate Beautiful?

*Another.* It is the same.

*A Third.* It is not he, but like  
him, for that beggar

Was blind from birth. It cannot  
be the same.

*The Beggar.* Yea, I am he.

*A Jew.* How have  
thine eyes been opened?

*The Beggar.* A man that is  
called Jesus made a clay

And put it on mine eyes, and said  
to me:

Go to Siloam's Pool and wash thy-  
self.

I went and washed, and I received  
my sight.

*A Jew.* Where is he?

*The Beggar.* I know not.

*Pharisees.* What  
is this crowd

Gathered about a beggar? What  
has happened?

*A Jew.* Here is a man who hath  
been blind from birth,

## The Divine Tragedy.

And now he sees. He says a man  
called Jesus  
Hath healed him.

*Pharisees.* As God liveth,  
the Nazarene !

How was this done ?

*The Beggar.* Rabboni, he put clay  
Upon mine eyes ; I washed, and  
now I see.

*Pharisees.* When did he this ?

*The Beggar.* Rabboni,  
yesterday.

*Pharisees.* The Sabbath-day.

This man is not of God  
Because he keepeth not the Sab-  
bath-day !

*A Jew.* How can a man that is  
a sinner do

Such miracles ?

*Pharisees.* What dost thou say  
of him

That hath restored thy sight ?

*The Beggar.* He is a Prophet.

*A Jew.* This is a wonderful  
story, but not true.

A beggar's fiction. He was not  
born blind,

And never has been blind !

*Others.* Here are his parents.  
Ask them.

*Pharisees.* Is this your son ?

*The Parents.* Rabboni, yea ;  
We know this is our son.

*Pharisees.* Was he born blind ?

*The Parents.* He was born blind.

*Pharisees.* Then  
how doth he now see ?

*The Parents (aside).* What an-  
swer shall we make ? If we  
confess

It was the Christ, we shall be  
driven forth

Out of the Synagogue ! We know,  
Rabboni,

This is our son, and that he was  
born blind ;

But by what means he seeth, we  
know not,

Or who his eyes hath opened, we  
know not.

He is of age—ask him ; we cannot  
say ;

He shall speak for himself.

*Pharisees.* Give God  
the praise !

We know the man that healed thee  
is a sinner !

*The Beggar.* Whether he be a  
sinner I know not ;

One thing I know, that whereas I  
was blind,

I now do see.

*Pharisees.* How opened he thine  
eyes ?

What did he do ?

*The Beggar.* I have already told  
you.

Ye did not hear ; why would ye  
hear again ?

Will ye be his disciples ?

*Pharisees.* God of Moses !

Are we demoniacs, are we halt or  
blind,

Or palsy-stricken, or lepers, or the  
like,

That we should join the Synagogue  
of Satan,

And follow jugglers ? Thou art his  
disciple,

But we are disciples of Moses ; and  
we know

That God spake unto Moses ; but  
this fellow,

We know not whence he is !

*The Beggar.* Why, herein is  
A marvellous thing ! Ye know not  
whence he is,

Yet he hath opened mine eyes !  
We know that God

Heareth not sinners ; but if any man  
Doeth God's will, and is his wor-  
shipper,

Him doth he hear. O, since the  
world began

It was not heard that any man hath  
opened

## The Second Passover.

The eyes of one that was born blind.  
If he

Were not of God, surely he could  
do nothing!

*Pharisees.* Thou, who wast alto-  
gether born in sins

And in iniquities, dost thou teach us?  
Away with thee out of the holy

places,  
Thou reprobate, thou beggar, thou

blasphemer!

(THE BEGGAR is cast out.)

### XI.

SIMON MAGUS AND HELEN OF  
TYRE.

*On the house-top at Endor. Night.  
A lighted lantern on a table.*

*Simon.* Swift are the blessed Im-  
mortals to the mortal

That perseveres! So doth it stand  
recorded

In the divine Chaldean Oracles  
Of Zoroaster, once Ezekiel's slave,

Who in his native East betook  
himself

To lonely meditation, and the writing  
On the dried skins of oxen the

Twelve Books  
Of the Avesta and the Oracles!

Therefore I persevere; and I have  
brought thee

From the great city of Tyre, where  
men deride

The things they comprehend not,  
to this plain

Of Esdraelon, in the Hebrew tongue  
Called Armageddon, and this town

of Endor,  
Where men believe; where all the

air is full  
Of marvellous traditions, and the

Enchantress  
That summoned up the ghost of

Samuel

Is still remembered. Thou hast  
seen the land:

Is it not fair to look on?

*Helen.* It is fair,  
Yet not so fair as Tyre.

*Simon.* Is not Mount Tabor  
As beautiful as Carmel by the Sea?

*Helen.* It is too silent and too  
solitary;

I miss the tumult of the streets;  
the sounds

Of traffic, and the going to and fro  
Of people in gay attire, with cloaks

of purple,  
And gold and silver jewelry!

*Simon.* Inventions  
Of Ahriman, the spirit of the dark,

The Evil Spirit!

*Helen.* I regret the gossip  
Of friends and neighbours at the

open door  
On summer nights.

*Simon.* An idle waste of time.  
*Helen.* The singing and the

dancing, the delight  
Of music and of motion. Woe is

me,  
To give up all these pleasures, and

to lead  
The life we lead!

*Simon.* Thou canst not raise  
thyself

Up to the level of my higher  
thought,

And though possessing thee, I still  
remain

Apart from thee, and with thee, am  
alone

In my high dreams.  
*Helen.* Happier was I in Tyre.

O, I remember how the gallant  
ships

Came sailing in, with ivory, gold  
and silver,

And apes and peacocks; and the  
singing sailors;

And the gay captains, with their  
silken dresses,

## The Divine Tragedy.

Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon!

*Simon.* But the dishonour,  
Helen! Let the ships  
Of Tarshish howl for that!

*Helen.* And what dishonour?  
Remember Rahab, and how she  
became

The ancestress of the great Psalmist  
David;

And wherefore should not I, Helen  
of Tyre,  
Attain like honour?

*Simon.* Thou art Helen of  
Tyre,

And hast been Helen of Troy,  
and hast been Rahab,

The Queen of Sheba, and Semi-  
ramis,

And Sara of seven husbands, and  
Jezebel,

And other women of the like allure-  
ments;

And now thou art Minerva, the  
first Æon,

The Mother of Angels!

*Helen.* And the concubine  
Of Simon the Magician! Is it  
honour

For one who has been all these  
noble dames,

To tramp about the dirty villages  
And cities of Samaria with a jug-  
gler—

A charmer of serpents?

*Simon.* He who knows himself,  
Knows all things in himself. I  
have charmed thee,

Thou beautiful asp; yet am I no  
magician.

I am the Power of God, and the  
Beauty of God!

I am the Paraclete, the Comforter!

*Helen.* Illusions! Thou de-  
ceiver, self-deceived!

Thou dost usurp the titles of  
another;

Thou art not what thou sayest.

*Simon.* Am I not?  
Then feel my power.

*Helen.* Would I had  
ne'er left Tyre!

(*He looks at her, and she sinks into  
a deep sleep.*)

*Simon.* Go, see it in thy dreams,  
fair unbeliever!

And leave me unto mine, if they be  
dreams,

That take such shapes before me,  
that I see them;

These effable and ineffable impres-  
sions

Of the mysterious world, that come  
to me

From the elements of Fire and  
Earth and Water,

And the all-nourishing Ether! It  
is written,

Look not on Nature, for her name  
is fatal!

Yet there are Principles, that make  
apparent

The images of unapparent things,  
And the impression of vague char-  
acters

And visions most divine appear in  
ether.

So speak the Oracles; then where-  
fore fatal?

I take this orange-bough, with its  
five leaves,

Each equidistant on the upright  
stem;

And I project them on a plane be-  
low,

In the circumference of a circle  
drawn

About a centre where the stem is  
planted,

And each still equidistant from the  
other;

As if a thread of gossamer were  
drawn

Down from each leaf, and fastened  
with a pin.

## The Second Passover.

Now if from these five points a line  
be traced

To each alternate point, we shall  
obtain

The Pentagram, or Solomon's  
Pentangle,

A charm against all witchcraft, and  
a sign,

Which on the banner of Antiochus  
Drove back the fierce barbarians of  
the North,

Demons esteemed, and gave the  
Syrian King

The sacred name of Soter, or of  
Saviour.

Thus Nature works mysteriously  
with man;

And from the Eternal One, as from  
a centre,

All things proceed, in fire, air, earth,  
and water,

And all are subject to one law,  
which broken

Even in a single point, is broken in  
all;

Demons rush in, and chaos comes  
again.

By this will I compel the stubborn  
spirits

That guard the treasures, hid in  
caverns deep

On Gerizim by Uzzi the High-  
Priest,

The ark and holy vessels, to reveal  
Their secret unto me, and to restore  
These precious things to the Sa-  
maritans.

A mist is rising from the plain below  
me,

And as I look the vapours shape  
themselves

Into strange figures, as if unawares  
My lips had breathed the Tetra-  
grammaton,

And from their graves, o'er all the  
battlefields

Of Armageddon, the long-buried  
captains

Had started, with their thousands,  
and ten thousands,

And rushed together to renew their  
wars,

Powerless, and weaponless, and  
without a sound!

Wake, Helen, from thy sleep! The  
air grows cold;

Let us go down.

*Helen (awaking).* O would I were  
at home!

*Simon.* Thou sayest that I usurp  
another's titles.

In youth I saw the Wise Men of the  
East,

Magalath and Pangalath, and Sara-  
cen,

Who followed the bright star, but  
home returned

For fear of Herod by another way.  
O shining worlds above me! in what  
deep

Recesses of your realms of mystery  
Lies hidden now that star; and  
where are they

That brought the gifts of frank-  
incense and myrrh?

*Helen.* The Nazarene still liveth.

*Simon.* We have heard  
His name in many towns, but have  
not seen him.

He flits before us; tarries not; is  
gone

When we approach like something  
unsubstantial,

Made of the air, and fading into  
air.

He is at Nazareth, he is at Nain,  
Or at the Lovely Village on the  
Lake,

Or sailing on its waters.

*Helen.* So say those  
Who do not wish to find him.

*Simon.* Can this be  
The King of Israel, whom the Wise  
Men worshipped?

## The Divine Tragedy.

Or does he fear to meet me? It  
would seem so.  
We should soon learn which of us  
twain usurps  
The titles of the other, as thou  
sayest.

(They go down.)



### THE THIRD PASSOVER.

#### I.

#### THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

THE SYRO-PHœNICIAN WOMAN  
and her DAUGHTER on the house-  
top at Jerusalem.

*The Daughter (singing).*

Blind Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;  
He hears the crowd ; he hears a  
breath

Say : It is Christ of Nazareth !  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησον με !

The thronging multitudes increase :  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;  
Until they say : He calleth thee !  
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent  
stands

The crowd : What wilt thou at my  
hands ?

And he replies : O, give me light !  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !  
And Jesus answers, Ὑπαγε  
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησον με !  
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι Ὑπαγε !  
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

*The Mother.* Thy faith hath saved  
thee ! Ah, how true that is !

For I had faith ; and when the  
Master came

Into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,  
fleeing

From those who sought to slay him,  
I went forth

And cried unto him, saying : Have  
mercy on me,

O Lord, thou Son of David ! for my  
daughter

Is grievously tormented with a  
devil.

But he passed on, and answered not  
a word.

And his disciples said, beseeching  
him :

Send her away ! She crieth after us !  
And then the Master answered them  
and said :

I am not sent but unto the lost sheep  
Of the House of Israel ! Then I

worshipped him,

Saying : Lord, help me ! And he  
answered me,

It is not meet to take the children's  
bread

And cast it unto dogs ! Truth, Lord,  
I said ;

And yet the dogs may eat the crumbs  
which fall

From off their master's table ; and  
he turned,

And answered me ; and said to me :  
O woman,

Great is thy faith ; then be it unto  
thee,

Even as thou wilt. And from that  
very hour

Thou wast made whole, my darling !  
my delight !

*The Daughter.* There came upon  
my dark and troubled mind

A calm, as when the tumult of the city  
Suddenly ceases, and I lie and hear

The silver trumpets of the Temple  
blowing

## The Third Passover.

Their welcome to the Sabbath. Still  
I wonder

That one who was so far away from  
me,

And could not see me, by his  
thought alone

Had power to heal me. O that I  
could see him!

*The Mother.* Perhaps thou wilt ;  
for I have brought thee here  
To keep the holy Passover, and lay  
Thine offering of thanksgiving on  
the altar.

Thou mayst both see and hear him.  
Hark !

*Voices afar off.* Hosanna !

*The Daughter.* A crowd comes  
pouring through the city gate !  
O mother, look !

*Voices in the street.* Hosanna to  
the Son

Of David !

*The Daughter.* A great multitude  
of people  
Fills all the street ; and riding on  
an ass

Comes one of noble aspect, like a  
king !

The people spread their garments  
in the way,

And scatter branches of the palm-  
trees !

*Voices.* Blessed  
Is he that cometh in the name of  
the Lord !

Hosanna in the highest !

*Other Voices.* Who is this ?

*Voices.* Jesus of Nazareth !

*The Daughter.* Mother, it is he !

*Voices.* He hath called Lazarus  
of Bethany

Out of his grave, and raised him  
from the dead !

Hosanna in the highest !

*Pharisees.* Ye perceive  
That nothing we prevail. Behold,  
the world

Is all gone after him !

*The Daughter.* What majesty  
What power is in that careworn  
countenance !

What sweetness, what compassion !  
I no longer

Wonder that he hath healed me !

*Voices.* Peace in heaven,

And glory in the highest !

*Pharisees.* Rabbi ! Rabbi !

Rebuke thy followers !

*Christus.* Should they  
hold their peace

The very stones beneath us would  
cry out !

*The Daughter.* All hath passed  
by me like a dream of wonder !  
But I have seen him, and have

heard his voice,

And I am satisfied ! I ask no more !

## II.

### SOLOMON'S PORCH.

*Gamaliel the Scribe.* When Rab-  
ban Simeon, upon whom be  
peace !

Taught in these Schools, he boasted  
that his pen

Had written no word that he could  
call his own,

But wholly and always had been  
consecrated

To the transcribing of the Law and  
Prophets.

He used to say, and never tired of  
saying,

The world itself was built upon the  
Law.

And ancient Hillel said, that who-  
soever

Gains a good name, gains something  
for himself,

But he who gains a knowledge of  
the Law

Gains everlasting life. And they  
spake truly.

Great is the Written Law ; but  
greater still

## The Divine Tragedy.

The Unwritten, the Traditions of  
the Elders,  
The lovely words of Levites, spoken  
first  
To Moses on the Mount, and  
handed down  
From mouth to mouth, in one  
unbroken sound  
And sequence of divine authority,  
The voice of God resounding  
through the ages.

The Written Law is water; the  
Unwritten  
Is precious wine; the Written Law  
is salt,  
The Unwritten costly spice; the  
Written Law  
Is but the body; the Unwritten,  
the soul  
That quickens it, and makes it  
breathe and live.

I can remember, many years ago,  
A little bright-eyed schoolboy, a  
mere stripling,  
Son of a Galilean carpenter,  
From Nazareth, I think, who came  
one day  
And sat here in the Temple with  
the Scribes,  
Hearing us speak, and asking many  
questions,  
And we were all astonished at his  
quickness.  
And when his mother came, and  
said: Behold,  
Thy father and I have sought thee,  
sorrowing;  
He looked as one astonished, and  
made answer:  
How is it that ye sought me? Wist  
ye not  
That I must be about my Father's  
business?  
Often since then I see him here  
among us,  
Or dream I see him, with his up-  
raised face

Intent and eager, and I often wonder  
Unto what manner of manhood he  
hath grown!  
Perhaps a poor mechanic, like his  
father,  
Lost in his little Galilean village  
And toiling at his craft, to die un-  
known  
And be no more remembered among  
men.

*Christus (in the outer court).* The  
Scribes and Pharisees sit in  
Moses' seat;  
All, therefore, whatsoever they  
command you,  
Observe and do; but follow not  
their works;  
They say and do not. They bind  
heavy burdens  
And very grievous to be borne, and  
lay them  
Upon men's shoulders, but they  
move them not  
With so much as a finger!

*Gamaliel (looking forth).* Who is  
this  
Exhorting in the outer courts so  
loudly?

*Christus.* Their works they do  
for to be seen of men:  
They make broad their phylacteries,  
and enlarge  
The borders of their garments, and  
they love  
The uppermost rooms at feasts, and  
the chief seats  
In Synagogues, and greetings in the  
markets,  
And to be called of all men Rabbi,  
Rabbi!

*Gamaliel.* It is that loud and  
turbulent Galilean,  
That came here at the Feast of  
Dedication,  
And stirred the people up to break  
the Law!

*Christus.* Woe unto you, ye  
Scribes and Pharisees,



## The Third Passover.

Ye hypocrites ! for ye shut up the kingdom

Of heaven, and neither go ye in yourselves

Nor suffer them that are entering to go in !

*Gamaliel.* How eagerly the people throng and listen,  
As if his ribald words were words of wisdom !

*Christus.* Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! for ye devour the houses

Of widows, and for pretence ye make long prayers ;

Therefore shall ye receive the more damnation.

*Gamaliel.* This brawler is no Jew,—he is a vile Samaritan, and hath an unclean spirit !

*Christus.* Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! ye compass sea and land

To make one proselyte, and when he is made

Ye make him twofold more the child of hell

Than you yourselves are !

*Gamaliel.* O my father's father !

Hillel of blessed memory, hear and judge !

*Christus.* Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! for ye pay tithe of mint,

Of anise and of cumin, and omit The weightier matters of the law of God,

Judgment and faith and mercy ; and all these

Ye ought to have done, nor leave undone the others !

*Gamaliel.* O Rabban Simeon ! how must thy bones

Stir in their grave to hear such blasphemies !

*Christus.* Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites ! for ye make clean and sweet

The outside of the cup and of the platter,

But they within are full of all excess !

*Gamaliel.* Patience of God ! canst thou endure so long ?

Or art thou deaf, or gone upon a journey ?

*Christus.* Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites ! for ye are very like To whited sepulchres, which indeed appear

Beautiful outwardly, but are within Filled full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness !

*Gamaliel.* Am I awake ? Is this Jerusalem ?

And are these Jews that throng and stare and listen ?

*Christus.* Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,  
Ye hypocrites ! because ye build the tombs

Of Prophets, and adorn the sepulchres

Of righteous men, and say : If we had lived

When lived our fathers, we would not have been

Partakers with them in the blood of Prophets.

So ye be witnesses unto yourselves, That ye are children of them that killed the Prophets !

Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

I send unto you Prophets and Wise Men,

And Scribes, and some ye crucify, and some

Scourge in your Synagogues, and persecute

## The Divine Tragedy.

From city to city ! that on you may  
 come  
 The righteous blood that hath been  
 shed on earth,  
 From the blood of righteous Abel  
 to the blood  
 Of Zacharias, son of Barachias,  
 Ye slew between the Temple and  
 the altar !

*Gamaliel.* O, had I here my  
 subtle dialectician,  
 My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-  
 maker,  
 Whose wit is sharper than his  
 needle's point,  
 He would delight to foil this noisy  
 wrangler !

*Christus.* Jerusalem ! Jerusa-  
 lem ! O thou  
 That killest the Prophets, and that  
 stonest them  
 Which are sent unto thee, how  
 often would I  
 Have gathered together thy chil-  
 dren, as a hen  
 Gathereth her chickens underneath  
 her wing,  
 And ye would not ! Behold, your  
 house is left  
 Unto you desolate !

*The People.* This is a Prophet !  
 This is the Christ that was to  
 come !

*Gamaliel.* Ye fools !  
 Think ye, shall Christ come out of  
 Galilee ?

### III.

LORD, IS IT I ?

*Christus.* One of you shall betray  
 me.

*The Disciples.* Is it I ?  
 Lord, is it I ?

*Christus.* One of the Twelve it is  
 That dippeth with me in this dish  
 his hand ;

He shall betray me. Lo, the Son  
 of Man

Goeth indeed as it is written of  
 him ;

But woe shall be unto that man by  
 whom

He is betrayed ! Good were it for  
 that man

If he had ne'er been born !

*Judas Iscariot.* Lord, is it I ?

*Christus.* Ay, thou hast said.

And that thou doest, do quickly.

*Judas Iscariot (going out).* Ah,  
 woe is me !

*Christus.* All ye shall be offended  
 Because of me this night ; for it is  
 written :

Awake, O sword, against my shep-  
 herd ! Smite

The shepherd, saith the Lord of  
 Hosts, and scattered

Shall be the sheep !—But after I  
 am risen

I go before you into Galilee.

*Peter.* O Master ! though all  
 men shall be offended

Because of thee, yet will not I be !

*Christus.* Simon,  
 Behold how Satan hath desired to  
 have you,

That he may sift you as one sifteth  
 wheat !

Whither I go thou canst not follow  
 me,—

Not now ;—but thou shalt follow  
 me hereafter.

*Peter.* Wherefore can I not  
 follow thee ? I am ready  
 To go with thee to prison and to  
 death.

*Christus.* Verily say I unto thee,  
 this night,

Ere the cock crow, thou shalt deny  
 me thrice !

*Peter.* Though I should die, yet  
 will I not deny thee.

*Christus.* When first I sent you  
 forth without a purse,

## The Third Passover.

Or scrip, or shoes, did ye lack anything?

*The Disciples.* Not anything.

*Christus.* But he

that hath a purse,

Now let him take it, and likewise his scrip;

And he that hath no sword, let him go sell

His clothes and buy one. That which hath been written

Must be accomplished now: He hath poured out

His soul even unto death; he hath been numbered

With the transgressors, and himself hath borne

The sin of many, and made intercession

For the transgressors. And here have an end

The things concerning me.

*Peter.* Behold, O Lord, Behold, here are two swords!

*Christus.* It is enough.

### IV.

#### THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

*Christus.* My spirit is exceeding sorrowful,  
Even unto death! Tarry ye here and watch.

*(He goes apart.)*

*Peter.* Under this ancient olive-tree, that spreads  
Its broad centennial branches like a tent,

Let us lie down and rest.

*John.* What are those torches That glimmer on Brook Kedron there below us?

*James.* It is some marriage-feast; the joyful maidens  
Go out to meet the bridegroom.

*Peter.* I am weary.  
The struggles of this day have overcome me.

*(They sleep.)*

*Christus (falling on his face).*

Father! all things are possible to thee,—

O let this cup pass from me! Nevertheless

Not as I will, but as thou wilt, be done!

*(Returning to the Disciples.)*

What! could ye not watch with me for one hour?

O watch and pray, that ye may enter not

Into temptation. For the spirit indeed

Is willing, but the flesh is weak!

*John.* Alas!  
It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.—

I see again the glimmer of those torches

Among the olives; they are coming hither.

*James.* Outside the garden wall the path divides;

Surely they come not hither.

*(They sleep again.)*

*Christus (as before).* O my Father!

If this cup may not pass away from me,

Except I drink of it, thy will be done.

*(Returning to the Disciples.)*

Sleep on; and take your rest!

*John.* Beloved Master,  
Alas! we know not what to answer thee!

It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.—

Behold, the torches now encompass us.

*James.* They do but go about the garden wall,

## The Divine Tragedy.

Seeking for some one, or for something lost.

*(They sleep again.)*

*Christus (as before).* If this cup may not pass away from me, Except I drink of it, thy will be done.

*(Returning to the Disciples.)*

It is enough! Behold, the Son of Man

Hath been betrayed into the hands of sinners!

The hour is come. Rise up, let us be going;

For he that shall betray me is at hand.

*John.* Ah me! See, from his forehead, in the torchlight, Great drops of blood are falling to the ground!

*Peter.* What lights are these?

What torches glare and glisten Upon the swords and armour of these men?

And there among them Judas Iscariot!

*(He smites the servant of the High-Priest with his sword.)*

*Christus.* Put up thy sword into its sheath; for they That take the sword shall perish with the sword.

The cup my Father hath given me to drink,

Shall I not drink it? Think'st thou that I cannot

Pray to my Father, and that he shall give me

More than twelve legions of angels presently?

*Judas (to Christus, kissing him).*

Hail, Master! hail!

*Christus.* Friend, wherefore art thou come?

Whom seek ye?

*Captain of the Temple.* Jesus of Nazareth.

*Christus.* I am he.  
Are ye come hither as against a thief,

With swords and staves to take me? When I daily

Was with you in the Temple, ye stretched forth

No hands to take me! But this is your hour,

And this the power of darkness. If ye seek

Me only, let these others go their way.

*(The Disciples depart. CHRISTUS is bound and led away. A certain young man follows him, having a linen cloth cast about his body. They lay hold of him, and the young man flees from them naked.)*

### V.

#### THE PALACE OF CAIAPHAS.

*Pharisees.* What do we? Clearly something must we do, For this man worketh many miracles.

*Caiaphas.* I am informed that he is a mechanic;

A carpenter's son; a Galilean peasant,

Keeping disreputable company.

*Pharisees.* The people say that here in Bethany

He hath raised up a certain Lazarus,

Who had been dead three days.

*Caiaphas.* Impossible! There is no resurrection of the dead;

This Lazarus should be taken, and put to death

As an impostor. If this Galilean Would be content to stay in

Galilee, And preach in country towns, I should not heed him.

## The Third Passover.

But when he comes up to Jerusalem  
Riding in triumph, as I am in-  
formed,  
And drives the money-changers  
from the Temple,  
That is another matter.

*Pharisees.* If we thus  
Let him alone, all will believe on  
him,  
And then the Romans come and  
take away

Our place and nation.

*Caiaphas.* Ye know nothing  
at all.

Simon Ben Camith, my great pre-  
decessor,

On whom be peace! would have  
dealt presently

With such a demagogue. I shall  
no less.

The man must die. Do ye consider  
not

It is expedient that one man  
should die,

Not the whole nation perish? What  
is death?

It differeth from sleep but in dura-  
tion.

We sleep and wake again; an hour  
or two

Later or earlier, and it matters not,  
And if we never wake it matters not;

When we are in our graves we are  
at peace,—

Nothing can wake us or disturb  
us more.

There is no resurrection.

*Pharisees (aside).* O most  
faithful

Disciple of Hyrcanus Maccabæus,  
Will nothing but complete annihila-  
tion

Comfort and satisfy thee?

*Caiaphas.* While ye are talking  
And plotting, and contriving how to  
take him,

Fearing the people, and so doing  
naught,

I, who fear not the people, have  
been acting;

Have taken this Prophet, this  
young Nazarene,

Who by Beelzebub the Prince of  
devils

Casteth out devils, and doth raise  
the dead,

That might as well be dead, and  
left in peace.

Annas my father-in-law hath sent  
him hither.

I hear the guard. Behold your  
Galilean!

(CHRISTUS is brought in bound.)

*Servant (in the vestibule).* Why  
art thou up so late, my pretty  
damsel?

*Damsel.* Why art thou up so  
early, pretty man?

It is not cock-crow yet, and art  
thou stirring?

*Servant.* What brings thee here?  
*Damsel.* What

brings the rest of you?

*Servant.* Come here and warm  
thy hands.

*Damsel (to Peter).* Art thou  
not also

One of this man's disciples?

*Peter.* I am not.

*Damsel.* Now surely thou art  
also one of them;

Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech  
Bewrayeth thee.

*Peter.* Woman, I know him not!

*Caiaphas (to Christus, in the  
Hall).* Who art thou? Tell us  
plainly of thyself

And of thy doctrines, and of thy  
disciples.

*Christus.* Lo, I have spoken  
openly to the world;

I have taught ever in the Syna-  
gogue,

And in the Temple, where the Jews  
resort;

## The Divine Tragedy.

In secret have said nothing.

Wherefore then

Askest thou me of this? Ask them  
that heard me

What I have said to them. Behold,  
they know

What I have said!

*Officer (striking him).* What,  
fellow! answerest thou

The High-Priest so?

*Christus.* If I have spoken evil,  
Bear witness of the evil; but if well,  
Why smitest thou me?

*Caiaphas.* Where are the  
witnesses?

Let them say what they know.

*The two False Witnesses.* We  
heard him say:

I will destroy this Temple made  
with hands,

And will within three days build  
up another

Made without hands.

*Scribes and Pharisees.* He is  
o'erwhelmed with shame  
And cannot answer!

*Caiaphas.* Dost thou answer  
nothing?

What is this thing they witness  
here against thee?

*Scribes and Pharisees.* He holds  
his peace.

*Caiaphas.* Tell us, art thou the  
Christ?

I do adjure thee by the living God,  
Tell us, art thou indeed the Christ?

*Christus.* I am.

Hereafter shall ye see the Son of  
Man

Sit on the right hand of the power  
of God,

And come in clouds of heaven!

*Caiaphas (rending his clothes).*

It is enough.

He hath spoken blasphemy! What  
further need

Have we of witnesses? Now ye  
have heard

His blasphemy. What think ye?

Is he guilty?

*Scribes and Pharisees.* Guilty of  
death!

*Kinsman of Malchus (to Peter,  
in the vestibule).* Surely I know  
thy face;

Did I not see thee in the garden  
with him?

*Peter.* How couldst thou see me?

I swear unto thee

I do not know this man of whom  
ye speak!

*(The cock crows.)*

Hark! the cock crows! That  
sorrowful pale face

Seeks for me in the crowd, and  
looks at me,

As if he would remind me of those  
words:

Ere the cock crow thou shalt deny  
me thrice!

*(Goes out weeping. CHRISTUS is  
blindfolded and buffeted.)*

*An Officer (striking him with his  
palm).* Prophesy unto us, thou

Christ, thou Prophet!

Who is it smote thee?

*Caiaphas.* Lead him unto Pilate!

### VI.

PONTIUS PILATE.

*Pilate.* Wholly incomprehensible  
to me,

Vainglorious, obstinate, and given  
up

To unintelligible old traditions,  
And proud and self-conceited are

these Jews!

Not long ago, I marched the legions  
down

### The Third Passover.

From Cæsarea to their winter-  
quarters  
Here in Jerusalem, with the effigies  
Of Cæsar on their ensigns, and a  
tumult  
Arose among these Jews, because  
their Law  
Forbids the making of all images !  
They threw themselves upon the  
ground with wild  
Expostulations, bared their necks,  
and cried  
That they would sooner die than  
have their Law  
Infringed in any manner: as if  
Numa  
Were not as great as Moses, and  
the Laws  
Of the Twelve Tables as their Penta-  
teuch !  
And then, again, when I desired to  
span  
Their valley with an aqueduct, and  
bring  
A rushing river in to wash the city  
And its inhabitants,—they all re-  
belled  
As if they had been herds of un-  
washed swine !  
Thousands and thousands of them  
got together  
And raised so great a clamour round  
my doors,  
That, fearing violent outbreak, I  
desisted,  
And left them to their wallowing in  
the mire.

And now here comes the reverend  
Sanhedrim  
Of lawyers, priests, and Scribes and  
Pharisees,  
Like old and toothless mastiffs, that  
can bark,  
But cannot bite, howling their ac-  
cusations  
Against a mild enthusiast, who hath  
preached

I know not what new doctrine, being  
King  
Of some vague kingdom in the other  
world,  
That hath no more to do with Rome  
and Cæsar  
Than I have with the patriarch  
Abraham !  
Finding this man to be a Gali-  
lean,  
I sent him straight to Herod, and I  
hope  
That is the last of it ; but if it be  
not,  
I still have power to pardon and  
release him,  
As is the custom at the Passover,  
And so accommodate the matter  
smoothly,  
Seeming to yield to them, yet saving  
him ;  
A prudent and sagacious policy  
For Roman Governors in the  
Provinces.

Incomprehensible, fanatic people !  
Ye have a God, who seemeth like  
yourselves  
Incomprehensible, dwelling apart,  
Majestic, cloud - encompassed,  
clothed in darkness !  
One whom ye fear, but love not ;  
yet ye have  
No Goddesses to soften your stern  
lives,  
And make you tender unto human  
weakness,  
While we of Rome have everywhere  
around us  
Our amiable divinities, that haunt  
The woodlands, and the waters,  
and frequent  
Our households, with their sweet  
and gracious presence !  
I will go in, and while these Jews  
are wrangling,  
Read my Ovidius on the Art of  
Love.

VII.

BARABBAS IN PRISON.

*Barabbas (to his fellow-prisoners).*

Barabbas is my name,  
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,  
Is the meaning I suppose;  
I'm no better than the best,  
And whether worse than the rest  
Of my fellow-men, who knows?

I was once, to say it in brief,  
A highwayman, a robber chief,  
In the open light of day.  
So much I am free to confess;  
But all men, more or less,  
Are robbers in their way.

From my cavern in the crags,  
From my lair of leaves and flags,  
I could see, like ants, below,  
The camels with their load  
Of merchandise, on the road  
That leadeth to Jericho.

And I struck them unaware,  
As an eagle from the air  
Drops down upon bird or beast;  
And I had my heart's desire  
Of the merchants of Sidon and Tyre,  
And Damascus and the East.

But it is not for that I fear;  
It is not for that I am here  
In these iron fetters bound;  
Sedition! that is the word  
That Pontius Pilate heard,  
And he liketh not the sound.

What, think ye, would he care  
For a Jew slain here or there,  
Or a plundered caravan?  
But Cæsar!—ah, that is a crime,  
To the uttermost end of time  
Shall not be forgiven to man.

Therefore was Herod wroth  
With Matthias Margaloth,  
And burned him for a show!  
Therefore his wrath did smite  
Judas the Gaulonite,  
And his followers, as ye know.

For that cause, and no more,  
Am I here, as I said before;  
For one unlucky night  
Jucundus, the captain of horse,  
Was upon us with all his force,  
And I was caught in the fight.

I might have fled with the rest,  
But my dagger was in the breast  
Of a Roman equerry;  
As we rolled there in the street,  
They bound me, hands and feet;  
And this is the end of me.

Who cares for death? Not I!  
A thousand times I would die,  
Rather than suffer wrong!  
Already those women of mine  
Are mixing the myrrh and the wine;  
I shall not be with you long.

VIII.

ECCE HOMO.

*Pilate (on the Tessellated Pavement in front of his Palace).*  
Ye have brought unto me this  
man, as one

Who doth pervert the people; and  
behold!

I have examined him, and found no  
fault

Touching the things whereof ye do  
accuse him.

No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you  
to him,

And nothing worthy of death he  
findeth in him.

Ye have a custom at the Passover,  
That one condemned to death shall  
be released.



### The Third Passover.

Whom will ye, then, that I release to you ?

Jesus Barabbas, called the Son of Shame,

Or Jesus, son of Joseph, called the Christ ?

*The People (shouting).* Not this man, but Barabbas !

*Pilate.* What then will ye That I should do with him that is called Christ ?

*The People.* Crucify him !

*Pilate.* Why, what evil hath he done ?

Lo, I have found no cause of death in him ;

I will chastise him, and then let him go.

*The People (more vehemently).* Crucify him ! crucify him !

*A Messenger (to Pilate).* Thy wife sends

This message to thee : Have thou nought to do

With that just man ; for I this day in dreams

Have suffered many things because of him.

*Pilate (aside).* The Gods speak to us in our dreams ! I tremble At what I have to do ! O Claudia, How shall I save him ? Yet one effort more,

Or he must perish !

*(Washes his hands before them.)*

I am innocent Of the blood of this just person ; see ye to it !

*The People.* Let his blood be on us and on our children !

*Voices (within the Palace).* Put on thy royal robes ; put on thy crown,

And take thy sceptre ! Hail, thou King of the Jews !

*Pilate.* I bring him forth to you, that ye may know

I find no fault in him. Behold the man !

*(CHRISTUS is led in, with the purple robe and crown of thorns.)*

*Chief Priests and Officers.* Crucify him ! crucify him !

*Pilate.* Take ye him ;

I find no fault in him.

*Chief Priests* We have a Law, And by our Law he ought to die ; because

He made himself to be the Son of God.

*Pilate (aside).* Ah ! there are Sons of God, and demi-gods

More than ye know, ye ignorant High-Priests !

*(To CHRISTUS.)*

Whence art thou ?

*Chief Priests.* Crucify him ! crucify him !

*Pilate (to Christus).* Dost thou not answer me ? Dost thou not know

That I have power enough to crucify thee ?

That I have also power to set thee free ?

*Christus.* Thou couldst have no power at all against me

Except that it were given thee from above ;

Therefore hath he that sent me unto thee

The greater sin.

*Chief Priests.* If thou let this man go

Thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whosoever

Maketh himself a King speaks against Cæsar.

*Pilate.* Ye Jews, behold your King !

*Chief Priests.* Away with him ! Crucify him !

*Pilate.* Shall I crucify your King ?

## The Divine Tragedy.

*Chief Priests.* We have no King  
but Cæsar!

*Pilate.* Take him, then,  
Take him, ye cruel and bloodthirsty  
Priests,  
More merciless than the plebeian  
mob,  
Who pity and spare the fainting  
gladiator  
Blood-stained in Roman amphi-  
theatres,—

Take him, and crucify him if ye will;  
But if the immortal Gods do ever  
mingle

With the affairs of mortals, which  
I doubt not,

And hold the attribute of justice  
dear,

They will commission the Eu-  
menides

To scatter you to the four winds of  
heaven,

Exactng tear for tear, and blood  
for blood.

Here, take ye this inscription,  
Priests, and nail it

Upon the cross, above your victim's  
head :

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

*Chief Priests.* Nay, we entreat!  
write not, the King of the Jews;  
But that he said : I am the King  
of the Jews !

*Pilate.* Enough. What I have  
written, I have written !

### IX.

#### ACELDAMA.

*Judas Iscariot.* Lost ! lost ! for  
ever lost ! I have betrayed  
The innocent blood ! O God ! if  
thou art love,  
Why didst thou leave me naked to  
the tempter ?  
Why didst thou not commission  
thy swift lightning

To strike me dead ? or why did  
I not perish

With those by Herod slain, the  
innocent children

Who went with playthings in their  
little hands,

Into the darkness of the other world,  
As if to bed ? Or wherefore was

I born,  
If thou in thy foreknowledge didst  
perceive

All that I am, and all that I must be ?  
I know I am not generous, am not

gentle  
Like other men ; but I have tried

to be,  
And I have failed. I thought by

following Him,  
I should grow like him ; but the

unclean spirit  
That from my childhood up hath

tortured me  
Hath been too cunning and too

strong for me.  
Am I to blame for this ? Am I to

blame  
Because I cannot love, and ne'er  
have known

The love of woman or the love of  
children ?

It is a curse and a fatality,  
A mark, that hath been set upon my

forehead,  
That none shall slay me, for it were

a mercy  
That I were dead, or never had

been born.

Too late ! too late ! I shall not see  
him more

Among the living. That sweet,  
patient face

Will never more rebuke me, nor  
those lips

Repeat the words : One of you  
shall betray me !

It stung me into madness. How  
I loved,

## The Third Passover.

Yet hated him! But in the other world!

I will be there before him, and will wait

Until he comes, and fall down on my knees

And kiss his feet, imploring pardon, pardon!

I heard him say: All sins shall be forgiven,

Except the sin against the Holy Ghost.

That shall not be forgiven in this world,

Nor in the world to come. Is that my sin?

Have I offended so there is no hope Here nor hereafter? That I soon shall know.

O God, have mercy! Christ have mercy on me!

*(Throws himself headlong from the cliff.)*

### X.

#### THE THREE CROSSES.

*Manahem, the Essenian.* Three crosses in this noonday night uplifted,

Three human figures, that in mortal pain

Gleam white against the supernatural darkness;

Two thieves, that writhe in torture, and between them

The suffering Messiah, the son of Joseph,

Ay, the Messiah Triumphant, son of David!

A crown of thorns on that dishonoured head!

Those hands that healed the sick now pierced with nails,

Those feet that wandered homeless through the world

Now crossed and bleeding, and at rest for ever!

And the three faithful Maries, overwhelmed

By this great sorrow, kneeling, praying, weeping!

O Joseph Caiaphas, thou great High-Priest,

How wilt thou answer for this deed of blood?

*Scribes and Elders.* Thou that destroyest the Temple, and dost build it

In three days, save thyself; and if thou be

The Son of God, come down now from the cross.

*Chief Priests.* Others he saved, himself he cannot save!

Let Christ the King of Israel descend,

That we may see and believe!

*Scribes and Elders.* In God he trusted;

Let him deliver him, if he will have him,

And we will then believe.

*Christus.* Father! forgive them; They know not what they do.

*The Impenitent Thief.* If thou be Christ,

O save thyself and us!

*The Penitent Thief.* Remember me,

Lord, when thou comest into thine own kingdom.

*Christus.* This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

*Manahem.* Golgotha! Golgotha! O the pain and darkness!

O the uplifted cross, that shall for ever

Shine through the darkness, and shall conquer pain

By the triumphant memory of this hour!

## The Divine Tragedy.

*Simon Magus.* O Nazarene! I  
find thee here at last!  
Thou art no more a phantom unto  
me!

This is the end of one who called  
himself  
The Son of God! Such is the fate  
of those

Who preach new doctrines. 'Tis not  
what he did,  
But what he said, hath brought him  
unto this.

I will speak evil of no dignitaries.  
This is my hour of triumph, Naza-  
rene!

*The Young Ruler.* This is the end  
of him who said to me:  
Sell that thou hast, and give unto  
the poor!

This is the treasure in heaven he  
promised me!

*Christus.* Eloi, Eloi, lama sa-  
bathani!

*A Soldier (preparing the hyssop).*  
He calleth for Elias!

*Another.* Nay, let be!  
See if Elias now will come to save  
him!

*Christus.* I thirst.

*A Soldier.* Give him the  
wormwood!

*Christus (with a loud cry, bow-  
ing his head).* It is finished!

### XI.

#### THE TWO MARIES.

*Mary Magdalene.* We have  
arisen early, yet the sun  
O'ertakes us ere we reach the  
sepulchre,  
To wrap the body of our blessed  
Lord  
With our sweet spices.

*Mary, mother of James.* Lo, this  
is the garden,

And yonder is the sepulchre. But  
who  
Shall roll away the stone for us to  
enter?

*Mary Magdalene.* It hath been  
rolled away! The sepulchre  
Is open! Ah, who hath been here  
before us,

When we rose early, wishing to be  
first?

*Mary, mother of James.* I am  
affrighted!

*Mary Magdalene.* Hush! I will  
stoop down  
And look within. There is a young  
man sitting  
On the right side, clothed in a long  
white garment!

It is an angel!

*The Angel.* Fear not; ye are  
seeking  
Jesus of Nazareth, which was cruci-  
fied.

Why do ye seek the living among  
the dead?

He is no longer here; he is arisen!  
Come see the place where the Lord  
lay! Remember

How he spake unto you in Galilee,  
Saying: The Son of Man must be  
delivered

Into the hands of sinful men; by  
them

Be crucified, and the third day rise  
again!

But go your way, and say to his  
disciples,

He goeth before you into Galilee;  
There shall ye see him as he said to  
you.

*Mary, mother of James.* I will  
go swiftly for them.

*Mary Magdalene (alone, weep-  
ing).* They have taken  
My Lord away from me, and now  
I know not

Where they have laid him! Who is  
there to tell me?

## The Third Passover.

This is the gardener. Surely he must know.

*Christus.* Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?

*Mary Magdalene.* They have taken my Lord away; I cannot find him.

O Sir, if thou have borne him hence, I pray thee

Tell me where thou hast laid him.

*Christus.* Mary!

*Mary Magdalene.* Rabboni!

### XII.

#### THE SEA OF GALILEE.

*Nathanael (in the ship).* All is now ended.

*John.* Nay, he is arisen. I ran unto the tomb, and stooping down

Looked in, and saw the linen grave-clothes lying,

Yet dared not enter.

*Peter.* I went in, and saw The napkin that had been about his head,

Not lying with the other linen clothes,

But wrapped together in a separate place.

*Thomas.* And I have seen him. I have seen the print

Of nails upon his hands, and thrust my hands

Into his side. I know he is arisen; But where are now the kingdom

and the glory He promised unto us? We have all dreamed

That we were princes, and we wake to find

We are but fishermen.

*Peter.* Who should have been Fishers of men!

*John.* We have come back again

To the old life, the peaceful life, among

The white towns of the Galilean lake.

*Peter.* They seem to me like silent sepulchres

In the gray light of morning! The old life,—

Yea, the old life! for we have toiled all night

And have caught nothing.

*John.* Do ye see a man Standing upon the beach and beckoning?

'Tis like an apparition. He hath kindled

A fire of coals, and seems to wait for us.

He calleth.

*Christus (from the shore).* Children, have ye any meat?

*Peter.* Alas! we have caught nothing.

*Christus.* Cast the net On the right side of the ship, and ye shall find.

*Peter.* How that reminds me of the days gone by,

And one who said: Launch out into the deep,

And cast your nets!

*Nathanael.* We have but let them down

And they are filled, so that we cannot draw them!

*John.* It is the Lord!

*Peter (girding his fisher's coat about him).* He said: When I am risen

I will go before you into Galilee!

(*He casts himself into the lake.*)

*John.* There is no fear in love; for perfect love

Casteth out fear. Now then, if ye are men,

## The Divine Tragedy.

Put forth your strength ; we are not far from shore ;

The net is heavy, but breaks not. All is safe.

*Peter (on the shore).* Dear Lord ! I heard thy voice and could not wait.

Let me behold thy face, and kiss thy feet !

Thou art not dead, thou livest ! Again I see thee.

Pardon, dear Lord ! I am a sinful man ;

I have denied thee thrice. Have mercy on me !

*The Others (coming to land).* Dear Lord ! stay with us ! cheer us ! comfort us !

Lo ! we again have found thee ! Leave us not !

*Christus.* Bring hither the fish that ye have caught, And come and eat.

*John.* Behold ! he breaketh bread As he was wont. From his own blessed hands

Again we take it.

*Christus.* Simon, son of Jonas, Lovest thou me more than these others ?

*Peter.* Yea, More, Lord, than all men ; even more than these.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

*Christus.* Feed my lambs.

*Thomas (aside).* How more than we do ? He remaineth ever Self-confident and boastful as before.

Nothing will cure him.

*Christus.* Simon, son of Jonas, Lovest thou me ?

*Peter.* Yea, dearest Lord, I love thee.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

*Christus.* Feed my sheep.

*Thomas (aside).* Again, the self-same question, and the answer

Repeated with more vehemence.

Can the Master Doubt if we love him ?

*Christus.* Simon, son of Jonas, Lovest thou me ?

*Peter (grieved).* Dear Lord ! thou knowest all things.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

*Christus.* Feed my sheep. When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst

Whither thou wouldst ; but when thou shalt be old,

Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and other men

Shall gird and carry thee whither thou wouldst not.

Follow thou me !

*John (aside).* It is a prophecy Of what death he shall die.

*Peter (pointing to John).* Tell me, O Lord, And what shall this man do ?

*Christus.* And if I will He tarry till I come, what is it to thee ?

Follow thou me !

*Peter.* Yea, I will follow thee, dear Lord and Master !

Will follow thee through fasting and temptation,

Through all thine agony and bloody sweat,

Thy cross and passion, even unto death !

## EPILOGUE.

### SYMBOLUM APOSTOLORUM.

*Peter.* I believe in God the Father Almighty ;

*John.* Maker of Heaven and Earth ;

*James.* And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord ;

## Epilogue.

---

*Andrew.* Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary ;

*Philip.* Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried ;

*Thomas.* And the third day he rose again from the dead ;

*Bartholomew.* He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty ;

*Matthew.* From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

*James, the son of Alphaeus.* I believe in the Holy Ghost ; the holy Catholic Church ;

*Simon Zelotes.* The communion of Saints ; the forgiveness of sins ;

*Jude.* The resurrection of the body ;

*Matthias.* And the Life Everlasting.

## The Abbot Joachim.

*A room in the Convent of Flora in Calabria. Night.*

*Joachim.* The wind is rising ; it  
seizes and shakes  
The doors and window-blinds, and  
makes

Mysterious moanings in the halls ;  
The convent-chimneys seem almost  
The trumpets of some heavenly  
host,

Setting its watch upon our walls !  
Where it listeth, there it bloweth ;  
We hear the sound, but no man  
knoweth

Whence it cometh or whither it  
goeth,

And thus it is with the Holy Ghost.  
O breath of God ! O my delight  
In many a vigil of the night,  
Like the great voice in Patmos  
heard

By John, the Evangelist of the Word,  
I hear thee behind me saying : Write  
In a book the things that thou hast  
seen,

The things that are, and that have  
been,

And the things that shall hereafter  
be !

This convent, on the rocky crest  
Of the Calabrian hills, to me  
A Patmos is wherein I rest ;  
While round about me like a sea  
The white mists roll, and overflow

The world that lies unseen below  
In darkness and in mystery.  
Here in the Spirit, in the vast  
Embrace of God's encircling arm,  
Am I uplifted from all harm ;  
The world seems something far  
away,

Something belonging to the Past,  
A hostelry, a peasant's farm,  
That lodged me for a night or day,  
In which I care not to remain,  
Nor, having left, to see again.

Thus, in the hollow of God's hand  
I dwelt on sacred Tabor's height,  
When as a simple acolyte  
I journeyed to the Holy Land,  
A pilgrim for my Master's sake,  
And saw the Galilean Lake,  
And walked through many a village  
street

That once had echoed to his feet.  
There first I heard the great com-  
mand,

The voice behind me saying : Write !  
And suddenly my soul became  
Illumined by a flash of flame,  
That left imprinted on my thought  
The image I in vain had sought,  
And which for ever shall remain ;  
As sometimes from these windows  
high,



Gazing at midnight on the sky  
Black with a storm of wind and rain,  
I have beheld a sudden glare  
Of lightning lay the landscape bare,  
With tower and town and hill and plain

Distinct, and burnt into my brain,  
Never to be effaced again !

And I have written. These volumes  
three,

The Apocalypse, the Harmony  
Of the Sacred Scriptures, new and  
old,

And the Psalter with Ten Strings,  
enfold

Within their pages, all and each,  
The Eternal Gospel that I teach.  
Well I remember the Kingdom of  
Heaven

Hath been likened to a little leaven  
Hidden in two measures of meal,  
Until it leavened the whole mass ;  
So likewise will it come to pass  
With the doctrine that I here con-  
ceal.

Open and manifest to me  
The truth appears, and must be told:  
All sacred mysteries are threefold ;  
Three Persons in the Trinity,  
Three Ages of Humanity,  
And Holy Scriptures likewise Three,  
Of Fear, of Wisdom, and of Love ;  
For Wisdom that begins in Fear  
Endeth in Love ; the atmosphere  
In which the soul delights to be,  
And finds that perfect liberty  
Which cometh only from above.

In the first Age, the early prime  
And dawn of all historic time,  
The Father reigned ; and face to  
face

He spake with the primeval race.  
Bright Angels on his errands sent,  
Sat with the patriarch in his tent ;  
His prophets thundered in the street ;  
His lightnings flashed, his hail-  
storms beat :

In tempest and in cloud he came,  
In earthquake and in flood and  
flame !

The fear of God is in his Book ;  
The pages of the Pentateuch  
Are full of the terror of his name.

Then reigned the Son ; his Covenant  
Was peace on earth, good-will to  
man ;

With him the reign of Law began.  
He was the Wisdom and the Word,  
And sent his Angels Ministrant,  
Unterrified and undeterred,  
To rescue souls forlorn and lost.  
The troubled, tempted, tempest-  
tost,

To heal, to comfort, and to teach.  
The fiery tongues of Pentecost  
His symbols were, that they should  
preach

In every form of human speech,  
From continent to continent.

He is the Light Divine, whose rays  
Across the thousand years unspent  
Shine through the darkness of our  
days,

And touch with their celestial fires  
Our churches and our convent  
spires.

His Book is the New Testament.  
These Ages now are of the Past ;  
And the Third Age begins at last.  
The coming of the Holy Ghost,  
The reign of Grace, the reign of  
Love,

Brightens the mountain-tops above,  
And the dark outline of the coast.  
Already the whole land is white

With convent walls, as if by night  
A snow had fallen on hill and height !  
Already from the streets and marts  
Of town and traffic, and low cares,  
Men climb the consecrated stairs  
With weary feet, and bleeding  
hearts ;

And leave the world and its delights,  
Its passions, struggles, and de-  
spairs,

## The Abbot Joachim.

---

For contemplation and for prayers  
In cloister-cells of Cœnobites.

Eternal benedictions rest  
Upon thy name, Saint Benedict !  
Founder of convents in the West,  
Who built on Mount Cassino's crest,  
In the Land of Labour, thine eagle's  
nest !

May I be found not derelict  
In aught of faith or godly fear,  
If I have written, in many a page,  
The Gospel of the coming age,  
The Eternal Gospel men shall hear.  
O may I live resembling thee,  
And die at last as thou hast died ;  
So that hereafter men may see,  
Within the choir, a form of air,  
Standing with arms outstretched in  
prayer,  
As one that hath been crucified !

My work is finished ; I am strong  
In faith and hope and charity ;  
For I have written the things I see,  
The things that have been and shall  
be,

Conscious of right, nor fearing  
wrong ;

Because I am in love with Love,  
And the sole thing I hate is Hate ;  
For Hate is death ; and Love is  
life,

A peace, a splendour from above ;  
And Hate, a never-ending strife,  
A smoke, a blackness from the  
abyss

Where unclean serpents coil and  
hiss !

Love is the Holy Ghost within ;  
Hate, the unpardonable sin !  
Who preaches otherwise than this,  
Betrays his Master with a kiss !

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## The Masque of Pandora.

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### I.

#### THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS.

*Hephæstus (standing before the statue of PANDORA).*

Not fashioned out of gold, like  
Hera's throne,  
Nor forged of iron like the thunder-  
bolts  
Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works  
Wrought by my hands at Lemnos  
or Olympus,  
But moulded in soft clay, that un-  
resisting  
Yields itself to the touch, this lovely  
form  
Before me stands, perfect in every  
part.  
Not Aphrodite's self appeared more  
fair,  
When first upwafted by caressing  
winds  
She came to high Olympus, and  
the gods  
Paid homage to her beauty. Thus  
her hair  
Was cinctured; thus her floating  
drapery  
Was like a cloud about her, and her  
face  
Was radiant with the sunshine and  
the sea.

*The Voice of Zeus.*

Is thy work done, Hephæstus?

*Heph.*

It is finished!

*The Voice.*

Not finished till I breathe the breath  
of life  
Into her nostrils, and she moves  
and speaks.

*Heph.*

Will she become immortal like our-  
selves?

*The Voice.*

The form that thou hast fashioned  
out of clay  
Is of the earth and mortal; but the  
spirit,  
The life, the exhalation of my  
breath,  
Is of diviner essence and immortal.  
The gods shall shower on her their  
benefactions,  
She shall possess all gifts: the gift  
of song,  
The gift of eloquence, the gift of  
beauty,  
The fascination and the nameless  
charm  
That shall lead all men captive.  
*Heph.* Wherefore? wherefore?  
(*A wind shakes the house.*)  
I heard the rushing of a mighty  
wind  
Through all the halls and chambers  
of my house!  
Her parted lips inhale it, and her  
bosom

## The Masque of Pandora.

Heaves with the inspiration. As  
a reed  
Beside a river in the rippling current  
Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts  
her head.  
She gazes round about as if  
amazed ;  
She is alive ; she breathes, but yet  
she speaks not !

(PANDORA *descends from the pedestal.*)

CHORUS OF THE GRACES.

*Aglaia.*

In the workshop of Hephæstus  
What is this I see ?  
Have the Gods to four increased us  
Who were only three ?  
Beautiful in form and feature,  
Lovely as the day,  
Can there be so fair a creature  
Formed of common clay ?

*Thalia.*

O sweet, pale face ! O lovely eyes of  
azure,  
Clear as the waters of a brook  
that run  
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun !  
O golden hair that like a miser's  
treasure  
In its abundance overflows the  
measure !  
O graceful form, that cloudlike  
floatest on  
With the soft, undulating gait of  
one  
Who moveth as if motion were a  
pleasure !  
By what name shall I call thee ?  
Nymph or Muse,  
Callirrhœor Urania ? Some sweet  
name  
Whose every syllable is a caress  
Would best befit thee ; but I cannot  
choose,

Nor do I care to choose ; for  
still the same,  
Nameless or named, will be thy  
loveliness.

*Euphrosyne.*

Dowered with all celestial gifts,  
Skilled in every art  
That ennobles and uplifts  
And delights the heart,  
Fair on earth shall be thy fame  
As thy face is fair,  
And Pandora be the name  
Thou henceforth shall bear.

## II.

### OLYMPUS.

*Hermes (putting on his sandals).*

Much must he toil who serves the  
Immortal Gods,  
And I, who am their herald, most  
of all.  
No rest have I, nor respite. I no  
sooner  
Unclasp the winged sandals from  
my feet,  
Than I again must clasp them, and  
depart  
Upon some foolish errand. But to-  
day  
The errand is not foolish. Never yet  
With greater joy did I obey the  
summons  
That sends me earthward. I will  
fly so swiftly  
That my caduceus in the whistling  
air  
Shall make a sound like the Pan-  
dæan pipes,  
Cheating the shepherds ; for to-day  
I go,  
Commissioned by high-thundering  
Zeus, to lead  
A maiden to Prometheus, in his  
tower,

## The Masque of Pandora.

And by my cunning arguments persuade him  
To marry her. What mischief lies concealed  
In this design I know not ; but I know  
Who thinks of marrying hath already taken  
One step upon the road to penitence.  
Such embassies delight me. Forth I launch  
On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall  
Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like him  
Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery steeds.  
I sink, I fly ! The yielding element  
Folds itself round about me like an arm,  
And holds me as a mother holds her child.

### III.

#### TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON MOUNT CAUCASUS.

##### *Prometheus.*

I hear the trumpet of Alectryon  
Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin to fade,  
And all the heavens are full of prophecies  
And evil auguries. Blood-red last night  
I saw great Kronos rise ; the crescent moon  
Sank through the mist, as if it were the scythe  
His parricidal hand had flung far down  
The western steeps. O ye Immortal Gods,  
What evil are ye plotting and contriving ?

(HERMES and PANDORA at the threshold.)

##### *Pandora.*

I cannot cross the threshold. An unseen  
And icy hand repels me. These blank walls  
Oppress me with their weight !

##### *Prom.*

Powerful ye are,  
But not omnipotent. Ye cannot fight  
Against Necessity. The Fates control you,  
As they do us, and so far we are equals !

##### *Pandora.*

Motionless, passionless, companionless,  
He sits there muttering in his beard.  
His voice  
Is like a river flowing underground !

##### *Hermes.*

Prometheus, hail !

##### *Prom.*

Who calls me ?

##### *Herm.*

It is I.  
Dost thou not know me ?

##### *Prom.*

By thy winged cap  
And winged heels I know thee.  
Thou art Hermes,  
Captain of thieves ! Hast thou again been stealing  
The heifers of Admetus in the sweet  
Meadows of asphodel ? or Hera's girdle ?  
Or the earth-shaking trident of Poseidon ?

##### *Herm.*

And thou, Prometheus ; say, hast thou again  
Been stealing fire from Helios' chariot-wheels  
To light thy furnaces ?

##### *Prom.*

Why comest thou hither  
So early in the dawn ?

##### *Herm.*

The Immortal Gods

## The Masque of Pandora.

Know naught of late or early. Zeus  
himself

The omnipotent hath sent me.

*Prom.* For what purpose?

*Herm.*

To bring this maiden to thee.

*Prom.* I mistrust  
The Gods and all their gifts. If  
they have sent her

It is for no good purpose.

*Herm.* What disaster  
Could she bring on thy house, who  
is a woman?

*Prom.*

The Gods are not my friends, nor  
am I theirs.

Whatever comes from them, though  
in a shape

As beautiful as this, is evil only.

Who art thou?

*Pand.* One who, though  
to thee unknown,  
Yet knoweth thee.

*Prom.* How shouldst thou  
know me, woman?

*Pand.*

Who knoweth not Prometheus the  
humane?

*Prom.*

Prometheus the unfortunate; to  
whom

Both Gods and men have shown  
themselves ungrateful.

When every spark was quenched  
on every hearth

Throughout the earth, I brought to  
man the fire

And all its ministrations. My re-  
ward

Hath been the rock and vulture.

*Herm.* But the Gods  
At last relent and pardon.

*Prom.* They relent not;

They pardon not; they are implac-  
able,  
Revengeful, unforgiving!

*Herm.* As a pledge  
Of reconciliation they have sent to  
thee

This divine being, to be thy com-  
panion,

And bring into thy melancholy  
house

The sunshine and the fragrance of  
her youth.

*Prom.*

I need them not. I have within  
myself

All that my heart desires; the ideal  
beauty

Which the creative faculty of mind  
Fashions and follows in a thousand  
shapes

More lovely than the real. My  
own thoughts

Are my companions; my designs  
and labours

And aspirations are my only friends.

*Herm.*

Decide not rashly. The decision  
made

Can never be recalled. The Gods  
implore not,

Plead not, solicit not; they only  
offer

Choice and occasion, which once  
being passed

Return no more. Dost thou accept  
the gift?

*Prom.*

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever  
shape

It comes to me, with whatsoever  
charm

To fascinate my sense, will I receive.  
Leave me.

*Pand.* Let us go hence. I will  
not stay.

## The Masque of Pandora.

*Herm.*

We leave thee to thy vacant dreams,  
and all  
The silence and the solitude of  
thought,  
The endless bitterness of un-  
belief,  
The loneliness of existence without  
love.

### CHORUS OF THE FATES.

*Clotho.*

How the Titan, the defiant,  
The self-centred, self-reliant,  
Wrapped in visions and illusions  
Robs himself of life's best gifts !  
Till by all the storm-winds  
shaken,  
By the blast of fate o'ertaken,  
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,  
In the mists of his confusions  
To the reefs of doom he drifts !

*Lachesis.*

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,  
From no agonies exempted,  
In the penance of his trial,  
And the discipline of pain ;  
Often by illusions cheated,  
Often baffled and defeated  
In the tasks to be completed,  
He, by toil and self-denial,  
To the highest shall attain.

*Atropos.*

Tempt no more the noble schemer ;  
Bear unto some idle dreamer  
This new toy and fascination,  
This new dalliance and delight !  
To the garden where reposes  
Epimetheus crowned with roses,  
To the door that never closes  
Upon pleasure and temptation,  
Bring this vision of the night !

### IV.

#### THE AIR.

*Hermes (returning to Olympus).*

As lonely as the tower that he in-  
habits,  
As firm and cold as are the crags  
about him,  
Prometheus stands. The thunder-  
bolts of Zeus  
Alone can move him ; but, the  
tender heart  
Of Epimetheus, burning at white  
heat,  
Hammers and flames like all his  
brother's forges !  
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's  
bow,  
My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar  
Into the air, returning to Olympus.  
O joy of motion ! O delight to cleave  
The infinite realms of space, the  
liquid ether,  
Through the warm sunshine and  
the cooling cloud,  
Myself as light as sunbeam or as  
cloud !  
With one touch of my swift and  
winged feet,  
I spurn the solid earth, and leave it  
rocking  
As rocks the bough from which a  
bird takes wing.

### V.

#### THE HOUSE OF EPIME- THEUS.

*Epimetheus.*

Beautiful apparition ! go not hence !  
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy  
voice  
Is a celestial melody, and thy form  
Self-poised as if it floated on the air !

## The Masque of Pandora.

*Pandora.*  
 No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly  
 birth,  
 But a mere woman fashioned out  
 of clay  
 And mortal as the rest.

*Epim.* Thy face is fair ;  
 There is a wonder in thine azure  
 eyes  
 That fascinates me. Thy whole  
 presence seems  
 A soft desire, a breathing thought  
 of love.

Say, would thy star like Merope's  
 grow dim  
 If thou shouldst wed beneath thee ?

*Pand.* Ask me not ;  
 I cannot answer thee. I only  
 know  
 The Gods have sent me hither.

*Epim.* I believe,  
 And thus believing am most for-  
 tunate.

It was not Hermes led thee here,  
 but Eros,  
 And swifter than his arrows were  
 thine eyes  
 In wounding me. There was no  
 moment's space  
 Between my seeing thee and loving  
 thee.

O, what a tell-tale face thou hast !  
 Again  
 I see the wonder in thy tender  
 eyes.

*Pand.*  
 They do but answer to the love in  
 thine.

Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst  
 love me :

Thou knowest me not.

*Epim.* Perhaps I know  
 thee better  
 Than had I known thee longer.  
 Yet it seems  
 That I have always known thee,  
 and but now

Have found thee. Ah, I have been  
 waiting long.

*Pand.*  
 How beautiful is this house ! The  
 atmosphere  
 Breathes rest and comfort, and the  
 many chambers  
 Seem full of welcomes.

*Epim.* They not only seem,  
 But truly are. This dwelling and  
 its master  
 Belong to thee.

*Pand.* Here let me stay for ever !  
 There is a spell upon me.

*Epim.* Thou thyself  
 Art the enchantress, and I feel thy  
 power  
 Envelop me, and wrap my soul and  
 sense  
 In an Elysian dream.

*Pand.* O, let me stay.  
 How beautiful are all things round  
 about me,  
 Multiplied by the mirrors on the  
 walls !  
 What treasures hast thou here ! Yon  
 oaken chest,  
 Carven with figures and embossed  
 with gold,  
 Is wonderful to look upon ! What  
 choice  
 And precious things dost thou keep  
 hidden in it ?

*Epim.*  
 I know not. 'Tis a mystery.

*Pand.* Hast thou never  
 Lifted the lid ?

*Epim.* The oracle forbids.  
 Safely concealed there from all  
 mortal eyes  
 For ever sleeps the secret of the  
 Gods.

Seek not to know what they have  
 hidden from thee,  
 Till they themselves reveal it.

*Pand.* As thou wilt.



## The Masque of Pandora.

*Epim.*

Let us go forth from this mysterious place.

The garden walks are pleasant at this hour ;

The nightingales among the sheltering boughs

Of populous and many-nested trees

Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me

By what resistless charms or incantations

They won their mates.

*Pand.* Thou dost not need a teacher.

(*They go out.*)

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals  
Confide to thy keeping,  
Tell unto no man ;  
Waking or sleeping,  
Closed be thy portals  
To friend as to foeman.

Silence conceals it ;  
The word that is spoken  
Betrays and reveals it ;  
By breath or by token  
The charm may be broken.

With shafts of their splendours  
The Gods unforgiving  
Pursue the offenders,  
The dead and the living !  
Fortune forsakes them,  
Nor earth shall abide them,  
Nor Tartarus hide them ;  
Swift wrath overtakes them !

With useless endeavour,  
For ever, for ever,  
Is Sisyphus rolling  
His stone up the mountain !  
Immersed in the fountain,  
Tantalus tastes not  
The water that wastes not !

Through ages increasing  
The pangs that afflict him,  
With motion unceasing  
The wheel of Ixion  
Shall torture its victim !

VI.

IN THE GARDEN.

*Epimetheus.*

Yon snow-white cloud that sails  
sublime in ether

Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like  
a swan

Flies to fair-ankled Leda !

*Pandora.* Or perchance  
Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape  
of Hera,

That bore the Centaurs.

*Epim.* The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Gently swaying to and fro,  
Rocked by all the winds that blow,  
Bright with sunshine from above  
Dark with shadow from below,  
Beak to beak and breast to breast  
In the cradle of their nest,  
Lie the fledglings of our love.

*Echo.* Love ! love !

*Epim.*

Hark ! listen ! Hear how sweetly  
overhead  
The feathered flute-players pipe  
their songs of love,  
And echo answers, love and only  
love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Every flutter of the wing,  
Every note of song we sing,  
Every murmur, every tone,  
Is of love and love alone.

*Echo.* Love alone !

*Epim.*

Who would not love, if loving she  
might be

## The Masque of Pandora.

Changed like Callisto to a star in heaven?

*Pand.*

Ah, who would love, if loving she might be  
Like Semele consumed and burnt to ashes?

*Epim.*

Whence knowest thou these stories?

*Pand.* Hermes taught me;  
He told me all the history of the Gods.

### CHORUS OF REEDS.

Evermore a sound shall be  
In the reeds of Arcady,  
Evermore a low lament  
Of unrest and discontent,  
As the story is retold  
Of the nymph so coy and cold,  
Who with frightened feet outran  
The pursuing steps of Pan.

*Epim.*

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds  
is made,  
And when he plays upon it to the  
shepherds  
They pity him, so mournful is the  
sound.  
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx  
was.

*Pand.*

Nor thou as Pan be rude and  
mannerless.

*Prom. (without).*

Ho! Epimetheus!

*Epim.* 'Tis my brother's voice;  
A sound unwelcome and inopportune

As was the braying of Silenus' ass,  
Once heard in Cybele's garden.

*Pand.* Let me go.  
I would not be found here. I would  
not see him.

(*She escapes among the trees.*)

### CHORUS OF DRYADES.

Haste and hide thee,  
Ere too late,  
In these thickets intricate;  
Lest Prometheus  
See and chide thee,  
Lest some hurt  
Or harm betide thee,  
Haste and hide thee!

*Prom. (entering).*

Who was it fled from here? I saw  
a shape  
Flitting among the trees.

*Epim.* It was Pandora.

*Prom.*

O Epimetheus? Is it then in vain  
That I have warned thee? Let me  
now implore.  
Thou harbour'st in thy house a  
dangerous guest.

*Epim.*

Whom the Gods love they honour  
with such guests.

*Prom.*

Whom the Gods would destroy they  
first make mad.

*Epim.*

Shall I refuse the gifts they send to  
me!

*Prom.*

Reject all gifts that come from  
higher powers.

*Epim.*

Such gifts as this are not to be re-  
jected.

*Prom.*

Make not thyself the slave of any  
woman.

*Epim.*

Make not thyself the judge of any  
man.

*Prom.*

I judge thee not; for thou art  
more than man;

## The Masque of Pandora.

Thou art descended from Titanic  
race,  
And hast a Titan's strength, and  
faculties  
That make thee godlike ; and thou  
sittest here  
Like Heracles spinning Omphale's  
flax,  
And beaten with her sandals.

*Epim.* O my brother !  
Thou drivest me to madness with  
thy taunts.

*Prom.*  
And me thou drivest to madness  
with thy follies.  
Come with me to my tower on  
Caucasus :  
See there my forges in the roaring  
caverns,  
Beneficent to man, and taste the  
joy  
That springs from labour. Read  
with me the stars,  
And learn the virtues that lie hid-  
den in plants,  
And all things that are useful.

*Epim.* O my brother !  
I am not as thou art. Thou dost  
inherit  
Our father's strength, and I our  
mother's weakness :  
The softness of the Oceanides,  
The yielding nature that cannot  
resist.

*Prom.*  
Because thou wilt not.

*Epim.* Nay ; because I cannot.  
*Prom.*  
Assert thyself ; rise up to thy full  
height ;  
Shake from thy soul these dreams  
effeminate,  
These passions born of indolence  
and ease.  
Resolve, and thou art free. But  
breathe the air

Of mountains, and their unap-  
proachable summits  
Will lift thee to the level of them-  
selves.

*Epim.*  
The roar of forests and of water-  
falls,  
The rushing of a mighty wind, with  
loud  
And undistinguishable voices call-  
ing,  
Are in my ear !

*Prom.* O, listen and obey.  
*Epim.*  
Thou leadest me as a child. I  
follow thee.

(*They go out.*)

### CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains ;  
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted  
Helios crowns by day,  
Pallid Selene by night ;  
From their bosoms uptossed  
The snows are driven and drifted,  
Like Tithonus' beard  
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind  
Their trumpets blow in the vastness ;  
Phantoms of mist and rain,  
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,  
Pass and repass by the gates  
Of their inaccessible fastness ;  
Ever unmoved they stand,  
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

### VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow  
In their inexhaustible sources,  
Swollen by affluent streams  
Hurrying onward and hurled  
Headlong over the crags,  
The impetuous water-courses  
Rush and roar and plunge  
Down to the nethermost world.

## The Masque of Pandora.

Say, have the solid rocks  
Into streams of silver been melted,  
Flowing over the plains,  
Spreading to lakes in the fields?  
Or have the mountains, the giants,  
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,  
Scattered their arms abroad;  
Flung in the meadows their shields?

### VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs  
That bolts of thunder have shattered,  
Storm-winds muster and blow  
Trumpets of terrible breath;  
Then from the gateways rush,  
And before them routed and scattered  
Sullen the cloud-rack flies,  
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides,  
And flee for shelter the shepherds;  
White are the frightened leaves,  
Harvests with terror are white;  
Panic seizes the herds,  
And even the lions and leopards,  
Prowling no longer for prey,  
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

### VOICES OF THE FOREST.

Guarding the mountains around  
Majestic the forests are standing,  
Bright are their crested helms,  
Dark is their armour of leaves;  
Filled with the breath of freedom  
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,  
Now like the ocean sinks,  
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,  
With foreheads stern and defiant,  
Loud they shout to the winds,  
Loud to the tempest they call;  
Naught but Olympian thunders,  
That blasted Titan and Giant,  
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,  
Shaking the earth with their fall.

### CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three  
Of winds and forests and fountains,  
Voices of earth and of air,  
Murmur and rushing of streams,  
Making together one sound,  
The mysterious voice of the mountains,

Waking the sluggard that sleeps,  
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three,  
That speak of endless endeavour,  
Speak of endurance and strength,  
Triumph and fulness of fame,  
Sounding about the world,  
An inspiration for ever,  
Stirring the hearts of men,  
Shaping their end and their aim.

## VII.

### THE HOUSE OF EPIME- THEUS.

#### *Pandora.*

Left to myself I wander as I will,  
And as my fancy leads me, through  
this house,  
Nor could I ask a dwelling more  
complete  
Were I indeed the Goddess that  
he deems me.  
No mansion of Olympus, framed  
to be  
The habitation of the Immortal  
Gods,  
Can be more beautiful. And this  
is mine,  
And more than this, the love where-  
with he crowns me.  
As if impelled by powers invisible  
And irresistible, my steps return  
Unto this spacious hall. All cor-  
ridors  
And passages lead hither, and all  
doors  
But open into it. Yon mysterious  
chest

## The Masque of Pandora.

Attracts and fascinates me. Would  
I knew

What there lies hidden! But the  
oracle

Forbids. Ah me! The secret  
then is safe.

So would it be if it were in my  
keeping.

A crowd of shadowy faces from the  
mirrors

That line these walls are watching  
me. I dare not

Lift up the lid. A hundred times  
the act

Would be repeated, and the secret  
seen

Bytwice a hundred incorporeal eyes.

*(She walks to the other side of the  
hall.)*

My feet are weary, wandering to  
and fro,

My eyes with seeing and my heart  
with waiting.

I will lie here and rest till he returns,  
Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios.

*(Throws herself upon a couch, and  
falls asleep.)*

### ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and  
deep,

O son of Erebus and Night;  
All sense of hearing and of sight

Enfold in the serene delight  
And quietude of sleep!

Set all thy silent sentinels  
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,  
And keep the evil dreams of fate  
And falsehood and infernal hate  
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,  
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise  
The dreams of truth, with starry  
eyes,

And all the wondrous prophecies  
And visions of the morn.

### CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,  
It is in vain ye keep  
Your drowsy watch before the  
Ivory Gate;

Though closed the portal seems,  
The airy feet of dreams  
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams  
Born by Tartarean streams,  
As ministers of the infernal powers;  
O son of Erebus  
And Night, behold! we thus  
Elude your watchful warders on the  
towers!

From gloomy Tartarus  
The Fates have summoned us  
To whisper in her ear, who lies  
asleep,  
A tale to fan the fire  
Of her insane desire  
To know a secret that the Gods  
would keep.

This passion, in their ire,  
The Gods themselves inspire,  
To vex mankind with evils manifold,  
So that disease and pain  
O'er the whole earth may reign,  
And nevermore return the Age of  
Gold.

### *Pand. (waking).*

A voice said in my sleep: 'Do  
not delay:  
Do not delay; the golden moments  
fly!

The oracle hath forbidden; yet not  
thee  
Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus  
only!'

I am alone. These faces in the  
mirrors  
Are but the shadows and phantoms  
of myself;

## The Masque of Pandora.

They cannot help nor hinder. No  
one sees me,  
Save the all-seeing Gods, who,  
knowing good  
And knowing evil, have created me  
Such as I am, and filled me with  
desire  
Of knowing good and evil like  
themselves.

*(She approaches the chest.)*

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,  
Or life or death, the moment shall  
decide.

*(She lifts the lid. A dense mist  
rises from the chest, and fills the  
room. PANDORA falls senseless  
on the floor. Storm without.)*

### CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide !  
It already hath decided ;  
And the secret once confided  
To the keeping of the Titan  
Now is flying far and wide,  
Whispered, told on every side,  
To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,  
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,  
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,  
All the evils that hereafter  
Shall afflict and vex mankind,  
All into the air have risen  
From the chambers of their prison ;  
Only Hope remains behind.

### VIII.

#### IN THE GARDEN.

*Epimetheus.*

The storm is past, but it hath left  
behind it  
Ruin and desolation. All the walks  
Are strewn with shattered boughs ;  
the birds are silent ;

The flowers, downtrodden by the  
wind, lie dead ;  
The swollen rivulet sobs with secret  
pain,  
The melancholy reeds whisper  
together  
As if some dreadful deed had been  
committed  
They dare not name, and all the air  
is heavy  
With an unspoken sorrow ! Pre-  
monitions,  
Foreshadowings of some terrible  
disaster  
Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert  
the omen !

*Pandora (coming from the house).*

O Epimetheus, I no longer dare  
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear  
thy voice,  
Being no longer worthy of thy love.

*Epim.*

What hast thou done ?

*Pand.* Forgive me  
not, but kill me.

*Epim.*

What hast thou done ?

*Pand.* I pray for death,  
not pardon.

*Epim.*

What hast thou done ?

*Pand.* I dare not speak of it.

*Epim.*

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify  
me !

*Pand.*

I have brought wrath and ruin on  
thy house !  
My heart hath braved the oracle  
that guarded  
The fatal secret from us, and my  
hand  
Lifted the lid of the mysterious  
chest !

## The Masque of Pandora.

*Epim.*

Then all is lost ! I am indeed undone.

*Pand.*

I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

*Epim.*

Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall

The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed

Their secret when, in evil hour, I said

It was a secret ; when, in evil hour, I left thee here alone to this temptation.

Why did I leave thee ?

*Pand.* Why didst thou return ? Eternal absence would have been to me

The greatest punishment. To be left alone

And face to face with my own crime, had been

Just retribution. Upon me, ye Gods,

Let all your vengeance fall !

*Epim.* On thee and me. I do not love thee less for what is done,

And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness

Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth

My love will have a sense of pity in it,

Making it less a worship than before.

*Pand.*

Pity me not ; pity is degradation. Love me and kill me.

*Epim.* Beautiful Pandora ! Thou art a Goddess still !

*Pand.* I am a woman ; And the insurgent demon in my nature,

That made me brave the oracle, revolts

At pity and compassion. Let me die ;

What else remains for me ?

*Epim.* Youth, hope, and love ; To build a new life on a ruined life,

To make the future fairer than the past,

And make the past appear a troubled dream.

Even now in passing through the garden walks

Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest

Ruined and full of rain ; and over me

Beheld the uncomplaining birds already

Busy in building a new habitation.

*Pand.*

Auspicious omen !

*Epim.* May the Eumenides Put out their torches and behold us not,

And fling away their whips of scorpions

And touch us not.

*Pand.* Me let them punish. Only through punishment of our evil deeds,

Only through suffering, are we reconciled

To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

### CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these  
Escape the Eumenides,  
The daughters dark of Acheron  
and Night !

Unquenched our torches glare,  
Our scourges in the air  
Send forth prophetic sounds before  
they smite.

## The Masque of Pandora.

---

Never by lapse of time  
The soul defaced by crime  
Into its former self returns  
again ;  
For every guilty deed  
Holds in itself the seed  
Of retribution and undying  
pain.

Never shall be the loss  
Restored, till Helios  
Hath purified them with his hea-  
venly fires ;  
Then what was lost is won,  
And the new life begun,  
Kindled with nobler passions and  
desires.



# The Hanging of the Crane.

## I.

THE lights are out, and gone are  
all the guests  
That thronging came with merri-  
ment and jests  
To celebrate the Hanging of the  
Crane  
In the new house,—into the night  
are gone;  
But still the fire upon the hearth  
burns on,  
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,  
When a new household finds its  
place  
Among the myriad homes of  
earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to  
birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious  
way  
Into the boundless realms of  
space!

So said the guests in speech and  
song,  
As in the chimney, burning bright,  
We hung the iron crane to-night,  
And merry was the feast and long.

## II.

And now I sit and muse on what  
may be,  
And in my vision see, or seem to  
see,  
Through floating vapours inter-  
fused with light,

Shapes indeterminate, that gleam  
and fade,  
As shadows passing into deeper  
shade  
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,  
Is spread the table round and  
small;  
Upon the polished silver shine  
The evening lamps, but, more  
divine,  
The light of love shines over all;  
Of love, that says not mine and  
thine,  
But ours,—for ours is thine and  
mine.

They want no guests, to come  
between  
Their tender glances like a  
screen,  
And tell them tales of land and  
sea,  
And whatsoever may betide  
The great, forgotten world out-  
side;  
They want no guests; they needs  
must be  
Each other's own best company.

## III.

The picture fades; as at a village  
fair  
A showman's views, dissolving into  
air,  
Again appear transfigured on the  
screen,  
So in my fancy this; and now once  
more,

## The Hanging of the Crane.

In part transfigured, through the  
open door  
Appears the self-same scene.

Seated, I see the two again,  
But not alone ; they entertain  
A little angel unaware,  
With face as round as is the  
moon ;  
A royal guest with flaxen hair,  
Who, throned upon his lofty  
chair,  
Drums on the table with his  
spoon,  
Then drops it careless on the floor,  
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners ?  
these  
The ways that win, the arts that  
please ?

Ah yes ; consider well the guest,  
And whatsoe'er he does seems  
best ;

He ruleth by the right divine  
Of helplessness, so lately born  
In purple chambers of the morn,  
As sovereign over thee and thine.  
He speaketh not ; and yet there  
lies

A conversation in his eyes ;  
The golden silence of the Greek,  
The gravest wisdom of the wise,  
Not spoken in language, but in  
looks

More legible than printed books,  
As if he could but would not  
speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,  
Thy power is put to proof ; for,  
lo !

Resistless, fathomless, and slow,  
The nurse comes rustling like  
the sea,

And pushes back thy chair and  
thee,

And so good night to King  
Canute.

### IV.

As one who walking in a forest  
sees

A lovely landscape through the  
parted trees,

Then sees it not, for boughs that  
intervene ;

Or as we see the moon sometimes  
revealed

Through drifting clouds, and then  
again concealed,

So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table  
now ;

The king, deposed and older  
grown,

No longer occupies the throne,—  
The crown is on his sister's

brow ;

A Princess from the Fairy Isles,  
The very pattern girl of girls,

All covered and embowered in  
curls,

Rose-tinted from the Isle of  
Flowers,

And sailing with soft, silken sails  
From far-off Dreamland into  
ours.

Above their bowls with rims of  
blue

Four azure eyes of deeper hue  
Are looking, dreamy with de-  
light ;

Limpid as planets that emerge  
Above the ocean's rounded verge,  
Soft-shining through the sum-  
mer night.

Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing  
see

Beyond the horizon of their  
bowls ;

Nor care they for the world that  
rolls

With all its freight of troubled  
souls

Into the days that are to be.

## The Hanging of the Crane.

### V.

Again the tossing boughs shut out  
the scene,  
Again the drifting vapours inter-  
vene,  
And the moon's pallid disc is  
hidden quite;  
And now I see the table wider  
grown,  
Asround a pebble into water thrown  
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,  
I see it garlanded with guests,  
As if fair Ariadne's Crown  
Out of the sky had fallen down;  
Maidens within whose tender  
breasts  
A thousand restless hopes and  
fears,  
Forth reaching to the coming  
years,  
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,  
Like timid birds that fain would  
fly,  
But do not dare to leave their  
nests;—  
And youths, who in their strength  
elate  
Challenge the van and front of  
fate,  
Eager as champions to be  
In the divine knight-errantry  
Of youth, that travels sea and  
land  
Seeking adventures, or pursues,  
Through cities, and through soli-  
tudes  
Frequented by the lyric Muse,  
The phantom with the beckoning  
hand,  
That still allures and still eludes.  
O sweet illusions of the brain!  
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!  
The world is bright while ye re-  
main,  
And dark and dead when ye are  
lost!

### VI.

The meadow-brook, that seemeth  
to stand still,  
Quickens its current as it nears the  
mill;  
And so the stream of Time that  
lingereth  
In level places, and so dull ap-  
pears,  
Runs with a swifter current as it  
nears  
The gloomy mills of Death.  
And now, like the magician's  
scroll,  
That in the owner's keeping  
shrinks  
With every wish he speaks or  
thinks,  
Till the last wish consumes the  
whole,  
The table dwindles, and again  
I see the two alone remain.  
The crown of stars is broken in  
parts;  
Its jewels, brighter than the day,  
Have one by one been stolen  
away  
To shine in other homes and  
hearts.  
One is a wanderer now afar  
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,  
Or sunny regions of Cathay;  
And one is in the boisterous camp  
Mid clink of arms and horses'  
tramp,  
And battle's terrible array.  
I see the patient mother read,  
With aching heart, of wrecks that  
float  
Disabled on those seas remote,  
Or of some great heroic deed  
On battlefields, where thousands  
bleed  
To lift one hero into fame.  
Anxious she bends her graceful  
head  
Above these chronicles of pain,

## The Hanging of the Crane.

And trembles with a secret dread  
Lest there among the drowned  
or slain  
She find the one beloved name.

### VII.

After a day of cloud and wind  
and rain  
Sometimes the setting sun breaks  
out again,  
And, touching all the darksome  
woods with light,  
Smiles on the fields, until they  
laugh and sing,  
Then like a ruby from the horizon's  
ring  
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is  
fair,  
The storm of grief, the clouds of  
care,  
The wind, the rain, have passed  
away;  
The lamps are lit, the fires burn  
bright,  
The house is full of life and light:  
It is the Golden Wedding day.  
The guests come thronging in  
once more,  
Quick footsteps sound along the  
floor,

The trooping children crowd the  
stair,  
And in and out and everywhere  
Flashes along the corridor  
The sunshine of their golden  
hair.  
On the round table in the hall  
Another Ariadne's Crown  
Out of the sky hath fallen down;  
More than one Monarch of the  
Moon  
Is drumming with his silver  
spoon;  
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!  
The people sing, the people say.  
The ancient bridegroom and the  
bride,  
Smiling contented and serene  
Upon the blithe, bewildering  
scene,  
Behold, well pleased, on every  
side  
Their forms and features multi-  
plied,  
As the reflection of a light  
Between two burnished mirrors  
gleams,  
Or lamps upon a bridge at night  
Stretch on and on before the  
sight,  
Till the long vista endless seems.

# Morituri Salutamus.

POEM FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF  
1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,  
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.

OVID, *Fastorum*, Lib. vi.

<p>'O CÆSAR, we who are about to die Salute you!' was the gladiators' cry In the arena, standing face to face With death and with the Roman populace.</p> <p>O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine, That once were mine and are no longer mine,— Thou river, widening through the meadows green To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,— Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose And vanished,—we who are about to die Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky, And the Imperial Sun that scatters down His sovereign splendours upon grove and town.</p> <p>Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear! We are forgotten; and in your austere And calm indifference, ye little care Whether we come or go, or whence or where.</p>	<p>What passing generations fill these halls, What passing voices echo from these walls, Ye heed not; we are only as the blast, A moment heard, and then for ever past.</p> <p>Not so the teachers who in earlier days Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze; They answer us—alas! what have I said? What greetings come there from the voiceless dead? What salutation, welcome, or reply? What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie? They are no longer here; they all are gone Into the land of shadows,—all save one. Honour and reverence, and the good repute That follows faithful service as its fruit, Be unto him, whom living we salute.</p> <p>The great Italian poet, when he made His dreadful journey to the realms of shade, Met there the old instructor of his youth,</p>
--	--

And cried in tones of pity and of  
ruth :

'O, never from the memory of my  
heart

Your dear, paternal image shall  
depart,

Who while on earth, ere yet by  
death surprised,

Taught me how mortals are im-  
mortalized ;

How grateful am I for that patient  
care

All my life long my language shall  
declare.'

To-day we make the poet's words  
our own,

And utter them in plaintive under-  
tone ;

Nor to the living only be they said,  
But to the other living called the  
dead,

Whose dear, paternal images appear  
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in  
sunshine here ;

Whose simple lives, complete and  
without flaw,

Were part and parcel of great  
Nature's law ;

Who said not to their Lord, as if  
afraid,

'Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,'  
But laboured in their sphere, as men  
who live

In the delight that work alone can  
give.

Peace be to them ; eternal peace  
and rest,

And the fulfilment of the great  
behest :

'Ye have been faithful over a few  
things,

Over ten cities shall ye reign as  
kings.'

And ye who fill the places we once  
filled,

And follow in the furrows that we  
tilled,

Young men, whose generous hearts  
are beating high,

We who are old, and are about to  
die,

Salute you ; hail you ; take your  
hands in ours,

And crown you with our welcome as  
with flowers !

How beautiful is youth ! how bright  
it gleams

With its illusions, aspirations,  
dreams !

Book of Beginnings, Story without  
End,

Each maid a heroine, and each man  
a friend !

Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus'  
Purse,

That holds the treasures of the  
universe !

All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe  
withstands ;

In its sublime audacity of faith,  
'Be thou removed !' it to the moun-  
tain saith,

And with ambitious feet, secure and  
proud,

Ascends the ladder leaning on the  
cloud !

As ancient Priam at the Scaean gate  
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal  
state

With the old men, too old and  
weak to fight,

Chirping like grasshoppers in their  
delight

To see the embattled hosts, with  
spear and shield,

Of Trojans and Achaeans in the  
field ;

So from the snowy summits of our  
years

We see you in the plain, as each  
appears,

And question of you ; asking, 'Who  
is he

That towers above the others?  
Which may be  
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,  
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?

Let him not boast who puts his  
armour on  
As he who puts it off, the battle done.  
Study yourselves; and most of all  
note well  
Wherein kind Nature meant you to  
excel.

Not every blossom ripens into fruit;  
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,  
Flung it aside, when she her face  
surveyed

Distorted in a fountain as she  
played;  
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and  
his fate

Was one to make the bravest hesi-  
tate.

Write on your doors the saying  
wise and old,  
'Be bold! be bold!' and every-  
where—'Be bold;  
Be not too bold!' Yet better the  
excess

Than the defect; better the more  
than less;  
Better like Hector in the field to die,  
Than like a perfumed Paris turn  
and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye  
remaining few  
That number not the half of those  
we knew,  
Ye, against whose familiar names  
not yet

The fatal asterisk of death is set,  
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time  
Strikes the half-century with a  
solemn chime,

And summons us together once  
again,  
The joy of meeting not unmixed  
with pain.

Where are the others? Voices  
from the deep  
Caverns of darkness answer me:  
'They sleep!'

In a name no names; instinctively I feel  
Each at some well-remembered  
grave will kneel,  
And from the inscription wipe the  
weeds and moss,  
For every heart best knoweth its  
own loss.

I see their scattered gravestones  
gleaming white  
Through the pale dusk of the im-  
pending night;  
O'er all alike the impartial sunset  
throws

Its golden lilies mingled with the  
rose;  
We give to each a tender thought,  
and pass

Out of the graveyards with their  
tangled grass,  
Unto these scenes frequented by  
our feet

When we were young, and life was  
fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What  
can I say  
Better than silence is? When I  
survey

This throng of faces turned to meet  
my own,  
Friendly and fair, and yet to me  
unknown,

Transformed the very landscape  
seems to be;  
It is the same, yet not the same to  
me.

So many memories crowd upon my  
brain,  
So many ghosts are in the wooded  
plain,

I fain would steal away, with noise-  
less tread,  
As from a house where some one  
lieth dead.

## Morituri Salutamus.

I cannot go;—I pause;—I hesitate;  
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;  
As one who struggles in a troubled  
dream

To speak and cannot, to myself I  
seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the  
idle fears!

Vanish the rolling mists of fifty  
years!

Whatever time or space may inter-  
vene,

I will not be a stranger in this scene.  
Here every doubt, all indecision,  
ends;

Hail, my companions, comrades,  
classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last  
we met

Seem to me fifty folios bound and  
set

By Time, the great transcriber, on  
his shelves,

Wherein are written the histories of  
ourselves.

What tragedies, what comedies,  
are there;

What joy and grief, what rapture  
and despair!

What chronicles of triumph and  
defeat,

Of struggle, and temptation, and  
retreat!

What records of regrets, and doubts,  
and fears!

What pages blotted, blistered by  
our tears!

What lovely landscapes on the  
margin shine,

What sweet, angelic faces, what  
divine

And holy images of love and trust,  
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by  
damp or dust!

Whose hand shall dare to open and  
explore

These volumes, closed and clasped  
for evermore?

Not mine. With reverential feet I  
pass;

I hear a voice that cries, 'Alas!  
alas!

Whatever hath been written shall  
remain,

Nor be erased nor written o'er again;  
The unwritten only still belongs to  
thee:

Take heed, and ponder well what  
that shall be.'

As children frightened by a thun-  
der-cloud

Are reassured if some one reads  
aloud

A tale of wonder, with enchantment  
fraught,

Or wild adventure, that diverts  
their thought,

Let me endeavour with a tale to  
chase

The gathering shadows of the time  
and place,

And banish what we all too deeply  
feel

Wholly to say, or wholly to con-  
ceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not  
where,

There stood an image with its arm  
in air,

And on its lifted finger, shining  
clear,

A golden ring with the device,  
'Strike here!'

Greatly the people wondered,  
though none guessed

The meaning that these words but  
half expressed,

Until a learned clerk, who at noon-  
day

With downcast eyes was passing  
on his way,

Paused, and observed the spot, and  
marked it well,



## Morituri Salutamus.

Whereon the shadow of the finger  
fell;  
And, coming back at midnight,  
delled, and found  
A secret stairway leading under  
ground.  
Down this he passed into a spa-  
cious hall,  
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;  
And opposite, in threatening atti-  
tude,  
With bow and shaft a brazen statue  
stood.  
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,  
Were these mysterious words of  
menace set:  
'That which I am, I am; my fatal  
aim  
None can escape, not even yon  
luminous flame!'  
Midway the hall was a fair table  
placed,  
With cloth of gold, and golden cups  
enchased  
With rubies, and the plates and  
knives were gold,  
And gold the bread and viands  
manifold.  
Around it, silent, motionless, and  
sad,  
Were seated gallant knights in  
armour clad,  
And ladies beautiful with plume  
and zone,  
But they were stone, their hearts  
within were stone;  
And the vast hall was filled in every  
part  
With silent crowds, stony in face  
and heart.  
Long at the scene, bewildered and  
amazed  
The trembling clerk in speechless  
wonder gazed;  
Then from the table, by his greed  
made bold,  
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,

And suddenly from their seats the  
guests upsprang,  
The vaulted ceiling with loud  
clamours rang,  
The archer sped his arrow, at their  
call,  
Shattering the lambent jewel on  
the wall,  
And all was dark around and over-  
head;—  
Stark on the floor the luckless  
clerk lay dead!  
The writer of this legend then re-  
cords  
Its ghostly application in these  
words:  
The image is the Adversary old,  
Whose beckoning finger points to  
realms of gold;  
Our lusts and passions are the  
downward stair  
That leads the soul from a diviner  
air;  
The archer, Death; the flaming  
jewel, Life;  
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and  
the knife;  
The knights and ladies, all whose  
flesh and bone  
By avarice have been hardened  
into stone;  
The clerk, the scholar whom the  
love of pelf  
Tempts from his books and from  
his nobler self.  
The scholar and the world! The  
endless strife,  
The discord in the harmonies of  
life!  
The love of learning, the seques-  
tered nooks,  
And all the sweet serenity of  
books;  
The market-place, the eager love  
of gain,  
Whose aim is vanity, and whose  
end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this  
 tale be told  
 To men grown old, or who are  
 growing old?  
 It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late  
 Till the tired heart shall cease to  
 palpitate.  
 Cato learned Greek at eighty;  
 Sophocles  
 Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and  
 Simonides  
 Bore off the prize of verse from his  
 compeers,  
 When each had numbered more  
 than fourscore years,  
 And Theophrastus, at fourscore  
 and ten,  
 Had but begun his *Characters* of  
 Men;  
 Chaucer, at Woodstock with the  
 nightingales,  
 At sixty wrote the *Canterbury*  
 Tales;  
 Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the  
 last,  
 Completed *Faust* when eighty  
 years were past.  
 These are indeed exceptions; but  
 they show  
 How far the gulf-stream of our  
 youth may flow  
 Into the arctic regions of our lives,  
 Where little else than life itself sur-  
 vives.

As the barometer foretells the storm  
 While still the skies are clear, the  
 weather warm,  
 So something in us, as old age  
 draws near,  
 Betrays the pressure of the atmo-  
 sphere.  
 The nimble mercury, ere we are  
 aware,  
 Descends the elastic ladder of the  
 air;  
 The tell-tale blood in artery and  
 vein

Sinks from its higher levels in the  
 brain;  
 Whatever poet, orator, or sage  
 May say of it, old age is still old age.  
 It is the waning, not the crescent  
 moon;  
 The dusk of evening, not the blaze  
 of noon:  
 It is not strength, but weakness;  
 not desire,  
 But its surcease; not the fierce  
 heat of fire,  
 The burning and consuming ele-  
 ment,  
 But that of ashes and of embers  
 spent,  
 In which some living sparks we  
 still discern,  
 Enough to warm, but not enough  
 to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down  
 and say  
 The night hath come; it is no  
 longer day?  
 The night hath not yet come; we  
 are not quite  
 Cut off from labour by the failing  
 light;  
 Something remains for us to do or  
 dare;  
 Even the oldest tree some fruit  
 may bear;  
 Not *Œdipus Coloneus*, or Greek  
 Ode,  
 Or tales of pilgrims that one morn-  
 ing rode  
 Out of the gateway of the Tabard  
 Inn,  
 But other something, would we but  
 begin;  
 For age is opportunity no less  
 Than youth itself, though in another  
 dress,  
 And as the evening twilight fades  
 away  
 The sky is filled with stars, invisible  
 by day.

# A Book of Sonnets.

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## PART I. .

### THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

#### I.

WHEN I remember them, those friends of mine,  
Who are no longer here, the noble three,  
Who half my life were more than friends to me,  
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,  
I most of all remember the divine  
Something, that shone in them, and made us see  
The archetypal man, and what might be  
The amplitude of Nature's first design.  
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands ;  
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left  
But a majestic memory. They meanwhile  
Wander together in Elysian lands,  
Perchance remembering me, who am bereft  
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.

#### II.

In Attica thy birthplace should have been,  
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas  
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,  
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene  
And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene !  
Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees ;  
Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,  
And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.  
For thee old legends breathed historic breath ;  
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,  
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold !  
O, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,  
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,  
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old !

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### III.

I stand again on the familiar shore,  
And hear the waves of the distracted sea  
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,  
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.  
The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean floor,  
The willows in the meadow, and the free  
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me ;  
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more ?  
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men  
Are busy with their trivial affairs,  
Having and holding ? Why, when thou hadst read  
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then  
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,  
Why art thou silent ? Why shouldst thou be dead ?

### IV.

River, that stealest with such silent pace  
Around the City of the Dead, where lies  
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes  
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,  
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace  
And say good night, for now the western skies  
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise  
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.  
Good night ! good night ! as we so oft have said  
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days  
That are no more, and shall no more return.  
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed ;  
I stay a little longer, as one stays  
To cover up the embers that still burn.

### V.

The doors are all wide open ; at the gate  
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,  
And seem to warm the air ; a dreamy haze  
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,  
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,  
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,  
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays  
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.  
I also wait ; but they will come no more,  
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied  
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me !  
They have forgotten the pathway to my door !  
Something is gone from nature since they died, .  
And summer is not summer, nor can be.

**CHAUCEER.**

AN old man in a lodge within a park ;  
The chamber walls depicted all around  
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,  
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,  
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark  
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound ;  
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,  
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.  
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote  
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age  
Made beautiful with song ; and as I read  
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note  
Of lark and linnet, and from every page  
Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

—♦—  
**SHAKESPEARE.**

VISION as of crowded city streets,  
With human life in endless overflow ;  
Thunder of thoroughfares ; trumpets that blow  
To battle ; clamour, in obscure retreats,  
Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets ;  
Tolling of bells in turrets, and below  
Voices of children, and bright flowers that throw  
O'er garden-walls their intermingled sweets !  
This vision comes to me when I unfold  
The volume of the Poet paramount,  
Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone ;—  
Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,  
And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,  
Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

—♦—  
**MILTON.**

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold  
How the voluminous billows roll and run,  
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun  
Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,  
And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold  
All its loose-flowing garments into one,  
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun  
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.  
So in majestic cadence rise and fall  
The mighty undulations of thy song,  
O sightless bard, England's Mæonides !

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And ever and anon, high over all  
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,  
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

—♦—

### KEATS.

THE young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep ;  
The shepherd-boy whose tale was left half told !  
The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold  
To the red rising moon, and loud and deep  
The nightingale is singing from the steep ;  
It is midsummer, but the air is cold ;  
Can it be death ? Alas, beside the fold  
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.  
Lo ! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,  
On which I read : ' Here lieth one whose name  
Was writ in water.' And was this the meed  
Of his sweet singing ? Rather let me write :  
' The smoking flax before it burst to flame  
Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed.

—♦—

### THE GALAXY.

TORRENT of light and river of the air,  
Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen  
Like gold and silver sands in some ravine  
Where mountain streams have left their channels bare !  
The Spaniard sees in thee the pathway, where  
His patron saint descended in the sheen  
Of his celestial armour, on serene  
And quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair.  
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable  
Of Phaeton's wild course, that scorched the skies  
Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers trod ;  
But the white drift of worlds o'er chasms of sable,  
The star-dust, that is whirled aloft and flies  
From the invisible chariot-wheels of God.

—♦—

### THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide  
I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep ;  
A voice out of the silence of the deep,  
A sound mysteriously multiplied  
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.

So comes to us at times, from the unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;  
And inspirations, that we deem our own,  
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or control.

—♦—

**A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA.**

THE sun is set; and in his latest beams  
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,  
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,  
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.  
From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams,  
The street-lamps of the ocean; and behold,  
O'erhead the banners of the night unfold;  
The day hath passed into the land of dreams.  
O summer day beside the joyous sea!  
O summer day so wonderful and white,  
So full of gladness and so full of pain!  
For ever and for ever shalt thou be  
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,  
To some the landmark of a new domain.

—♦—

**THE TIDES.**

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,  
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,  
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,  
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.  
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,  
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,  
And hurrying came on the defenceless land  
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.  
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,  
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song  
Have ebbed from me for ever! Suddenly o'er me  
They swept again from their deep ocean bed,  
And in a tumult of delight, and strong  
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

—♦—

**A SHADOW.**

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,  
What would befall these children? What would be  
Their fate, who now are looking up to me  
For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,  
Would be a volume wherein I have read  
But the first chapters, and no longer see

To read the rest of their dear history,  
So full of beauty and so full of dread.  
Be comforted; the world is very old,  
And generations pass, as they have passed,  
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;  
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;  
The world belongs to those who come the last,  
They will find hope and strength as we have done.

---

**A NAMELESS GRAVE.**

'A SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,'  
Is the inscription on an unknown grave  
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,  
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout  
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout  
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave  
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave  
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.  
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea  
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame  
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,  
When I remember thou hast given for me  
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,  
And I can give thee nothing in return.

---

**SLEEP.**

LULL me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound  
Seems from some faint Æolian harp-string caught;  
Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought  
As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound  
The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound;  
For I am weary, and am overwrought  
With too much toil, with too much care distraught,  
And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.  
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,  
O peaceful Sleep! until from pain released  
I breathe again uninterrupted breath!  
Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek  
Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast  
Whereof the greater mystery is death!

---

**THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.**

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old,  
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone  
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own  
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold



Beneath me as it struggles, I behold  
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown  
My kindred and companions. Me alone  
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.  
I can remember when the Medici  
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago  
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guef.  
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;  
And when I think that Michael Angelo  
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

---

#### IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE.

GADDI mi fece; il Ponte Vecchio sono;  
Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno pianto  
Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo  
Piantò sul draco. Mentre ch' io ragiono  
Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono  
Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi affranto  
Due volte i miei maggior. Me solo intanto  
Neppure muove, ed io non l' abbandono.  
Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati  
I Medici; pur quando Ghibellino  
E Guefso fecer pace mi rammento.  
Firenza i suoi gioielli m' ha prestati;  
E quando penso ch' Agnolo il divino  
Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento.

---

#### PART II.

##### NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;  
So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wished to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

**IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.**

HERE lies the gentle humourist, who died  
In the bright Indian summer of his fame !  
A simple stone, with but a date and name,  
Marks the secluded resting-place beside  
The river that he loved and glorified.  
Here in the autumn of his days he came,  
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame  
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.  
How sweet a life was his ; how sweet a death !  
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,  
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer ;  
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath  
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,  
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

—♦—  
**ELIOT'S OAK.**

THOU ancient oak ! whose myriad leaves are loud  
With sounds of unintelligible speech,  
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,  
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd ;  
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,  
Thou speakest a different dialect to each ;  
To me a language that no man can teach,  
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.  
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,  
Seated like Abraham at eventide  
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown  
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote  
His Bible in a language that hath died  
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

—♦—  
**THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES.**

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face,  
Came from their convent on the shining heights  
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,  
To dwell among the people at its base.  
Then seemed the world to change. All time and space  
Splendour of cloudless days and starry nights,  
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,  
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.  
Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud  
To teach in schools of little country towns  
Science and song, and all the arts that please ;

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So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,  
Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,  
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

—♦—

### VENICE.

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest  
So wonderfully built among the reeds  
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,  
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest !  
White water-lily, cradled and caressed  
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds  
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds,  
Thy sun-illuminated spires, thy crown and crest !  
White phantom city, whose untrodden streets  
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting  
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;  
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets  
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting  
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

—♦—

### THE POETS.

O YE dead Poets, who are living still  
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,  
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead  
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,  
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,  
With drops of anguish falling fast and red  
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,  
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?  
Yes ; for the gift and ministry of Song  
Have something in them so divinely sweet,  
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong ;  
Not in the clamour of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

—♦—

### PARKER CLEVELAND.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING BRUNSWICK IN THE SUMMER OF 1875.

AMONG the many lives that I have known,  
None I remember more serene and sweet,  
More rounded in itself and more complete,  
Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.  
These pines, that murmur in low monotone,  
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,

Were all his world ; but in this calm retreat  
For him the Teacher's chair became a throne.  
With fond affection memory loves to dwell  
On the old days, when his example made  
A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen ;  
And now, amid the groves he loved so well  
That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,  
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, Amen !

---

**THE HARVEST MOON.**

It is the Harvest Moon ! On gilded vanes  
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests  
And their aerial neighbourhoods of nests  
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes  
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes  
And harvest-fields, its mystic splendour rests !  
Gone are the birds that were our summer guests,  
With the last sheaves return the labouring wains !  
All things are symbols : the external shows  
Of Nature have their image in the mind,  
As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves ;  
The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,  
Only the empty nests are left behind,  
And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.

---

**TO THE RIVER RHONE.**

THOU Royal River, born of sun and shower  
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,  
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow  
And rocked by tempests !—at the appointed hour  
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,  
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go  
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below  
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.  
And now thou movest in triumphal march,  
A king among the rivers ! On thy way  
A hundred towns await and welcome thee ;  
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,  
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,  
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea !

---

**THE THREE SILENCES OF MOLINOS.**

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THREE Silences there are : the first of speech,  
The second of desire, the third of thought ;  
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught  
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.

These Silences, commingling each with each,  
Made up the perfect Silence, that he sought  
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught  
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.  
O thou, whose daily life anticipates  
The life to come, and in whose thought and word  
The spiritual world preponderates,  
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard  
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,  
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

—♦—

## THE TWO RIVERS.

### I.

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the clock moves round ;  
So slowly that no human eye hath power  
To see it move ! Slowly in shine or shower  
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,  
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground ;  
Yet both arrive at last ; and in his tower  
The slumbrous watchman wakes and strikes the hour  
A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.  
Midnight! the outpost of advancing day !  
The frontier town and citadel of night !  
The watershed of Time, from which the streams  
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,  
One to the land of promise and of light,  
One to the land of darkness and of dreams !

### II.

O River of Yesterday, with current swift  
Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,  
I do not care to follow in their flight  
The faded leaves, that on thy bosom drift !  
O River of To-morrow, I uplift  
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night  
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light  
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift !  
I follow, follow, where thy waters run  
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,  
Fragrant with flowers and musical with song ;  
Still follow, follow ; sure to meet the sun,  
And confident, that what the future yields  
Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

### III.

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday,  
Through chasms of darkness to the deep descending,

I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and blending  
Thy voice with other voices far away.  
I called to thee, and yet thou wouldst not stay,  
But turbulent, and with thyself contending,  
And torrent-like thy force on pebbles spending,  
Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's lay.  
Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,  
Regrets and recollections of things past,  
With hints and prophecies of things to be,  
And inspirations, which, could they be things,  
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,  
Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.

IV.

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing  
Between thy narrow adamantine walls,  
But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,  
And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing ;  
I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,  
I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,  
And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,  
Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going !  
It is the mystery of the unknown  
That fascinates us ; we are children still,  
Wayward and wistful ; with one hand we cling  
To the familiar things we call our own,  
And with the other, resolute of will,  
Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.

—♦—  
BOSTON.

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN ! Hither across the plains  
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,  
There came a Saxon monk, and founded here  
A Priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,  
So that thereof no vestige now remains ;  
Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear,  
And echoed in another hemisphere,  
Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.  
St. Botolph's Town ! Far over leagues of land  
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,  
And far around the chiming bells are heard ;  
So may that sacred name for ever stand  
A landmark, and a symbol of the power,  
That lies concentred in a single word.

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.

I STAND beneath the tree, whose branches shade  
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John !  
And hear its leaves repeat their benison  
On him, whose hand thy stones memorial laid ;  
Then I remember one of whom was said  
In the world's darkest hour, ' Behold thy son ! '  
And see him living still, and wandering on  
And waiting for the advent long delayed.  
Not only tongues of the apostles teach  
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding  
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,  
And say in language clear as human speech,  
' The peace of God, that passeth understanding,  
Be and abide with you for evermore ! '

—♦—  
MOODS.

O THAT a Song would sing itself to me  
Out of the heart of Nature, or the heart  
Of man, the child of Nature, not of Art,  
Fresh as the morning, salt as the salt sea,  
With just enough of bitterness to be  
A medicine to this sluggish mood, and start  
The life-blood in my veins, and so impart  
Healing and help in this dull lethargy !  
Alas ! not always doth the breath of song  
Breathe on us. It is like the wind that bloweth  
At its own will, not ours, nor tarries long ;  
We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth  
From whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong,  
Nor whither in its wayward course it goeth.

—♦—  
WOODSTOCK PARK.

HERE in a little rustic hermitage  
Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,  
Postponed the cares of kingcraft to translate  
The Consolations of the Roman sage.  
Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age  
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late  
The venturous hand that strives to imitate  
Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.  
Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine,  
And both supreme ; one in the realm of Truth,  
One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.

What prince hereditary of their line,  
Uprising in the strength and flush of youth,  
Their glory shall inherit and prolong?



**THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA.**

A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWEET faces, that from pictured casements lean  
As from a castle window, looking down  
On some gay pageant passing through a town,  
Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene ;  
With what a gentle grace, with what serene  
Unconsciousness ye wear the triple crown  
Of youth and beauty and the fair renown  
Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished been !  
From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet,  
Four spirits, sweet and innocent as they,  
Gaze on the world below, the sky above ;  
Hark ! there is some one singing in the street ;  
'Faith, Hope, and Love ! these three,' he seems to say ;  
'These three ; and greatest of the three is Love.'



**HOLIDAYS.**

THE holiest of all holidays are those  
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart ;  
The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
When the full river of feeling overflows ;—  
The happy days unclouded to their close ;  
The sudden joys that out of darkness start  
As flames from ashes ; swift desires that dart  
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows !  
White as the gleam of a receding sail,  
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,  
White as the whitest lily on a stream,  
These tender memories are ;—a Fairy Tale  
Of some enchanted land we know not where,  
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.



**WAPENTAKE.**

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

POET ! I come to touch thy lance with mine ;  
Not as a knight, who on the listed field  
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield  
In token of defiance, but in sign



Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,  
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,  
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,  
My admiration for thy verse divine.  
Not of the howling dervishes of song,  
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,  
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!  
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,  
To thee our love and our allegiance,  
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

— + —

### THE BROKEN OAR.

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand  
A poet wandered with his book and pen,  
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,  
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.  
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,  
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,  
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then  
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.  
Then by the billows at his feet was tossed  
A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,  
'Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee';  
And like a man, who findeth what was lost,  
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,  
And flung his useless pen into the sea.

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## Kéramos.

1878.

*TURN, turn, my wheel! Turn  
round and round  
Without a pause, without a sound:  
So spins the flying world away!  
This clay, well mixed with marl  
and sand,  
Follows the motion of my hand;  
For some must follow, and some  
command,  
Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task  
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-  
tree,

While o'er his features, like a mask,  
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade  
Moved, as the boughs above him  
swayed,

And clothed him, till he seemed  
to be

A figure woven in tapestry,  
So sumptuously was he arrayed  
In that magnificent attire  
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.  
Like a magician he appeared,  
A conjurer without book or beard;  
And while he plied his magic art—  
For it was magical to me—  
I stood in silence and apart,  
And wondered more and more to  
see

That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay  
Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract and now expand,  
And even his slightest touch obey;  
While ever in a thoughtful mood  
He sang his ditty, and at times  
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,  
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All things  
must change  
To something new, to something  
strange;  
Nothing that is can pause or  
stay;  
The moon will wax, the moon will  
wane,  
The mist and cloud will turn to  
rain,  
The rain to mist and cloud again,  
To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,  
By some unconscious act of will,  
The melody and even the words  
Were intermingled with my thought,  
As bits of coloured thread are  
caught

And woven into nests of birds.  
And thus to regions far remote,  
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,  
This wizard in the motley coat  
Transported me on wings of song,  
And by the northern shores of  
France  
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be  
A mingling of the land and sea?  
This land of sluices, dikes, and  
dunes?

This water-net, that tessellates  
The landscape? this unending  
maze  
Of gardens, through whose latticed  
gates  
The imprisoned pinks and tulips  
gaze;

Where in long summer afternoons  
The sunshine, softened by the haze,  
Comes streaming down as through  
a screen ;

Where over fields and pastures  
green

The painted ships float high in air,  
And over all and everywhere  
The sails of windmills sink and soar  
Like wings of sea-gulls on the  
shore ?

What land is this ? Yon pretty  
town

Is Delft, with all its wares dis-  
played ;

The pride, the market-place, the  
crown

And centre of the Potter's trade.  
See ! every house and room is bright  
With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser  
shine ;

Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-  
lis,

And ships upon a rolling sea,  
And tankards pewter topped, and  
queer

With comic mask and musketeer !  
Each hospitable chimney smiles  
A welcome from its painted tiles ;  
The parlour walls, the chamber  
floors,

The stairways and the corridors,  
The borders of the garden walks,  
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,  
That never droop in winds or  
showers,

And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! All life is  
brief,*

*What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon  
decay ;*

*The wind blows east, the wind blows  
west ;*

*The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings and beak and  
breast,  
And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I  
glide,

The song my only pursuivant,  
And see across the landscape wide  
The blue Charente, upon whose tide  
The belfries and the spires of  
Saintes

Ripple and rock from side to side,  
As, when an earthquake rends its  
walls,

A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,  
This Potter, working with such  
cheer,

In this mean house, this mean  
attire,

His manly features bronzed with  
fire,

Whose figulines and rustic wares  
Scarce find him bread from day to  
day ?

This madman, as the people say,  
Who breaks his tables and his chairs  
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares  
Who goes unfed if they are fed,  
Nor who may live if they are dead ?  
This alchemist with hollow cheeks  
And sunken, searching eyes, who  
seeks,

By mingled earths and ores com-  
bined

With potency of fire, to find  
Some new enamel, hard and bright,  
His dream, his passion, his delight ?

O Palissy ! within thy breast  
Burned the hot fever of unrest ;  
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine  
The exultation, the divine  
Insanity of noble minds,  
That never falters nor abates,  
But labours and endures and waits,  
Till all that it foresees it finds,  
Or what it cannot find creates !

*Turn, turn, my wheel! This  
earthen jar*

*A touch can make, a touch can mar;  
And shall it to the Potter say,  
What makest thou? Thou hast no  
hand?*

*As men who think to understand  
A world by their Creator planned,  
Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,  
As in a trance I float along  
Above the Pyrenean chain,  
Above the fields and farms of Spain,  
Above the bright Majorcan isle,  
That lends its softened name to  
art,—

A spot, a dot upon the chart,  
Whose little towns, red-roofed with  
tile,

Are ruby-lustred with the light  
Of blazing furnaces by night,  
And crowned by day with wreaths  
of smoke.

Then eastward, wafted in my flight  
On my enchanter's magic cloak,  
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea  
Into the land of Italy,  
And o'er the windy Apennines,  
Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,  
The doors of houses and the walls  
Of churches and of belfry towers,  
Cloister and castle, street and mart,  
Are garlanded and gay with flowers  
That blossom in the fields of art.  
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam  
and glow

With brilliant, iridescent dyes,  
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,  
The cobalt blue of summer skies;  
And vase and scutcheon, cup and  
plate,

In perfect finish emulate  
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came  
A youth with the angelic name  
Of Raphael, in form and face

Himself angelic, and divine  
In arts of colour and design.  
From him Francesco Xanto caught  
Something of his transcendent  
grace,

And into fictile fabrics wrought  
Suggestions of the master's thought.  
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines  
With madre-perl and golden lines  
Of arabesques, and interweaves  
His birds and fruits and flowers and  
leaves

About some landscape, shaded  
brown,

With olive tints on rock and town.  
Behold this cup within whose bowl,  
Upon a ground of deepest blue  
With yellow-lustred stars o'erlaid,  
Colours of every tint and hue  
Mingle in one harmonious whole!  
With large blue eyes and steadfast  
gaze,

Her yellow hair in net and braid,  
Necklace and earrings all ablaze  
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,  
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,  
Cana, the Beautiful! A name  
Forgotten save for such brief fame  
As this memorial can bestow,—  
A gift some lover long ago  
Gave with his heart to this fair  
dame.

A nobler title to renown  
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,  
Seated beside the Arno's stream;  
For Lucca della Robbia there  
Created forms so wondrous fair,  
They made thy sovereignty su-  
preme.

These choristers with lips of stone,  
Whose music is not heard, but seen,  
Still chant, as from their organ-  
screen,

Their Maker's praise; nor these  
alone,

But the more fragile forms of clay,  
Hardly less beautiful than they,

These saints and angels that adorn  
The walls of hospitals, and tell  
The story of good deeds so well  
That poverty seems less forlorn,  
And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,  
That long eludes the traveller's  
search,

Lies the dead bishop on his tomb ;  
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,  
Life-like and death-like in the  
gloom ;

Garlands of fruit and flowers in  
bloom

And foliage deck his resting place ;  
A shadow in the sightless eyes,  
A pallor on the patient face,  
Made perfect by the furnace heat ;  
All earthly passions and desires  
Burnt out by purgatorial fires ;  
Seeming to say, 'Our years are fleet,  
And to the weary death is sweet.'

But the most wonderful of all  
The ornaments on tomb or wall  
That grace the fair Ausonian shores  
Are those the faithful earth restores,  
Near some Apulian town concealed,  
In vineyard or in harvest field,—  
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,  
Memorials of forgotten griefs,  
Or records of heroic deeds  
Of demigods and mighty chiefs :  
Figures that almost move and speak,  
And, buried amid mould and weeds,  
Still in their attitudes attest  
The presence of the graceful  
Greek,—

Achilles in his armour dressed,  
Alcides with the Cretan bull,  
And Aphrodite with her boy,  
Or lovely Helena of Troy,  
Still living and still beautiful.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis Na-  
ture's plan*

*The child should grow into the man,  
The man grow wrinkled, old, and  
gray ;*

*In youth the heart exults and sings,  
The pulses leap, the feet have  
wings ;*

*In age the cricket chirps, and brings  
The harvest home of day.*

And now the winds that southward  
blow,

And cool the hot Sicilian isle,  
Bear me away. I see below  
The long line of the Libyan Nile,  
Flooding and feeding the parched  
land

With annual ebb and overflow,  
A fallen palm whose branches lie  
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,  
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.  
On either bank huge water-wheels,  
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,  
Send forth their melancholy moans,  
As if, in their gray mantles hid,  
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid  
Knelt on the shore and told their  
beads,

Beating their breasts with loud ap-  
peals

And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set  
With glittering mosque and mina-  
ret,

Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars  
The dreaming traveller first inhales  
The perfume of Arabian gales,  
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,  
Huge as were those wherein the  
maid

Morgiana found the Forty Thieves  
Concealed in midnight ambushade ;  
And seeing, more than half believes  
The fascinating tales that run  
Through all the Thousand Nights  
and One,  
Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than  
these

Are the Egyptian deities,  
Ammon, and Emeth, and the grand

Osiris, holding in his hand  
 The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;  
 The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;  
 Bracelets with blue enamelled links;  
 The Scarabee in emerald mailed,  
 Or spreading wide his funeral  
 wings;  
 Lamps that perchance their night-  
 watch kept  
 O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—  
 All plundered from the tombs of  
 kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! The human  
 race  
 Of every tongue, of every place,  
 Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,  
 All that inhabit this great earth,  
 Whatever be their rank or worth,  
 Are kindred and allied by birth,  
 And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,  
 O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,  
 Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,  
 To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,  
 And bird-like poise on balanced  
 wing  
 Above the town of King-te-tching,  
 A burning town, or seeming so,—  
 Three thousand furnaces that glow  
 Incessantly, and fill the air  
 With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,  
 And painted by the lurid glare,  
 Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,  
 Spotted and veined with various  
 hues,  
 Are swept along the avenues,  
 And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,  
 So from this grove of chimneys  
 whirled  
 To all the markets of the world,  
 These porcelain leaves are wafted  
 on,—  
 Light yellow leaves with spots and  
 stains  
 Of violet and of crimson dye,

Or tender azure of a sky  
 Just washed by gentle April rains,  
 And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household  
 wares,—  
 The willow pattern, that we knew  
 In childhood, with its bridge of blue  
 Leading to unknown thoroughfares;  
 The solitary man who stares  
 At the white river flowing through  
 Its arches, the fantastic trees  
 And wild perspective of the view;  
 And intermingled among these  
 The tiles that in our nurseries  
 Filled us with wonder and delight,  
 Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!  
 The Tower of Porcelain, strange  
 and old,

Uplifting to the astonished skies  
 Its ninefold painted balconies,  
 With balustrades of twining leaves,  
 And roofs of tile, beneath whose  
 eaves

Hang porcelain bells that all the time  
 Ring with a soft, melodious chime;  
 While the whole fabric is ablaze  
 With varied tints, all fused in one  
 Great mass of colour, like a maze  
 Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! What is  
 begun  
 At daybreak must at dark be done,  
 To-morrow will be another day;  
 To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
 Will search the heart and try the  
 frame,  
 And stamp with honour or with  
 shame  
 These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,  
 The islands of the Japanese  
 Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain  
 The stork, the heron, and the crane  
 Through the clear realms of azure  
 drift;

And on the hillside I can see  
The villages of Imari,  
Whose thronged and flaming work-  
shops lift  
Their twisted columns of smoke on  
high,  
Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,  
With sunshine streaming through  
each rift,  
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the  
land,  
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,  
The snow on Fusiama's cone,  
The midnight heaven so thickly  
sown  
With constellations of bright stars,  
The leaves that rustle, the reeds  
that make  
A whisper by each stream and lake,  
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,  
Are painted on these lovely jars ;  
Again the skylark sings, again  
The stork, the heron, and the crane  
Float through the azure overhead,  
The counterfeit and counterpart  
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature ; yes,  
Her darling child, in whom we trace  
The features of the mother's face,  
Her aspect and her attitude,  
All her majestic loveliness  
Chastened and softened and sub-  
dued  
Into a more attractive grace,  
And with a human sense imbued.

He is the greatest artist, then,  
Whether of pencil or of pen,  
Who follows Nature. Never man,  
As artist or as artisan,  
Pursuing his own fantasies,  
Can touch the human heart, or  
please,  
Or satisfy our nobler needs,  
As he who sets his willing feet  
In Nature's footprints, light and  
fleet,  
And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,  
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,  
Whose eyes behold not what is near,  
But only what is far away,  
When, suddenly sounding peal on  
peal,  
The church-bell from the neighbour-  
ing town  
Proclaimed the welcome hour of  
noon.  
The Potter heard, and stopped his  
wheel,  
His apron on the grass threw down,  
Whistled his quiet little tune,  
Not over loud nor over long,  
And ended thus his simple song :

*Stop, stop, my wheel ! Too soon,  
too soon  
The noon will be the afternoon,  
Too soon to-day be yesterday ;  
Behind us in our path we cast  
The broken potsherds of the past,  
And all are ground to dust at last,  
And trodden into clay !*

## Translations.

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### CANTOS FROM DANTE'S PARADISO.

#### CANTO XXIII.

EVEN as a bird, 'mid the beloved  
leaves,  
Quiet upon the nest of her sweet  
brood  
Throughout the night, that hideth  
all things from us,  
Who, that she may behold their  
longed-for looks  
And find the food wherewith to  
nourish them,  
In which, to her, grave labours  
grateful are,  
Anticipates the time on open  
spray,  
And with an ardent longing  
waits the sun,  
Gazing intent, as soon as breaks  
the dawn :  
Even thus my Lady standing was,  
erect  
And vigilant, turned round to-  
wards the zone  
Underneath which the sun dis-  
plays less haste ;  
So that beholding her distraught  
and wistful,  
Such I became as he is who  
desiring  
For something yearns, and hoping  
is appeased.

But brief the space from one When  
to the other ;  
Of my awaiting, say I, and the  
seeing  
The welkin grow resplendent  
more and more.  
And Beatrice exclaimed : ' Behold  
the hosts  
Of Christ's triumphal march, and  
all the fruit  
Harvested by the rolling of these  
spheres !'  
It seemed to me her face was all  
aflame ;  
And eyes she had so full of  
ecstasy  
That I must needs pass on with-  
out describing.  
As when in nights serene of the  
full moon  
Smiles Trivia among the nymphs  
eternal  
Who paint the firmament through  
all its gulfs,  
Saw I, above the myriads of lamps,  
A Sun that one and all of them  
enkindled,  
E'en as our own doth the super-  
nal sights,  
And through the living light trans-  
parent shone  
The lucent substance so intensely  
clear  
Into my sight that I sustained  
it not.



O Beatrice, thou gentle guide and dear!

To me she said: 'What overmasters thee

A virtue is from which naught shields itself.

There are the wisdom and the omnipotence

That oped the thoroughfares 'twixt heaven and earth,

For which there erst had been so long a yearning.'

As fire from out a cloud unlocks itself,

Dilating so it finds not room therein,

And down, against its nature, falls to earth,

So did my mind, among those aliments

Becoming larger, issue from itself,

And that which it became cannot remember.

'Open thine eyes, and look at what I am:

Thou hast beheld such things, that strong enough

Hast thou become to tolerate my smile.'

I was as one who still retains the feeling

Of a forgotten vision, and endeavours

In vain to bring it back into his mind,

When I this invitation heard, deserving

Of so much gratitude, it never fades

Out of the book that chronicles the past.

If at this moment sounded all the tongues

That Polyhymnia and her sisters made

Most lubrical with their delicious milk,

To aid me, to a thousandth of the truth

It would not reach, singing the holy smile,

And how the holy aspect it illumed.

And therefore, representing Paradise,

The sacred poem must perforce leap over,

Even as a man who finds his way cut off;

But whoso thinketh of the ponderous theme,

And of the mortal shoulder laden with it,

Should blame it not, if under this it tremble.

It is no passage for a little boat,

This which goes cleaving the audacious prow,

Nor for a pilot who would spare himself.

'Why doth my face so much enamour thee,

That to the garden fair thou turnest not,

Which under the rays of Christ is blossoming?

There is the Rose in which the Word Divine

Became incarnate; there the lilies are

By whose perfume the good way was discovered.'

Thus Beatrice; and I, who to her counsels

Was wholly ready, once again betook me

Unto the battle of the feeble brows.

As in the sunshine, that unsullied streams

Through fractured cloud, ere now a meadow of flowers

Mine eyes with shadow covered o'er have seen,

So troops of splendours manifold I saw

Illumined from above with burn-  
 ing rays,  
 Beholding not the source of the  
 effulgence.  
 O power benignant that does so  
 imprint them !  
 Thou didst exalt thyself to give  
 more scope  
 There to mine eyes, that were  
 not strong enough.  
 The name of that fair flower I e'er  
 invoke  
 Morning and evening utterly en-  
 thrall'd  
 My soul to gaze upon the greater  
 fire.  
 And when in both mine eyes de-  
 picted were  
 The glory and greatness of the  
 living star  
 Which there excelleth, as it here  
 excelled,  
 Athwart the heavens a little torch  
 descended  
 Formed in a circle like a coronal,  
 And cinctured it, and whirled  
 itself about it.  
 Whatever melody most sweetly  
 soundeth  
 On earth, and to itself most  
 draws the soul,  
 Would seem a cloud that, rent  
 asunder, thunders,  
 Compared unto the sounding of  
 that lyre  
 Wherewith was crowned the  
 sapphire beautiful,  
 Which gives the clearest heaven  
 its sapphire hue.  
 'I am Angelic Love, that circleround  
 The joy sublime which breathes  
 from out the womb  
 That was the hostelry of our  
 Desire ;  
 And I shall circle, Lady of Heaven,  
 while  
 Thou followest thy Son, and  
 mak'st diviner

The sphere supreme, because  
 thou enterest there.  
 Thus did the circulated melody  
 Seal itself up ; and all the other  
 lights  
 Were making to resound the  
 name of Mary.  
 The regal mantle of the volumes all  
 Of that world, which most fervid  
 is and living  
 With breath of God and with  
 his works and ways,  
 Extended over us its inner border,  
 So very distant, that the sem-  
 blance of it  
 There where I was not yet  
 appeared to me.  
 Therefore mine eyes did not possess  
 the power  
 Of following the incoronated  
 flame,  
 Which mounted upward near to  
 its own seed.  
 And as a little child, that towards  
 its mother  
 Stretches its arms, when it the  
 milk has taken,  
 Through impulse kindled into  
 outward flame,  
 Each of those gleams of whiteness  
 upward reached  
 So with its summit, that the deep  
 affection  
 They had for Mary was revealed  
 to me.  
 Thereafter they remained there in  
 my sight,  
*Regina coeli* singing with such  
 sweetness,  
 That ne'er from me has the  
 delight departed.  
 O, what exuberance is garnered up  
 Within those richest coffers,  
 which had been  
 Good husbandmen for sowing  
 here below !  
 There they enjoy and live upon the  
 treasure

Which was acquired while weeping  
in the exile  
Of Babylon, wherein the gold  
was left.  
There triumpheth, beneath the ex-  
alted Son  
Of God and Mary, in his victory,  
Both with the ancient council  
and the new,  
He who doth keep the keys of such  
a glory.

CANTO XXIV.

'O COMPANY elect to the great  
supper  
Of the lamb benedight, who  
feedeth you,  
So that forever full is your desire,  
If by the grace of God this man  
foretaste  
Something of that which falleth  
from your table,  
Or ever death prescribe to him  
the time,  
Direct your mind to his immense  
desire,  
And him somewhat bedew; ye  
drinking are  
For ever at the fount whence  
comes his thought.'  
Thus Beatrice; and those souls  
beatified  
Transformed themselves to  
spheres on steadfast poles,  
Flaming intensely in the guise  
of comets.  
And as the wheels in works of  
horologes  
Revolve so that the first to a  
beholder  
Motionless seems, and the last  
one to fly,  
So in like manner did those carols,  
dancing  
In different measure, of their  
affluence  
Give me the gauge, as they were  
swift or slow.

From that one which I noted of  
most beauty  
Beheld I issue forth a fire so happy  
That none it left there of a greater  
brightness;  
And around Beatrice three several  
times  
It whirled itself with so divine a  
song,  
My fantasy repeats it not to me;  
Therefore the pen skips, and I  
write it not,  
Since our imagination for such  
folds,  
Much more our speech, is of a  
tint too glaring.  
'O holy sister mine, who us im-  
plorest  
With such devotion, by thine  
ardent love  
Thou dost unbind me from that  
beautiful sphere!'  
Thereafter, having stopped, the  
blessed fire  
Unto my Lady did direct its  
breath,  
Which spake in fashion, as I here  
have said.  
And she: 'O light eterne of the  
great man  
To whom our Lord delivered  
up the keys  
He carried down of this miracu-  
lous joy,  
This one examine on points light  
and grave,  
As good beseemeth thee, about  
the Faith  
By means of which thou on the  
sea didst walk.  
If he love well, and hope well, and  
believe,  
From thee 'tis hid not; for thou  
hast thy sight  
There where depicted everything  
is seen.  
But since this kingdom has made  
citizens

By means of the true Faith, to  
glorify it  
'Tis well he have the chance to  
speak thereof.'  
As baccalaureate arms himself, and  
speaks not  
Until the master doth propose  
the question,  
To argue it, and not to terminate  
it,  
So did I arm myself with every  
reason,  
While she was speaking, that I  
might be ready  
For such a questioner and such  
profession.  
'Say, thou good Christian; mani-  
fest thyself;  
What is the Faith?' Whereat I  
raised my brow  
Unto that light wherefrom was  
this breathed forth.  
Then turned I round to Beatrice,  
and she  
Prompt signals made to me that  
I should pour  
The water forth from my internal  
fountain.  
'May grace, that suffers me to  
make confession,'  
Began I, 'to the great cen-  
turyon,  
Cause my conceptions all to be  
explicit!'  
And I continued: 'As the truthful  
pen,  
Father, of thy dear brother wrote  
of it,  
Who put with thee Rome into  
the good way,  
Faith is the substance of the things  
we hope for,  
And evidence of those that are  
not seen;  
And this appears to me its  
quiddity.'  
Then heard I: 'Very rightly thou  
perceivest,

If well thou understandest why  
he placed it  
With substances and then with  
evidences.'  
And I thereafterward: 'The things  
profound,  
That here vouchsafe to me their  
apparition,  
Unto all eyes below are so con-  
cealed,  
That they exist there only in belief,  
Upon the which is founded the  
high hope,  
And hence it has the nature of a  
substance.  
And it behoveth us from this belief  
To reason without having other  
sight,  
And hence it has the nature of  
evidence.'  
Then heard I: 'If whatever is ac-  
quired  
Below by doctrine were thus  
understood,  
No sophist's subtlety would there  
find place.'  
Thus was breathed forth from that  
enkindled love;  
Then added: 'Very well has  
been gone over  
Already of this coin the alloy and  
weight;  
But tell me if thou hast it in thy  
purse?'  
And I: 'Yes, both so shining  
and so round,  
That in its stamp there is no  
peradventure.'  
Thereafter issued from the light  
profound  
That there resplendent was: 'This  
precious jewel,  
Upon the which is every virtue  
founded,  
Whence hadst thou it?' And I:  
'The large outpouring  
Of Holy Spirit, which has been  
diffused

Upon the ancient parchments  
and the new,  
A syllogism is, which proved it to  
me  
With such acuteness, that, com-  
pared therewith,  
All demonstration seems to me  
obtuse.  
And then I heard : 'The ancient  
and the new  
Postulates, that to thee are so  
conclusive,  
Why dost thou take them for the  
word divine ?'  
And I : 'The proofs which show  
the truth to me,  
Are the works subsequent, where-  
unto Nature  
Ne'er heated iron yet, nor anvil  
beat.'  
'Twas answered me : 'Say, who  
assureth thee  
That those works ever were ?  
the thing itself  
That must be proved, nought  
else to thee affirms it.'  
'Were the world to Christianity  
converted,'  
I said, 'withouten miracles, this  
one  
Is such, the real are not its hun-  
dredth part ;  
Because that poor and fasting thou  
didst enter  
Into the field to sow there the  
good plant,  
Which was a vine and has be-  
come a thorn !'  
This being finished, the high, holy  
Court  
Resounded through the spheres,  
'One God we praise !'  
In melody that there above is  
chanted.  
And then that Baron, who from  
branch to branch,  
Examining, had thus conducted  
me,

Till the extremest leaves we were  
approaching,  
Again began : 'The Grace that  
dallying  
Plays with thine intellect thy  
mouth has opened,  
Up to this point, as it should  
opened be,  
So that I do approve what forth  
emerged ;  
But now thou must express what  
thou believest,  
And whence to thy belief it was  
presented.'  
'O holy father, spirit who be-  
holdest  
What thou believedst so that  
thou o'ercamest,  
Towards the sepulchre, more  
youthful feet,'  
Began I, 'thou dost wish me in this  
place  
The form to manifest of my  
prompt belief,  
And likewise thou the cause  
thereof demandest.  
And I respond : In one God I be-  
lieve,  
Sole and eterne, who moveth all  
the heavens  
With love and with desire, him-  
self unmoved ;  
And of such faith not only have I  
proofs  
Physical and metaphysical, but  
gives them  
Likewise the truth that from this  
place rains down  
Through Moses, through the Pro-  
phets and the Psalms,  
Through the Evangel, and  
through you who wrote  
After the fiery Spirit sanctified  
you ;  
In Persons three eterne believe,  
and these  
One essence I believe, so one  
and trine

They bear conjunction both with  
*sunt* and *est*.  
 With the profound condition, and  
 divine  
 Which now I touch upon, doth  
 stamp my mind  
 Ofttimes the doctrine evangelical.  
 This the beginning is, this is the  
 spark  
 Which afterwards dilates to vivid  
 flame,  
 And, like a star in heaven, is  
 sparkling in me.  
 Even as a lord who hears what  
 pleaseth him  
 His servant straight embraces,  
 gratulating  
 For the good news as soon as he  
 is silent;  
 So, giving me its benediction, sing-  
 ing,  
 Three times encircled me, when  
 I was silent,  
 The apostolic light, at whose  
 command  
 I spoken had, in speaking I so  
 pleased him.

CANTO XXV.

If e'er it happen that the Poem  
 Sacred,  
 To which both heaven and earth  
 have set their hand,  
 So that it many a year hath made  
 me lean,  
 O'ercome the cruelty that bars me  
 out  
 From the fair sheepfold, where a  
 lamb I slumbered,  
 An enemy to the wolves that war  
 upon it,  
 With other voice forthwith, with  
 other fleece,  
 Poet will I return, and at my  
 font  
 Baptismal will I take the laurel  
 crown ;

Because into the Faith that maketh  
 known  
 All souls to God there entered I,  
 and then  
 Peter for her sake thus my brow  
 encircled.  
 Thereafterward towards us moved  
 a light  
 Out of that band whence issued  
 the first-fruits  
 Which of his vicars Christ be-  
 hind him left,  
 And then my Lady, full of ecstasy,  
 Said unto me : ' Look, look !  
 behold him Baron  
 For whom below Galicia is fre-  
 quented.'  
 In the same way as, when a dove  
 alights  
 Near his companion, both of  
 them pour forth,  
 Circling about and murmuring,  
 their affection,  
 So one beheld I by the other grand,  
 Prince glorified to be with wel-  
 come greeted  
 Lauding the food that thereabove  
 is eaten.  
 But when their gratulations were  
 complete,  
 Silently *coram me* each one stood  
 still,  
 So incandescent it o'ercame my  
 sight.  
 Smiling thereafterwards, said Bea-  
 trice :  
 ' Illustrious life, by whom the  
 benefactions  
 Of our Basilica have been de-  
 scribed,  
 Make Hope resound within this  
 altitude ;  
 Thou knowest as oft thou dost  
 personify it  
 As Jesus to the three gave greater  
 clearness.'—  
 ' Lift up thy head, and make thyself  
 assured ;

For what comes hither from the  
mortal world  
Must needs be ripened in our  
radiance.'  
This comfort came to me from the  
second fire;  
Wherefore mine eyes I lifted to  
the hills,  
Which bent them down before  
with too great weight.  
'Since, through his grace, our  
Emperor wills that thou  
Shouldst find thee face to face,  
before thy death,  
In the most secret chamber, with  
his Counts,  
So that, the truth beholden of this  
court,  
Hope, which below there right-  
fully enamours,  
Thereby thou strengthen in thy-  
self and others,  
Say what it is, and how is flower-  
ing with it  
Thy mind, and say from whence it  
came to thee.'  
Thus did the second light again  
continue.  
And the Compassionate, who pi-  
loted  
The plumage of my wings in such  
high flight,  
Did in reply anticipate me thus:  
'No child whatever the Church  
Militant  
Of greater hope possesses, as is  
written  
In that Sun which irradiates all  
our band;  
Therefore it is conceded him from  
Egypt  
To come into Jerusalem to see,  
Or ever yet his warfare be com-  
pleted.  
The two remaining points, that not  
for knowledge  
Have been demanded, but that he  
report

How much this virtue unto thee is  
pleasing,  
To him I leave; for hard he will  
not find them,  
Nor of self-praise; and let him  
answer them;  
And may the grace of God in  
this assist him!'  
As a disciple, who his teacher follows,  
Ready and willing, where he is  
expert,  
That his proficiency may be dis-  
played,  
'Hope,' said I, 'is the certain  
expectation  
Of future glory, which is the effect  
Of grace divine and merit prece-  
dent.  
From many stars this light comes  
unto me!  
But he instilled it first into my  
heart  
Who was chief singer unto the  
chief captain.  
"Sperant in te," in the high Theody  
He sayeth, "those who know thy  
name;" and who  
Knoweth it not, if he my faith  
possess?  
Thou didst instil me, then, with his  
instilling  
In the Epistle, so that I am full,  
And upon others rain again your  
rain.'  
While I was speaking, in the living  
bosom  
Of that combustion quivered an  
effulgence,  
Sudden and frequent, in the guise  
of lightning;  
Then breathed: 'The love where-  
with I am inflamed  
Towards the virtue still which  
followed me  
Unto the palm and issue of the  
field,  
Wills that I breathe to thee that thou  
delight

In her ; and grateful to me is thy telling Whatever things Hope promises to thee.	Even as a bride silent and motion- less.
And I : 'The ancient Scriptures and the new The mark establish, and this shows it me, Of all the souls whom God hath made his friends.	'This is the one who lay upon the breast Of him our Pelican ; and this is he To the great office from the cross elected.'
Isaiah saith, that each one gar- mented In his own land shall be with two- fold garments, And his own land is this delight- ful life.	My Lady thus ; but therefore none the more Did move her sight from its atten- tive gaze Before or afterward these words of hers.
Thy brother, too, far more explicitly, There where he treateth of the robes of white, This revelation manifests to us.'	Even as a man who gazes, and en- deavours To see the eclipsing of the sun a little, And who, by seeing, sightless doth become,
And first, and near the ending of these words, ' <i>Sperent in te</i> ' from over us was heard, To which responsive answered all the carols.	So I became before that latest fire, While it was said, 'Why dost thou daze thyself To see a thing which here hath no existence ?
Thereafterward a light among them brightened, So that, if Cancer once such crystal had, Winter would have a month of one sole day.	Earth in the earth my body is, and shall be With all the others there, until our number With the eternal proposition tallies.
And as uprises, goes, and enters the dance A winsome maiden, only to do honour To the new bride, and not from any failing, Even thus did I behold the bright- ened splendour Approach the two, who in a wheel revolved As was beseeching to their ardent love.	With the two garments in the blessed cloister Are the two lights alone that have ascended : And this shalt thou take back into your world.'
Into the song and music there it entered ; And fixed on them my Lady kept her look,	And at this utterance the flaming circle Grew quiet, with the dulcet inter- mingling Of sound that by the trinal breath was made, As to escape from danger or fatigue The oars that erst were in the water beaten Are all suspended at a whistle's sound.



Ah, how much in my mind was I  
disturbed,  
When I turned round to look on  
Beatrice,  
That her I could not see, although  
I was  
Close at her side and in the Happy  
World !



# **BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HEORT.**

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

THUS then, much care-worn,  
The son of Healfden  
Sorrowed evermore,  
Nor might the prudent hero  
His woes avert.  
The war was too hard,  
Too loath and longsome,  
That on the people came,  
Dire wrath and grim,  
Of night-woes the worst.  
This from home heard  
Higelac's Thane,  
Good among the Goths,  
Grendel's deeds.  
He was of mankind  
In might the strongest,  
At that day  
Of this life,  
Noble and stalwart.  
He bade him a sea-ship,  
A goodly one, prepare.  
Quoth he, the war-king,  
Over the swan's road,  
Seek he would  
The mighty monarch,  
Since he wanted men.  
For him that journey  
His prudent fellows  
Straight made ready,  
Those that loved him.  
They excited their souls,  
The omen they beheld.  
Had the good-man  
Of the Gothic people

Champions chosen,  
Of those that keenest  
He might find,  
Some fifteen men.  
The sea-wood sought he.  
The warrior showed,  
Sea-crafty man !  
The landmarks,  
And first went forth.  
The ship was on the waves,  
Boat under the cliffs.  
The barons ready  
To the prow mounted.  
The streams they whirled  
The sea against the sands.  
The chieftains bore  
On the naked breast  
Bright ornaments,  
War-gear, Goth-like.  
The men shoved off,  
Men on their willing way,  
The bounden wood.  
Then went over the sea-waves,  
Hurried by the wind,  
The ship with foamy neck,  
Most like a sea-fowl,  
Till about one hour  
Of the second day  
The curved prow  
Had passed onward  
So that the sailors  
The land saw,  
The shore-cliffs shining,  
Mountains steep,  
And broad sea-noses.  
Then was the sea-sailing  
Of the earl at an end.  
Then up speedily  
The Weather people  
On the land went,  
The sea-bark moored,  
Their mail-sarks shook,  
Their war-weeds.  
God thanked they,  
That to them the sea-journey  
Easy had been.  
Then from the wall beheld  
The warden of the Scyldings,

He who the sea-cliffs  
Had in his keeping.  
Bear o'er the balks  
The bright shields,  
The war-weapons speedily.  
Him the doubt disturbed  
In his mind's thought,  
What these men might be.

Went then to the shore,  
On his steed riding,  
The Thane of Hrothgar.  
Before the host he shook  
His warden's staff in hand,  
In measured words demanded :

'What men are ye,  
War-gear wearing,  
Host in harness,  
Who thus the brown keel  
Over the water-street  
Leading come  
Hither over the sea ?  
I these boundaries  
As shore-warden hold ;  
That in the Land of the Danes  
Nothing loathsome  
With a ship-crew  
Scathe us might. . . .  
Ne'er saw I mightier  
Earl upon earth  
Than is your own,  
Hero in harness.  
Not seldom this warrior  
Is in weapons distinguished ;  
Never his beauty belies him,  
His peerless countenance !  
Now would I fain  
Your origin know,  
Ere ye forth  
As false spies  
Into the Land of the Danes  
Farther fare.  
Now, ye dwellers afar off !  
Ye sailors of the sea !  
Listen to my  
One-fold thought.  
Quickest is best  
To make known  
Whence your coming may be.'

## THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

MUCH it behoveth  
Each one of mortals,  
That he his soul's journey  
In himself ponder,  
How deep it may be.  
When Death cometh,  
The bonds he breaketh  
By which united  
Were body and soul.

Long it is thenceforth  
Ere the soul taketh  
From God himself  
Its woe or its weal ;  
As in the world erst,  
Even in its earth-vessel,  
It wrought before.

The soul shall come  
Wailing with loud voice,  
After a sennight,  
The soul, to find  
The body  
That it erst dwelt in ;—  
Three hundred winters,  
Unless ere that worketh  
The eternal Lord,  
The Almighty God,  
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,  
With cold utterance,  
And speaketh grimly,  
The ghost to the dust :  
'Dry dust ! thou dreary one !  
How little didst thou labour for  
me !

In the foulness of earth  
Thou all wearest away  
Like to the loam !  
Little didst thou think  
How thy soul's journey  
Would be thereafter,  
When from the body  
It should be led forth.'

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead ; on three sides Valleys, and mountains, and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean. Birch-woods crowned the summits, but over the down-sloping hillsides Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field. Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains, Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets. But in the valleys, full widely around, there fed on the greensward Herds with sleek, shining sides, and udders that longed for the milk-pail. 'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast countless number Of white-woolled sheep, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds, Flock-wise, spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time. Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fettered storm-winds, Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder, Knotted with red their manes, and their hoofs all whitened with steel shoes. The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir. Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred) Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yuletide. Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak, Polished and white, as of steel ; the columns twain of the high-seat Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree ; Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet. Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black, Scarlet red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver), Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness. Oft, when the moon among the night-clouds flew, related the old man Wonders from far distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North Sea. Hush sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's Lips, as a bee on the rose ; but the Skald was thinking of Bragé, Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition. Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn), burned forever the fire-flame Glad on its stone-built hearth ; and through the wide-mouthed smoke-flue Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall, But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there in among them Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots. More than helmets and swords, the shields in the banquet-hall glistened, White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disc of silver. Ever and anon went a maid round the board and filled up the drink-horns ; Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed ; in the shield her reflection Blushed too, even as she ;—this gladdened the hard-drinking champions.

### FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

SPRING is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,  
And the loosened torrents downward singing to the ocean run ;  
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,  
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport,  
Swarming in its gorgeous splendour is assembled all the court ;  
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground away,  
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream aloud for prey.

See, the queen of the chase advances ! Frithiof, gaze not on the sight !  
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white,  
Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more beauteous than these two,  
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah ! over hill and dale !  
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.  
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,  
But with spear outstretched before her, after them Valkyria comes.

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,  
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knees his head ;  
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after war's alarms  
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth in its mother's arms.

As he slumbers, hark ! there sings a coal-black bird upon a bough :  
'Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow ;  
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave ;  
Now no human eye beholds thee ; deep and silent is the grave.'

Frithiof listens ; hark ! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough.  
'Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.  
Coward, wilt thou murder slumber ? a defenceless old man slay ?  
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way.'

Thus the two wood-birds did warble ; Frithiof took his war-sword good,  
With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy wood.  
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand ; but on light unfolded wings,  
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. 'Sweet has been my sleep,' he said ;  
'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.  
But where is thy sword, O stranger ? Lightning's brother, where is he ?  
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be ?'

'It avails not,' Frithiof answered ; 'in the North are other swords ;  
Sharp, O monarch, is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words ;  
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem,  
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.'

**SILENT LOVE.**

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHO love would seek,  
Let him love evermore  
And seldom speak :  
For in love's domain  
Silence must reign ;  
Or it brings the heart  
Smart  
And pain.



**CHILDHOOD.**

FROM THE DANISH.

THERE was a time when I was very  
small,  
When my whole frame was but  
an ell in height,  
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,  
And therefore I recall it with  
delight.

I sported in my tender mother's  
arms,  
And rode a horseback on best  
father's knee ;  
Alike were sorrows, passions, and  
alarms,  
And gold, and Greek, and love,  
unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far  
less in size,  
Likewise it seemed to me less  
wicked far ;  
Like points in heaven, I saw the  
stars arise,  
And longed for wings that I might  
catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island  
fade,  
And thought, ' O, were I on that  
island there,

I could find out of what the moon  
is made,  
Find out how large it is, how  
round, how fair !'

Wondering, I saw God's sun,  
through western skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at  
night,  
And yet upon the morrow early  
rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven  
with crimson light ;

And thought of God, the gracious  
Heavenly Father,  
Who made me, and that lovely  
sun on high,  
And all those pearls of heaven  
thick-strung together,  
Dropped, clustering, from his  
hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young  
lips did say  
The prayer my pious mother  
taught to me :  
' O gentle God ! O, let me strive  
alway  
Still to be wise, and good, and  
follow thee !'

So prayed I for my father and my  
mother,  
And for my sister, and for all the  
town ;  
The king I knew not, and the  
beggar-brother,  
Who, bent with age, went, sigh-  
ing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of  
boyhood perished,  
And all the gladness, all the peace  
I knew !

Now have I but their memory,  
fondly cherished ;—  
God ! may I never, never lose  
that too !

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP  
TURPIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE archbishop, whom God loved  
in high degree,  
Beheld his wounds all bleeding  
fresh and free ;  
And then his cheek more ghastly  
grew and wan,  
And a faint shudder through his  
members ran.  
Upon the battlefield his knee was  
bent ;  
Brave Roland saw, and to his suc-  
cour went,  
Straightway his helmet from his  
brow unlaced,  
And tore the shining hauberk from  
his breast ;  
Then raising in his arms the man  
of God,  
Gently he laid him on the verdant  
sod.  
' Rest, Sire,' he cried,—' for rest  
thy suffering needs.'  
The priest replied, ' Think but of  
warlike deeds !  
The field is ours ; well may we  
boast this strife !  
But death steals on,—there is no  
hope of life ;  
In paradise, where the almoners  
live again,  
There are our couches spread,—  
there shall we rest from pain.'  
Sore Ronald grieved ; nor marvel  
I, alas !  
That thrice he swooned upon the  
thick, green grass.  
When he revived, with a loud voice  
cried he,  
' O Heavenly Father ! Holy Saint  
Marie !  
Why lingers death to lay me in my  
grave ?  
Beloved France ! how have the  
good and brave

Been torn from thee and left thee  
weak and poor !'  
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-  
love, came o'er  
His spirit, and he whispered soft  
and slow,  
' My gentle friend !—what parting  
full of woe !  
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou  
see ;—  
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison  
on thee !  
Christ, who did save from realms  
of woe beneath  
The Hebrew prophets from the  
second death,'  
Then to the paladins, whom well  
he knew,  
He went, and one by one unaided  
drew  
To Turpin's side, well skilled in  
ghostly lore ;—  
No heart had he to smile,—but,  
weeping sore,  
He blessed them in God's name,  
with faith that he  
Would soon vouchsafe to them a  
glad eternity.  
The archbishop, then,—on whom  
God's benison rest !  
Exhausted, bowed his head upon  
his breast ;—  
His mouth was full of dust and  
clotted gore,  
And many a wound his swollen  
visage bore.  
Slow beats his heart,—his panting  
bosom heaves,—  
Death comes apace,—no hope of  
cure relieves.  
Towards heaven he raised his dying  
hands and prayed  
That God, who for our sins was  
mortal made,—  
Born of the Virgin,—scorned and  
crucified,—  
In paradise would place him by  
his side.

Then Turpin died in service of  
Charlon,  
In battle great and eke great ori-  
son;  
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong  
champion;—  
God grant to him his holy benison !



RONDEL.

FROM FROISSART.

LOVE, love, what wilt thou with  
this heart of mine?  
Naught see I fixed or sure in  
thee !  
I do not know thee,—nor what  
deeds are thine :  
Love, love, what wilt thou with  
this heart of mine ?  
Naught see I fixed or sure in  
thee !  
Shall I be mute, or vows with  
prayers combine ?  
Ye who are blessed in loving,  
tell it me :  
Love, love, what wilt thou with  
this heart of mine ?  
Naught see I permanent or sure  
in thee !



RONDEL.

FROM CHARLES D'ORLÉANS.

HENCE away, begone, begone,  
Carking care and melancholy !  
Think ye thus to govern me  
All my life long, as ye have done ?  
That shall ye not, I promise ye ;  
Reason shall have the mastery.  
So hence away, begone, begone,  
Carking care and melancholy !

If ever ye return this way,  
With your mournful company,  
A curse be on ye, and the day  
That brings ye moping back to  
me !  
Hence away, begone, I say,  
Carking care and melancholy !



RENOUVEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH.

NOW Time throws off his cloak  
again  
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,  
And clothes him in the embroidery  
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.  
With beast and bird the forest rings,  
Each in his jargon cries or sings ;  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.  
River, and fount, and tinkling brook  
Wear in their dainty livery  
Drops of silver jewelry ;  
In new-made suit they merry look ;  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.



THE NATURE OF LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

TO noble heart Love doth for  
shelter fly,  
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy  
shade ;  
Love was not felt till noble heart  
beat high,  
Nor before love the noble heart was  
made.  
Soon as the sun's broad flame  
Was formed, so soon the clear light  
filled the air ;  
Yet was not till he came :

So love springs up in noble breasts,  
and there  
Has its appointed space,  
As heat in the bright flame finds its  
allotted place.

Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,  
As hidden virtue in the precious  
stone :

This virtue comes not from the  
stars above,  
Till round it the ennobling sun has  
shone ;

But when his powerful blaze  
Has drawn forth what was vile, the  
stars impart

Strange virtue in their rays :  
And thus when Nature doth create  
the heart

Noble and pure and high,  
Like virtue from the star, love  
comes from woman's eye.



### FRIAR LUBIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

To gallop off to town post-haste,  
So oft, the times I cannot tell ;  
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—  
Friar Lubin will do it well.

But a sober life to lead,  
To honour virtue, and pursue it,  
That's a pious, Christian deed,—  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle with a knowing smile,  
The goods of others with his own,  
And leave you without cross or pile,  
Friar Lubin stands alone.

To say 'tis yours is all in vain,  
If once he lays his finger to it ;  
For as to giving back again,  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle  
tone,  
To woo and win some guileless  
maid,

Cunning pander need you none,—  
Friar Lubin knows the trade.  
Loud preacheth he sobriety,  
But as for water, doth eschew it ;  
Your dog may drink it,—but no the ;  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOI.

When an evil deed's to do,  
Friar Lubin is stout and true ;  
Glimmers a ray of goodness through  
it,  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.



### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O, HOW blest are ye whose toils  
are ended !  
Who, through death, have unto God  
ascended !  
Ye have arisen  
From the cares which keep us still  
in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,  
Still oppressed with sorrow and  
misgiving ;  
Our undertakings  
Are but toils, and troubles, and  
heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your cham-  
bers sleeping,  
Quiet, and set free from all our  
weeping ;  
No cross nor trial  
Hinders your enjoyments with  
denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears  
for ever ;  
Ye have that for which we still  
endeavour.  
To you are chanted  
Songs which yet no mortal ear  
have haunted.



## Translations.

Ah ! who would not, then, depart  
with gladness,  
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?  
Who here would languish  
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?  
Come, O Christ, and loose the  
chains that bind us!  
Lead us forth, and cast this world  
behind us!  
With thee, the Anointed,  
Finds the soul its joy and rest  
appointed.



### MY SECRET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FELIX  
ARVERS.

MY soul its secret hath, my life too  
hath its mystery,  
A love eternal in a moment's space  
conceived ;

Hopeless the evil is, I have not told  
its history,  
And she who was the cause nor  
knew it nor believed.  
Alas ! I shall have passed close by  
her unperceived,  
For ever at her side and yet for  
ever lonely,  
I shall unto the end have made  
life's journey, only  
Daring to ask for naught and hav-  
ing naught received.

For her, though God hath made  
her gentle and endearing,  
She will go on her way distraught  
and without hearing  
These murmurings of love that  
round her steps ascend,  
Piously faithful still unto her aus-  
tere duty,  
Will say, when she shall read these  
lines full of her beauty,  
'Who can this woman be?' and  
will not comprehend.



### VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE.

MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclining,  
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.  
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,  
We our country fly ; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,  
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created,  
For he will be unto me a god for ever ; his altar  
Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.  
He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,  
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

MELIBŒUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather ; on all sides  
In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,  
Heartsick, further away ; this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I ;  
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,  
Hope of the flock, ah me ! on the naked flint she hath left them.

Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,  
Oak-trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember ;  
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted.  
Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined,  
Foolish I ! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds  
Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.  
Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,  
Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.  
But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted  
As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

MELIBŒUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee ?

TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,  
After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving,—  
Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while,  
Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me.  
For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me  
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.  
Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,  
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,  
Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

MELIBŒUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokest the gods, Amaryllis,  
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches !  
Tityrus hence was absent ! Thee, Tityrus, even the pine-trees,  
Thee, the very fountains, the very copses were calling.

TITYRUS.

What could I do ? No power had I to escape from my bondage,  
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognise gods so propitious.  
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus,  
During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.  
Here first gave he response to me soliciting favour :  
' Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks.'

MELIBŒUS.

Fortunate old man ! So then thy fields will be left thee,  
And large enough for thee, though naked stone and the marish  
All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.  
No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,  
Nor of the neighbouring flock the dire contagion infect them.  
Fortunate old man ! Here among familiar rivers,  
And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.  
On this side, a hedge along the neighbouring cross-road,

## Translations.

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Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,  
Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall persuade thee.  
Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes,  
Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse wood-pigeons,  
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aerial elm-trees.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether,  
And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore,  
Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled  
Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German drink of the Tigris,  
Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom !

MELIBŒUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,  
Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes,  
And to the Britons from all the universe utterly sundered.  
Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country  
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward  
Seeing, with wonder behold,—my kingdoms, a handful of wheat-ears !  
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,  
And these fields of corn a barbarian ? Lo, whither discord  
Us wretched people have brought ! for whom our fields we have planted !  
Graft, Melibœus, thy pear-trees now, put in order thy vineyards.  
Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy aforetime.  
Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern  
Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.  
Songs no more shall I sing ; not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,  
Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou rest thee  
Here on the verdant leaves ; for us there are mellowing apples,  
Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance ;  
And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,  
And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.



### OVID IN EXILE.

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE.

TRISTIA, Book III, Elegy X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,  
And, without me, my name still in the city survive ;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean  
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ ;  
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine !

## Translations.

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Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us :  
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,  
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost ;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus,  
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it ;  
Boreas hardens it still, makes it for ever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, another succeeds it,  
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the North wind awakened, it levels  
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather,  
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,  
And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels :  
No more draughts of wine,—pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid,  
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug ?

Ister,—no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus,—  
Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep ;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters,  
Under a roof of ice, winding its way to the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot ; and the billows,  
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them,  
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed ; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,  
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,  
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

'Tis not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean ;  
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander !  
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

## Translations.

---

Nor can the curv'd dolphins uplift themselves from the water ;  
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents ;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,  
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be ;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble,  
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,  
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes  
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the reflux stream,—

Straightway,—the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind,—  
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed ;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,  
All the neighbouring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions,  
Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become ;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,  
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,  
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbéd arrows, in agony perish,  
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,  
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending ;  
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,  
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves,  
No fermenting must fills and o'erflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies ; nor would Acontius have found here  
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—  
Places, alas ! unto which no happy man would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides,  
Has this region been found only my prison to be ?

## Translations.

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TRISTIA, Book III, Elegy XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended,  
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before ;  
And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle,  
Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night.  
Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,  
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.  
Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colours,  
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.  
Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,  
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes ;  
And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,  
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.  
Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,  
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine !  
Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,  
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree !  
Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order  
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.  
Now they are riding the horses ; with light arms now they are playing,  
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop :  
Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,  
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs.  
Thrives the stage ; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,  
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.  
Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,  
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.  
But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,  
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.  
Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister  
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.  
Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering,  
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.  
Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,  
Who he may be, I shall ask ; wherefore and whence he hath come.  
Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,  
And incautious unless ploughing the neighbouring sea.

## Translations.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,  
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbours devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,  
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic,  
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,  
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,  
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latin Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious,  
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me,  
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me ! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now ?  
And doth punishment now give me its place for a home ?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead,  
But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.



### ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRY.

FROM this high portal, where up-  
springs

The rose to touch our hands in  
play,

We at a glance behold three  
things,—

The Sea, the Town, and the High-  
way.

And the Sea says: My shipwrecks  
fear;

I drown my best friends in the  
deep;

And those who braved my tempests,  
here

Among my sea-weeds lie asleep !

The Town says: I am filled and  
fraught

With tumult and with smoke and  
care;

My days with toil are overwrought,  
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says: My wheel-  
tracks guide

To the pale climates of the North;  
Where my last milestone stands

abide  
The people to their death gone

forth.

Here, in the shade, this life of  
ours,

Full of delicious air, glides by  
Amid a multitude of flowers

As countless as the stars on high;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful  
soil,  
Bathed with an azure all divine,  
Where springs the tree that gives  
us oil,

The grape that giveth us the wine ;

Beneath these mountains stripped  
of trees,

Whose tops with flowers are covered  
o'er,

Where springtime of the Hesperides  
Begins, but endeth nevermore ;

Under these leafy vaults and walls,  
That unto gentle sleep persuade ;  
This rainbow of the waterfalls,  
Of mingled mist and sunshine  
made ;

Upon these shores, where all invites,  
We live our languid life apart ;  
This air is that of life's delights,  
The festival of sense and heart ;

This limpid space of time prolong,  
Forget to-morrow in to-day,  
And leave unto the passing throng  
The Sea, the Town, and the High-  
way.

—+—

### TO MY BROOKLET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUCIS.

THOU brooklet, all unknown to  
song,  
Hid in the covert of the wood !  
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,  
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past  
Lie all forgotten in their graves,  
Till in my thoughts remain at last  
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy  
waves.

The lily by thy margin waits ;—  
The nightingale, the marguerite ;  
In shadow here he meditates  
His nest, his love, his music sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul  
Knows naught of error or of crime ;  
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,  
Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves,  
Pursuing still thy course, shall I  
Lisp the soft shudder of the leaves,  
And hear the lapwing's plaintive  
cry ?

—+—

### BARRÈGES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEFRANC  
DE POMPIGNAN.

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain  
chains,  
Dwelling of warriors stark and frore !  
You, may these eyes behold no  
more,  
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views !  
Ye rocks that mount up to the  
clouds !  
Of skies, enwrapped in misty  
shrouds,  
Impracticable avenues !

Ye torrents, that with might and  
main  
Break pathways through the rocky  
walls,  
With your terrific waterfalls  
Fatigue no more my weary brain !

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,  
Arise, ye pictures of delight !  
Ye brooks, that water in your flight  
The flowers and harvests of our  
farms !



You I perceive, ye meadows green,  
Where the Garonne the lowland fills,  
Not far from that long chain of hills,  
With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts  
so high,

Methinks from my own hearth  
must come ;

With speed, to that beloved home,  
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly !

And bear me thither, where the soul  
In quiet may itself possess,  
Where all things soothe the mind's  
distress,

Where all things teach me and  
console.

—♦—  
**FORSAKEN.**

FROM THE GERMAN.

SOMETHING the heart must have  
to cherish,

Must love and joy and sorrow  
learn,

Something with passion clasp, or  
perish,

And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging,  
And its frank eyes, with look  
intense,

Me from a world of sin are bringing  
Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure for ever ;  
Strong may thy heart in danger  
be !

Thou shalt not fail ! but ah, be  
never

False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,  
And thou thy mother ne'er for-  
sake,

Until her lips are white and breath-  
less,

Until in death her eyes shall  
break.

—♦—  
**ALLAH.**

FROM THE GERMAN OF  
MAHLMANN.

ALLAH gives light in darkness,  
Allah gives rest in pain,  
Cheeks that are white with weeping  
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms  
wither,

Years vanish with flying feet ;  
But my heart will live on for ever,  
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling  
Yonder would I take flight ;  
There will the darkness vanish,  
There will my eyes have sight.

# Seven Sonnets and a Canzone.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

[The following translations are from the poems of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text by Guasti.]

## I. THE ARTIST.

NOTHING the greatest artist can conceive  
That every marble block doth not confine  
Within itself; and only its design  
The hand that follows intellect can achieve.  
The ill I flee, the good that I believe,  
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,  
Thus hidden lie; and so that death be mine  
Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.  
Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,  
Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,  
Of my disgrace, nor chance, nor destiny,  
If in thy heart both death and love find place  
At the same time, and if my humble brain,  
Burning, can nothing draw but death from thee.

## II. FIRE.

NOT without fire can any workman mould  
The iron to his preconceived design,  
Nor can the artist without fire refine  
And purify from all its dross the gold;  
Nor can revive the phoenix, we are told,  
Except by fire. Hence if such death be mine  
I hope to rise again with the divine,  
Whom death augments, and time cannot make old.  
O sweet, sweet death! O fortunate fire that burns  
Within me still to renovate my days,  
Though I am almost numbered with the dead!  
If by its nature unto heaven returns  
This element, me, kindled in its blaze,  
Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

## Seven Sonnets from Michael Angelo.

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### III. YOUTH AND AGE.

O GIVE me back the days when loose and free  
To my blind passion were the curb and rein,  
O give me back the angelic face again,  
With which all virtue buried seems to be !  
O give my panting footsteps back to me,  
That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,  
And fire and moisture in the heart and brain,  
If thou wouldst have me burn and weep for thee !  
If it be true thou livest alone, Amor,  
On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,  
In an old man thou canst not wake desire ;  
Souls that have almost reached the other shore  
Of a diviner love should feel the darts,  
And be as tinder to a holier fire.

### IV. OLD AGE.

THE course of my long life hath reached at last,  
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,  
The common harbour, where must rendered be  
Account of all the actions of the past.  
The impassioned fantasy, that, vague and vast,  
Made art an idol and a king to me,  
Was an illusion, and but vanity  
Were the desires that lured me and harassed.  
The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,  
What are they now, when two deaths may be mine,---  
One sure, and one forecasting its alarms ?  
Painting and sculpture satisfy no more  
The soul now turning to the Love Divine,  
That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.

### V. TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

LADY, how can it chance—yet this we see  
In long experience—that will longer last  
A living image carved from quarries vast  
Than its own maker, who dies presently ?  
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,  
And even Nature is by Art surpassed ;  
This know I, who to Art have given the past,  
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.  
Perhaps on both of us long life can I  
Either in colour or in stone bestow,  
By now portraying each in look and mien ;  
So that a thousand years after we die,  
How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,  
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

## Seven Sonnets from Michael Angelo.

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### VI. TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

WHEN the prime mover of my many sighs  
Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,  
Nature, that never made so fair a face,  
Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes.  
O fate, unheeding my impassioned cries!  
O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit of grace,  
Where art thou now? Earth holds in its embrace  
Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies.  
Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay  
The rumour of thy virtuous renown,  
That Lethe's waters could not wash away!  
A thousand leaves, since he hath stricken thee down,  
Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven convey,  
Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

### VII. DANTE.

WHAT should be said of him cannot be said;  
By too great splendour is his name attended;  
To blame is easier those who him offended,  
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.  
This man descended to the doomed and dead  
For our instruction; then to God ascended;  
Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,  
Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.  
Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice  
Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well,  
That the most perfect most of grief shall see.  
Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,  
That as his exile hath no parallel,  
Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

---

### CANZONE.

AH me! ah me! when thinking of the years,  
The vanished years, alas, I do not find  
Among them all one day that was my own!  
Fallacious hopes, desires of the unknown,  
Lamenting, loving, burning, and in tears  
(For human passions all have stirred my mind),  
Have held me, now I feel and know, confined  
Both from the true and good still far away.  
I perish day by day;  
The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,  
And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.

# Ultima Thule.

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## DEDICATION.

TO G. W. G.

WITH favouring winds, o'er sunlit  
seas,  
We sailed for the Hesperides,  
The land where golden apples grow ;  
But that, ah ! that was long ago.

How far, since then, the ocean  
streams  
Have swept us from that land of  
dreams,  
That land of fiction and of truth,  
The lost Atlantis of our youth !

Whither, ah, whither ? Are not  
these  
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,  
Where sea-gulls scream, and  
breakers roar  
And wreck and seaweed line the  
shore ?

Ultima Thule ! Utmost Isle !  
Here in thy harbours for a while  
We lower our sails ; a while we  
rest  
From the unending, endless quest.

---

## BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEAD he lay among his books !  
The peace of God was in his looks.  
As the statues in the gloom  
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb<sup>1</sup> ;

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<sup>1</sup> In the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

So those volumes from their shelves  
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah ! his hand will never more  
Turn their storied pages o'er :

Never more his lips repeat  
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest !  
He is gone, who was its guest ;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave  
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller ! in what realms afar,  
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aerial space,  
Shines the light upon thy face ?

In what gardens of delight  
Rest thy weary feet to-night ?

Poet ! thou, whose latest verse  
Was a garland on thy hearse ;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,  
In Deukalion's life, thine own ;

On the ruins of the Past  
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend ! but yesterday the bells  
Rang for thee their loud farewells ;

And to-day they toll for thee,  
Lying dead beyond the sea ;

Lying dead among thy books,  
The peace of God in all thy looks !

# THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee  
Thou canst no longer see,  
In the Chamber over the Gate,  
That old man desolate,  
Weeping and wailing sore  
For his son, who is no more?  
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago  
That cry of human woe  
From the walled city came,  
Calling on his dear name,  
That it has died away  
In the distance of to-day?  
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,  
There is neither there nor here,  
There is neither soon nor late,  
In that Chamber over the Gate,  
Nor any long ago  
To that cry of human woe,  
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past  
The voice sounds like a blast,  
Over seas that wreck and drown,  
Over tumult of traffic and town;  
And from ages yet to be  
Come the echoes back to me,  
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour  
The watchman on the tower  
Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of despair.  
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,  
Who shall return no more.  
With him our joy departs;  
The light goes out in our hearts;  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
We sit disconsolate.  
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief;  
Ours is the bitterest loss  
Ours is the heaviest cross;  
And for ever the cry will be  
'Would God I had died for thee,  
O Absalom, my son!'



## FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who presented to me, on my Seventy-second  
Birthday, February 27, 1879, this Chair,  
made from the Wood of the Village Black  
smith's Chestnut Tree.

AM I a king, that I should call my  
own

This splendid ebon throne?  
Or by what reason, or what right  
divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of  
song

It may to me belong;  
Only because the spreading chest-  
nut tree  
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer-time  
The affluent foliage of its branches  
made  
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge,  
beside the street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet  
Enticed the bees, until it seemed  
alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn,  
with a shout,  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting  
from the sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its  
branches bare,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a  
home at last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all  
his pride  
Repel the ocean tide,  
But, seated in this chair, I can in  
rhyme  
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout  
and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires  
aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil  
beat  
The iron white with heat !

And thus, dear children, have ye  
made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than three-score  
years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory,  
like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into  
which is wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remem-  
brance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless  
now so long,  
Blossom again in song.

## JUGURTHA.

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !  
Cried the African monarch, the  
splendid,  
As down to his death in the hollow  
Dark dungeons of Rome he de-  
scended,  
Uncrowned unthroned, unat-  
tended ;  
How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !  
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbe-  
friended,  
As the vision, that lured him to  
follow,  
With the mist and the darkness  
blended,  
And the dream of his life was  
ended ;  
How cold are thy baths, Apollo !



## THE IRON PEN.

Made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the Prisoner  
of Chillon ; the handle of wood from the  
Frigate Constitution, and bound with a  
circlet of gold, inset with three precious  
stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise  
From the casket where it lies—  
Of itself would arise and write  
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the  
pines,  
I dreamed these gems from the  
mines  
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine  
Would glimmer as thoughts in the  
lines ;

That this iron link from the chain  
Of Bonnivard might retain  
Some verse of the Poet who sang  
Of the prisoner and his pain ;

That this wood from the frigate's  
mast

Might write me a rhyme at last,  
As it used to write on the sky  
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,  
Like a Bishop lying in state  
Lies the Pen, with its mitre of  
gold,  
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say  
That the light of that summer day  
In the garden under the pines  
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,  
Caressed by the fragrant air,  
With the shadow on your face,  
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone  
Of a voice before unknown,  
Saying, 'This is from me to  
you—  
From me, and to you alone.'

And in words not idle and vain  
I shall answer and thank you again  
For the gift, and the grace of the  
gift,  
O beautiful Helen of Maine !

And for ever this gift will be  
As a blessing from you to me,  
As a drop of the dew of your  
youth  
On the leaves of an aged tree.



# ROBERT BURNS.

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr  
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,  
Sings at his task  
So clear, we know not if it is  
The laverock's song we hear, or his,  
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those  
fields

A more ethereal harvest yields  
Than sheaves of grain ;  
Songs flush with purple bloom the  
rye,  
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,  
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside  
weed  
Becomes a flower ; the lowliest reed  
Beside the stream  
Is clothed with beauty ; gorse and  
grass  
And heather, where his footsteps  
pass,  
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame  
illumes  
The darkness of lone cottage rooms ;  
He feels the force,  
The treacherous undertow and stress  
Of wayward passions, and no less  
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,  
His voice is harsh, but not with hate ;  
The brushwood, hung  
Above the tavern door, lets fall  
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall  
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song  
Rises o'er all elate and strong ;  
Its master-chords  
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brother-  
hood,  
Its discords but an interlude  
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave  
Unfinished what he might achieve !  
Yet better sure  
Is this, than wandering up and down  
An old man in a country town,  
Infirm and poor.



For now he haunts his native land  
As an immortal youth ; his hand  
Guides every plough ;  
He sits beside each ingle-nook,  
His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-  
night,  
A form of mingled mist and light  
From that far coast.  
Welcome beneath this roof of mine !  
Welcome ! this vacant chair is thine,  
Dear guest and ghost !



### HELEN OF TYRE.

WHAT phantom is this that appears  
Through the purple mist of the  
years,

Itself but a mist like these ?  
A woman of cloud and of fire ;  
It is she ; it is Helen of Tyre,  
The town in the midst of the seas.

O Tyre ! in thy crowded streets  
The phantom appears and retreats,  
And the Israelites that sell  
Thy lilies and lions of brass,  
Look up as they see her pass,  
And murmur ' Jezebel ! '

Then another phantom is seen  
At her side, in a gray gabardine,  
With beard that floats to his  
waist ;  
It is Simon Magus, the Seer ;  
He speaks, and she pauses to hear  
The words he utters in haste.

He says : ' From this evil fame,  
From this life of sorrow and shame,  
I will lift thee and make thee  
mine ;  
Thou hast been Queen Candace,  
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be  
The Intelligence Divine ! '

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,  
To the fallen and forlorn  
Are whispered words of praise ;  
For the famished heart believes  
The falsehood that tempts and de-  
ceives,  
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land  
The wizard's beckoning hand,  
As a leaf is blown by the gust,  
Till she vanishes into night.  
O reader, stoop down and write  
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,  
With thy rafts of cedar trees,  
Thy merchandise and thy ships,  
Thou, too, art become as naught,  
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,  
A name upon men's lips.



### ELEGIAC.

DARK is the morning with mist ; in  
the narrow mouth of the har-  
bour  
Motionless lies the sea, under its  
curtain of cloud ;  
Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships  
on the distant horizon,  
Like to the towers of a town, built  
on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they sail  
forth into the ocean ;  
With them sail my thoughts over  
the limitless deep,  
Farther and farther away, borne on  
by unsatisfied longings,  
Unto Hesperian isles, unto Au-  
sonian shores.

Now they have vanished away, have  
disappeared in the ocean ;  
Sunk are the towers of the town  
into the depths of the sea !

All have vanished but those that,  
moored in the neighbouring  
roadstead,  
Sailless at anchor ride, looming so  
large in the mist.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the  
dim, unsatisfied longings ;  
Sunk are the turrets of cloud into  
the ocean of dreams ;  
While in a haven of rest my heart  
is riding at anchor,  
Held by the chains of love, held  
by the anchors of trust !



# OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR.

WHAT an image of peace and rest  
Is this little church among its  
graves !

All is so quiet ; the troubled breast,  
The wounded spirit, the heart op-  
pressed,  
Here may find there pose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands  
Over this humble hermitage,  
And seems to caress with its little  
hands

The rough, gray stones, as a child  
that stands  
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of  
age !

You cross the threshold ; and dim  
and small  
Is the space that serves for the  
Shepherd's Fold ;

The narrow aisle, the bare, white  
wall,  
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and  
tall,  
Whisper and say : ' Alas ! we are  
old.'

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton  
Hardly more spacious is than this ;  
But Poet and Pastor, blent in one,  
Clothed with a splendour, as of the  
sun,  
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without  
That makes the building small  
or great,  
But the soul's light shining round  
about,  
And the faith that overcometh doubt,  
And the love that stronger is than  
hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,  
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,  
More than a Bishop's diocese  
Should I prize this place of rest,  
and release  
From farther longing and farther  
search.

Here would I stay, and let the world  
With its distant thunder roar  
and roll ;  
Storms do not rend the sail that is  
furled ;  
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and  
whirled  
In an eddy of wind, is the an-  
chored soul.

# Folk-Songs.

## THE SIFTING OF PETER.

IN Saint Luke's Gospel we are told  
How Peter in the days of old

Was sifted;  
And now, though ages intervene,  
Sin is the same, while time and  
scene

Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,  
As wheat to sift us, and we all

Are tempted;  
Not one, however rich or great,  
Is by his station or estate  
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is  
But he, by some device of his,

Can enter;  
No heart hath armour so complete  
But he can pierce with arrows fleet  
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,  
Who hear the warning voice, but go

Unheeding,  
Till thrice and more they have denied  
The Man of Sorrows, crucified  
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face  
Will make us feel the deep disgrace

Of weakness;  
We shall be sifted till the strength  
Of self-conceit be changed at length  
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed,  
will ache;

The reddening scars remain, and  
make

Confession;  
Lost innocence returns no more;  
We are not what we were before  
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and  
heat,

Rise from disaster and defeat  
The stronger,  
And conscious still of the divine  
Within them, lie on earth supine  
No longer.

## MAIDEN AND WEATHER- COCK.

### MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village  
spire,

With your golden feathers all on fire,  
Tell me, what can you see from  
your perch

Above there over the tower of the  
church?

### WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets  
below,

And the people moving to and fro,  
And beyond, without either roof or  
street,

The great salt sea, and the fisher-  
man's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in  
Beyond the headlands and harbour  
of Lynn,

And a young man standing on the  
deck,

With a silken kerchief round his  
neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,  
And now he is kissing his finger-tips,

And now he is lifting and waving  
his hand,  
And blowing the kisses toward the  
land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the  
sea,  
That is bringing my lover back to  
me,  
Bringing my lover so fond and true,  
Who does not change with the wind  
like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that  
blow,  
It is only because they made me so,  
And people would think it wondrous  
strange  
If I, a Weathercock, should not  
change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,  
With your dreamy eyes and your  
golden hair,  
When you and your lover meet to-  
day  
You will thank me for looking some  
other way.



THE WINDMILL.

BEHOLD ! a giant am I !  
Aloft here in my tower,  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, and the wheat, and the  
rye,  
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that is to be,  
And I fling to the air my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails  
Far off, from the threshing-floors  
In barns, with their open doors,  
And the wind, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And which ever way it may blow  
I meet it face to face,  
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,  
My master, the miller, stands  
And feeds me with his hands ;  
For he knows who makes him  
thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;  
Church-going bells begin  
Their low, melodious din ;  
I cross my arms on my breast,  
And all is peace within.



THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE  
FALLS.

THE tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curlew  
calls ;  
Along the sea-sands damp and  
brown  
The traveller hastens toward the  
town,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and  
walls,  
But the sea in the darkness calls  
and calls ;  
The little waves, with their soft  
white hands,  
Efface the footprints in the sands,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks ; the steeds  
in their stalls  
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler  
calls ;  
The day returns, but nevermore  
Returns the traveller to the shore,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

## Sonnets.

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### MY CATHEDRAL.

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately pines  
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones ;  
The arch beneath them is not built with stones—  
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,  
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines ;  
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,  
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,  
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.  
Enter ! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,  
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread !  
Listen ! the choir is singing ; all the birds,  
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,  
Are singing ! listen, ere the sound be fled,  
And learn there may be worship without words.

---

### THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

IN the old churchyard of his native town,  
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,  
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,  
And left him to his rest and his renown.  
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down  
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall ;—  
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call  
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.  
And now the moon is shining on the scene,  
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er  
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,  
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin  
With chapters of the Koran ; but, ah ! more  
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these.

NIGHT.

INTO the darkness and the hush of night  
Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,  
And with it fade the phantoms of the day,  
The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.  
The crowd, the clamour, the pursuit, the flight,  
The unprofitable splendour and display,  
The agitations, and the cares that prey  
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.  
The better life begins ; the world no more  
Molests us ; all its records we erase  
From the dull commonplace-book of our lives.  
That like a palimpsest is written o'er  
With trivial incidents of time and place,  
And lo ! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.

---

## L'Envoi.



### THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the Spring,  
We know not from where ;  
As the stars come at evening  
From depths of the air ;

As the rain comes from the cloud,  
And the brook from the ground ;  
As suddenly, low or loud,  
Out of silence a sound ;

As the grape comes to the vine,  
The fruit to the tree ;  
As the wind comes to the pine,  
And the tide to the sea ;

As come the white sails of ships  
O'er the ocean's verge ;  
As comes the smile to the lips,  
The foam to the surge :

So come to the Poet his songs,  
All hitherward blown  
From the misty realm, that belongs  
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays  
He sings ; and their fame  
Is his, and not his ; and the praise  
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,  
And haunt him by night,  
And he listens, and needs must obey,  
When the Angel says : 'Write !'

# In the Harbour.

## BECALMED.

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought,  
Still unattained the land it sought,  
My mind, with loosely-hanging  
sails,  
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,  
The ocean stretches like a floor,—  
A level floor of amethyst,  
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow !  
Shake and uplift this golden glow !  
And fill the canvas of the mind  
With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song ! until I feel  
The straining sail, the lifting keel,  
The life of the awakening sea,  
Its motion and its mystery !

## HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

As Seleucus narrates, Hermes describes the principles that rank as wholes in two myriads of books ; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes.

Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes.  
—IAMBLICUS.

STILL through Egypt's desert places  
Flows the lordly Nile ;  
From its banks the great stone faces  
Gaze with patient smile.  
Still the pyramids imperious  
Pierce the cloudless skies,  
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,  
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian  
Demi-gods and kings ?  
Nothing left but an inscription  
Graven on stones and rings.  
Where are Helios and Hephaestus,  
Gods of eldest eld ?  
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,  
Who their secrets held ?

Where are now the many hundred  
Thousand books he wrote ?  
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,  
Lost in lands remote ;  
In oblivion sunk for ever,  
As when o'er the land  
Blows a storm-wind, in the river  
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,  
Seems this Theurgist,  
In deep meditation mostly  
Wrapped, as in a mist.  
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal  
To our thought he seems,  
Walking in a world ideal,  
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging  
Name and fame in one,  
Like a stream, to which, converging,  
Many streamlets run ?  
Till, with gathered power proceeding  
Ampler sweep it takes,  
Downward the sweet waters leading  
From unnumbered lakes.  
By the Nile I see him wandering,  
Pausing now and then,  
On the mystic union pondering  
Between gods and men ;



Half believing, wholly feeling,  
With supreme delight,  
How the gods, themselves conceal-  
ing,  
Lift men to their height.  
Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,  
In the thoroughfare  
Breathing, as if consecrated,  
A diviner air;  
And amid discordant noises,  
In the jostling throng,  
Hearing far, celestial voices  
Of Olympian song.  
Who shall call his dreams fallacious?  
Who has searched or sought  
All the unexplored and spacious  
Universe of thought?  
Who, in his own skill confiding,  
Shall with rule and line  
Mark the border-land dividing  
Human and divine?  
Trismegistus ! three times greatest !  
How thy name sublime  
Has descended to this latest  
Progeny of time !  
Happy they whose written pages  
Perish with their lives,  
If amid the crumbling ages  
Still their name survives !  
Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately  
Found I in the vast,  
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately,  
Graveyard of the Past ;  
And a presence moved before me  
On that gloomy shore,  
As a waft of wind, that o'er me  
Breathed, and was no more.

THE POET'S CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

I.

JANUS am I ; oldest of potentates ;  
Forward I look, and backward,  
and below  
I count, as god of avenues and gates,  
The years that through my  
portals come and go.

II.

I block the roads, and drift the  
fields with snow ;  
I chase the wild-fowl from the  
frozen fen ;  
My frosts congeal the rivers in  
their flow,  
My fires light up the hearths  
and hearts of men.

FEBRUARY.

I am lustration ; and the sea is  
mine !  
I wash the sands and headlands  
with my tide ;  
My brow is crowned with branches  
of the pine ;  
Before my chariot-wheels the  
fishes glide.  
By me all things unclean are puri-  
fied,  
By me the souls of men washed  
white again ;  
E'en the unlovely tombs of those  
who died  
Without a dirge, I cleanse from  
every stain.

MARCH.

I Martius am ! Once first, and now  
the third !  
To lead the Year was my ap-  
pointed place ;  
Amortal dispossessed me by a word,  
And set there Janus with the  
double face.  
Hence I make war on all the  
human race ;  
I shake the cities with my hur-  
ricanes ;  
I flood the rivers and their banks  
efface,  
And drown the farms and ham-  
lets with my rains.

APRIL.

I open wide the portals of the Spring  
To welcome the procession of  
the flowers,

## In the Harbour.

With their gay banners, and the  
birds that sing  
Their song of songs from their  
aerial towers.  
I soften with my sunshine and my  
showers  
The heart of earth; with thoughts  
of love I glide  
Into the hearts of men; and with  
the Hours  
Upon the Bull with wreathèd  
horns I ride.

### MAY.

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl  
loud proclaim  
My coming and the swarming  
of the bees.  
These are my heralds, and behold!  
my name  
Is written in blossoms on the  
hawthorn-trees.  
I tell the mariner when to sail the  
seas;  
I waft o'er all the land from far  
away  
The breath and bloom of the Hes-  
perides,  
My birthplace. I am Maia. I  
am May.

### JUNE.

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes,  
and mine  
The Month of Marriages! All  
pleasant sights  
And scents, the fragrance of the  
blossoming vine,  
The foliage of the valleys and  
the heights.  
Mine are the longest days, the  
loveliest nights;  
The mower's scythe makes music  
to my ear;  
I am the mother of all dear de-  
lights;  
I am the fairest daughter of the  
year.

### JULY.

My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe  
The breath of Libyan deserts  
o'er the land;  
My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,  
And bent before me the pale  
harvests stand.  
The lakes and rivers shrink at my  
command,  
And there is thirst and fever in  
the air;  
The sky is changed to brass, the  
earth to saff;,  
I am the Emperor whose name  
I bear.

### AUGUST.

The Emperor Octavian, called the  
August,  
I being his favourite, bestowed  
his name  
Upon me, and I hold it still in trust,  
In memory of him and of his fame.  
I am the Virgin, and my vestal  
flame  
Burns less intensely than the  
Lion's rage;  
Sheaves are my only garlands, and  
I claim  
The golden Harvests as my  
heritage.

### SEPTEMBER.

I bear the Scales, where hang in  
equipoise  
The night and day; and when  
unto my lips  
I put my trumpet, with its stress  
and noise  
Fly the white clouds like tattered  
sails of ships;  
The tree-tops lash the air with  
sounding whips;  
Southward the clamorous sea-  
fowl wing their flight;  
The hedges are all red with haws  
and hips,  
The Hunter's Moon reigns em-  
press of the night.

OCTOBER.

My ornaments are fruits ; my garments leaves,  
Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed ;  
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,  
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside.  
Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,  
The dreamy air is full, and overflows  
With tender memories of the summertime,  
And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

NOVEMBER.

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,  
Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace ;  
With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,  
A steed Thessalian with a human face.  
Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase  
The leaves, half dead already with affright ;  
I shroud myself in gloom ; and to the race  
Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

DECEMBER.

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,  
I come, the last of all. This crown of mine  
Is of the holly ; in my hand I bear  
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine.  
I celebrate the birth of the Divine,  
And the return of the Saturnian reign ;—  
My songs are carols sung at every shrine,  
Proclaiming ' Peace on earth, good will to men.'

MAD RIVER,

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
Mad River, O Mad River ?  
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
This rocky shelf for ever ?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast ?  
Why all this fret and flurry ?  
Dost thou not know that what is best

In this too restless world is rest  
From over-work and worry ?

THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,  
O stranger from the city ?  
Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
Of thine, to put the words I speak  
Into a plaintive ditty ?

TRAVELLER.

Yes ; I would learn of thee thy song,  
With all its flowing numbers,  
And in a voice as fresh and strong  
As thine is, sing it all day long,  
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
Was I at first, resembling  
A little child, that all alone  
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
For the wide world I panted ;  
Out of the forest dark and dread  
Across the open field I fled,  
Like one pursued and haunted.

## In the Harbour.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
My voice exultant blending  
With thunder from the passing  
cloud,  
The wind, the forest bent and  
bowed,  
The rush of rain descending.  
I heard the distant ocean call,  
Imploring and entreating ;  
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
Made answer to the greeting.  
And now, beset with many ills,  
A toilsome life I follow;  
Compelled to carry from the hills  
These logs to the impatient mills  
Below there in the hollow.  
Yet something ever cheers and  
charms  
The rudeness of my labours ;  
Daily I water with these arms  
The cattle of a hundred farms,  
And have the birds for neigh-  
bours.  
Men call me Mad, and well they  
may,  
When, full of rage and trouble,  
I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
And sweep their wooden bridge  
away,  
Like withered reeds or stubble.  
Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
As of thine own creating,  
Thou seest the day is past its prime;  
I can no longer waste my time ;  
The mills are tired of waiting.

### AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again ! That is the  
meaning  
Of the familiar words, that men re-  
peat  
At parting in the street.

Ah yes, till then ! but when death  
intervening  
Rends us asunder, with what cease-  
less pain  
We wait for the Again !

The friends who leave us do not  
feel the sorrow  
Of parting as we feel it, who must  
stay  
Lamenting day by day,  
And knowing, when we wake upon  
the morrow,  
We shall not find in its accustomed  
place  
The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,  
Being released from earth, should  
still retain  
A sense of earthly pain ;  
It were a double grief, if the true-  
hearted,  
Who loved us here, should on the  
farther shore  
Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflic-  
tions,  
That death is a beginning, not an  
end,  
We cry to them, and send  
Farewells, that better might be  
called predictions,  
Being foreshadowings of the future,  
thrown  
Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our  
reason,  
And if by faith, as in old times was  
said,  
Women received their dead  
Raised up to life, then only for a  
season  
Our partings are, nor shall we wait  
in vain  
Until we meet again !

**THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.**

[A FRAGMENT.]

I.

WHAT is this I read in history,  
Full of marvel, full of mystery,  
Difficult to understand?  
Is it fiction, is it truth?  
Children in the flower of youth,  
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
Ignorant of what helps or harms,  
Without armour, without arms,  
Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?  
Never since the world was made  
Such a wonderful crusade  
Started forth for Palestine.  
Never while the world shall last  
Will it reproduce the past;  
Never will it see again  
Such an army, such a band,  
Over mountain, over main,  
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown  
From the parent trees were they;  
Like a flock of birds that fly  
Through the unfrequented sky,  
Holding nothing as their own,  
Passed they into lands unknown,  
Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust!  
O the faith that could believe  
What the harnessed, iron-mailed  
Knights of Christendom had failed,  
By their prowess, to achieve,  
They, the children, could and must!  
Little thought the Hermit, preaching  
Holy wars to knight and baron,  
That the words dropped in his  
teaching,  
His entreaty, his beseeching,  
Would by children's hands be  
gleaned,  
And the staff on which he leaned  
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves  
The innumerable leaves  
In the bosom of a wood,—  
Not as separate leaves, but massed  
All together by the blast,—  
So for evil or for good  
His resistless breath upheaved  
All at once the many-leaved,  
Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air  
Rock the boughs with all the nests  
Cradled on their tossing crests;  
By the fervour of his prayer  
Troubled hearts were everywhere  
Rocked and tossed in human  
breasts.

For a century at least  
His prophetic voice had ceased;  
But the air was heated still  
By his lurid words and will,  
As from fires in far-off woods,  
In the autumn of the year,  
An unwonted fever broods  
In the sultry atmosphere.

II.

In Cologne the bells were ringing,  
In Cologne the nuns were singing  
Hymns and canticles divine;  
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,  
And the thronging streets were loud  
With the voices of the crowd;—  
Underneath the city walls  
Silent flowed the river Rhine.  
From the gates, that summer day,  
Clad in robes of hodden gray,  
With the red cross on the breast,  
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,  
Forth the young crusaders fared;  
While above the band devoted  
Consecrated banners floated,  
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,  
And the cross o'er all the rest!  
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,  
'Give us, give us back the holy  
Sepulchre of the Redeemer!'  
On the vast procession pressed,  
Youths and maidens. . . .

III.

Ah ! what master hand shall paint  
How they journeyed on their way,  
How the days grew long and dreary,  
How their little feet grew weary,  
How their little hearts grew faint !

Ever swifter day by day  
Flowed the homeward river ; ever  
More and more its whitening current  
Broke and scattered into spray,  
Till the calmly-flowing river  
Changed into a mountain torrent,  
Rushing from its glacier green  
Down through chasm and black  
ravine.

Like a phoenix in its nest  
Burned the red sun in the West,  
Sinking in an ashen cloud ;  
In the East, above the crest  
Of the sea-like mountain chain,  
Like a phoenix from its shroud,  
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow,  
Closed the mountain peaks. Below,  
Headlong from the precipice  
Down into the dark abyss,  
Plunged the cataract, white with  
foam ;

And it said, or seemed to say :  
'Oh return, while yet you may,  
Foolish children, to your home,  
There the Holy City is !'

But the dauntless leader said :  
'Faint not, though your bleeding  
feet

O'er these slippery paths of sleet  
Move but painfully and slowly ;  
Other feet than yours have bled ;  
Other tears than yours been shed.  
Courage ! lose not heart or hope ;  
On the mountains' southern slope  
Lies Jerusalem the Holy !'

As a white rose in its pride,  
By the wind in summer-tide  
Tossed and loosened from the  
branch,

Showers its petals o'er the ground,  
From the distant mountain's side,  
Scattering all its snows around,  
With mysterious, muffled sound,  
Loosened, fell the avalanche.  
Voices, echoes far and near,  
Roar of winds and waters blending,  
Mists uprising, clouds impending,  
Filled them with a sense of fear,  
Formless, nameless, never ending.

. . . . .



THE CITY AND THE SEA.

THE panting City cried to the Sea,  
'I am faint with heat,—O breathe  
on me !'

And the Sea said, 'Lo, I breathe !  
but my breath  
To some will belife, to others death !'

As to Prometheus, bringing ease  
In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame  
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind  
came.

It came from the heaving breast of  
the deep,  
Silent as dreams are, and sudden  
as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which  
will it be ;  
O breath of the merciful, merciless  
Sea ?



SUNDOWN.

THE summer sun is sinking low ;  
Only the tree-tops redden and glow ;  
Only the weathercock on the spire  
Of the neighbouring church is a  
flame of fire ;  
All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day,  
What hast thou given, what taken  
away?

Life and death, and love and hate,  
Homes made happy or desolate,  
Hearts made sad or gay!

On the road of life one mile-stone  
more!

In the book of life one leaf turned  
o'er!

Like a red seal is the setting sun  
On the good and the evil men have  
done,—  
Naught can to-day restore!



#### **PRESIDENT GARFIELD.**

'E VENNI DAL MARTIRIO A  
QUESTA PACE.'

THESE words the Poet heard in  
Paradise,  
Uttered by one who, bravely  
dying here,  
In the true faith was living in  
that sphere  
Where the celestial cross of sacri-  
fice

Spread its protecting arms athwart  
the skies;

And set thereon, like jewels  
crystal clear,

The souls magnanimous, that  
knew not fear,

Flashed their effulgence on his  
dazzled eyes.

Ah me! how dark the discipline of  
pain,

Were not the suffering followed  
by the sense

Of infinite rest and infinite release!

This is our consolation; and again  
A great soul cries to us in our  
suspense,

'I came from martyrdom unto  
this peace!'

#### **DECORATION DAY.**

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest  
On this Field of the Grounded  
Arms,

Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death  
No sound your slumber breaks;  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace;  
Untrampled lies the sod;  
The shouts of battle cease,  
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!  
The thoughts of men shall be  
As sentinels to keep  
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers;  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.



#### **CHIMES.**

SWEET chimes! that in the loneli-  
ness of night  
Salute the passing hour, and in  
the dark

And silent chambers of the house-  
hold mark

The movements of the myriad  
orbs of light!

Through my closed eyelids, by the  
inner sight,

I see the constellations in the arc  
Of their great circles moving on,  
and hark!

I almost hear them singing in  
their flight.  
Better than sleep it is to lie awake  
O'er-canopied by the vast starry  
dome  
Of the immeasurable sky ; to feel  
The slumbering world sink under  
us, and make  
Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of  
foam  
On the great sea beneath a sink-  
ing keel.

FOUR BY THE CLOCK.

FOUR by the clock! and yet not  
day ;  
But the great world rolls and  
wheels away,  
With its cities on land, and its  
ships at sea,  
Into the dawn that is to be !

Only the lamp in the anchored bark  
Sends its glimmer across the dark,  
And the heavy breathing of the sea  
Is the only sound that comes to me.

THE FOUR LAKES OF  
MADISON.

FOUR limpid lakes,—four Naiades  
Or sylvan deities are these,  
In flowing robes of azure dressed ;  
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold  
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with  
gold,  
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun  
Drink of these waters as they run  
Their swift diurnal round on  
high ;  
By night the constellations glow  
Far down the hollow deeps below,  
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,  
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,  
How visionary ye appear !  
All like a floating landscape seems  
In cloudland or the land of dreams,  
Bathed in a golden atmosphere !

MOONLIGHT.

As a pale phantom with a lamp  
Ascendssomeruin's haunted stair,  
So glides the moon along the damp  
Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now re-  
vealed,  
As if this phantom, full of pain,  
Were by the crumbling walls con-  
cealed,  
And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud,  
In all the splendour of her light,  
She walks the terraces of cloud,  
Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more  
Objects familiar to my view ;  
The very pathway to my door  
Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass  
of shade,  
The elm-trees drop their curtains  
down ;  
By palace, park, and colonnade  
I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet  
Is clothed with a diviner air ;  
White marble paves the silent street  
And glimmers in the empty  
square.

Illusion ! Underneath there lies  
The common life of every day ;  
Only the spirit glorifies  
With its own tints the sober gray.



In vain we look, in vain uplift  
Our eyes to heaven, if we are  
blind ;  
We see but what we have the gift  
Of seeing ; what we bring we find.

TO THE AVON.

Flow on, sweet river ! like his verse  
Who lies beneath this sculptured  
hearse ;  
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall  
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once ; I see him now  
A boy with sunshine on his brow,  
And hear in Stratford's quiet street  
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge  
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge ;  
And lost in thought, as if thy stream  
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows ;  
And fain would follow where it goes,  
To the wide world, that shall ere-  
long  
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream ! That dream  
is o'er ;  
He stands upon another shore ;  
A vaster river near him flows,  
And still he follows where it goes.

ELEGIAC VERSE.

I.

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard  
in Ionian Islands,  
Walking alone by the sea, hearing  
the wash of the waves,  
Learned the secret from them of  
the beautiful verse elegiac,  
Breathing into his song motion  
and sound of the sea.

For as the wave of the sea, upheav-  
ing in long undulations,  
Plunges loud on the sands, pauses,  
and turns, and retreats,  
So the Hexameter, rising and sing-  
ing, with cadence sonorous,  
Falls ; and in reflux rhythm  
back the Pentameter flows<sup>1</sup>.

II.

Not in his youth alone, but in age,  
may the heart of the poet  
Bloom into song, as the gorse  
blossoms in autumn and spring.

III.

Not in tenderness wanting, yet  
rough are the rhymes of our  
poet ;  
Though it be Jacob's voice,  
Esau's, alas ! are the hands.

IV.

Let us be grateful to writers for  
what is left in the inkstand ;  
When to leave off is an art only  
attained by the few.

V.

How can the Three be One ? you  
ask me ; I answer by asking,  
Hail and snow and rain, are they  
not three, and yet one ?

VI.

By the mirage uplifted the land  
floats vague in the ether,  
Ships and the shadows of ships  
hang in the motionless air ;  
So by the art of the poet our com-  
mon life is uplifted,  
So, transfigured, the world floats  
in a luminous haze.

VII.

Like a French poem is Life ; being  
only perfect in structure  
When with the masculine rhymes  
mingled the feminine are.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Schiller :  
Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüssige Saule ;  
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab.  
See also Coleridge's translation.

VIII.

Down from the mountain descends  
the brooklet, rejoicing in freedom ;  
Little it dreams of the mill hid  
in the valley below ;  
Glad with the joy of existence, the  
child goes singing and laughing,  
Little dreaming what toils lie in  
the future concealed.

IX.

As the ink from our pen, so flow  
our thoughts and our feelings  
When we begin to write, how-  
ever sluggish before.

X.

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the  
Fountain of Youth is within us ;  
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall  
we grow in the search.

XI.

If you would hit the mark, you must  
aim a little above it ;  
Every arrow that flies feels the  
attraction of earth.

XII.

Wisely the Hebrews admit no  
Present tense in their language ;  
While we are speaking the word,  
it is already the Past.

XIII.

In the twilight of age all things  
seem strange and phantasmal,  
As between daylight and dark  
ghost-like the landscape ap-  
pears.

XIV.

Great is the art of beginning, but  
greater the art is of ending ;  
Many a poem is marred by a  
superfluous verse.



**A FRAGMENT.**

AWAKE ! arise ! the hour is late !  
Angels are knocking at thy door !  
They are in haste and cannot wait,  
And once departed come no more.

Awake ! arise ! the athlete's arm  
Loses its strength by too much  
rest ;  
The fallow land, the untilled farm,  
Produces only weeds at best.

# Translations.

## PRELUDE.

AS treasures that men seek,  
Deep-buried in sea-sands,  
Vanish if they but speak,  
And elude their eager hands,

So ye escape and slip,  
O songs, and fade away,  
When the word is on my lip  
To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then,  
To let the treasures rest  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place,  
But half the secret told,  
That, following this slight trace,  
Others may find the gold.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

WILL ever the dear days come  
back again,  
Those days of June, when lilacs  
were in bloom,  
And bluebirds sang their sonnets  
in the gloom  
Of leaves that roofed them in from  
sun or rain?  
I know not; but a presence will  
remain  
For ever and for ever in this room,  
Formless, diffused in air, like a  
perfume,—  
A phantom of the heart, and not  
the brain.  
Delicious days! when every spoken  
word

Was like a footfall nearer and  
more near,  
And a mysterious knocking at  
the gate  
Of the heart's secret places, and  
we heard  
In the sweet tumult of delight  
and fear  
A voice that whispered, 'Open,  
I cannot wait!'

## THE WINE OF JURANÇON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES  
CORAN.

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon,  
You are dear to my memory still!  
With mine host and his merry song,  
Under the rose-tree I drank my  
fill.

Twenty years after, passing that  
way,  
Under the trellis I found again  
Mine host, still sitting there *au frais*,  
And singing still the same refrain.  
The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,  
Treats me as one it used to know;  
Souvenirs of the days of old  
Already from the bottle flow.  
With glass in hand our glances met;  
We pledge, we drink. How sour  
it is!  
Never Argenteuil piquette  
Was to my palate sour as this!  
And yet the vintage was good, in  
sooth;  
The selfsame juice, the selfsame  
cask!  
It was you, O gaiety of my youth,  
That failed in the autumnal flask!

AT LA CHAUDEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH OF XAVIER  
MARMIER.

At La Chaudeau,—'tis long since  
then :

I was young,—my years twice ten ;  
All things smiled on the happy boy,  
Dreams of love and songs of joy,  
Azure of heaven and wave below,  
At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back old :  
My head is gray, my blood is cold ;  
Seeking along the meadow ooze,  
Seeking beside the river Seymouse,  
The days of my spring-time of  
long ago  
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor  
brain  
Ever grows old with grief and  
pain ;  
A sweet remembrance keeps off  
age ;  
A tender friendship doth still as-  
suage  
The burden of sorrow that one  
may know  
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed  
To limit the wandering life I lead,  
Peradventure I still, forsooth,  
Should have preserved my fresh  
green youth,  
Under the shadows the hill-tops  
throw  
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends,  
Happy to be where God intends ;  
And sometimes, by the evening fire,  
Think of him whose sole desire  
Is again to sit in the old château  
At La Chaudeau.



A QUIET LIFE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

LET him who will, by force or  
fraud innate,  
Of courtly grandeurs gain the  
slippery height ;  
I, leaving not the home of my  
delight,  
Far from the world and noise  
will meditate.  
Then, without pomps or perils of  
the great,  
I shall behold the day succeed  
the night ;  
Behold the alternate seasons take  
their flight,  
And in serene repose old age  
await.  
And so, whenever Death shall  
come to close  
The happy moments that my  
days compose,  
I, full of years, shall die, ob-  
scure, alone !  
How wretched is the man, with  
honours crowned,  
Who, having not the one thing  
needful found,  
Dies, known to all, but to him-  
self unknown.

## Personal Poems.

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### LOSS AND GAIN.

WHEN I compare  
What I have lost with what I have  
gained,  
What I have missed with what  
attained,  
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware  
How many days have been idly  
spent;  
How like an arrow the good intent  
Has fallen short or been turned  
aside.

But who shall dare  
To measure loss and gain in this  
wise?  
Defeat may be victory in disguise;  
The lowest ebb is the turn of the  
tide.

---

### AUTUMN WITHIN.

IT is autumn; not without,  
But within me is the cold.  
Youth and spring are all about;  
It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the air,  
Singing, building without rest;  
Life is stirring everywhere,  
Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence: the dead leaves  
Fall and rustle and are still;  
Beats no flail upon the sheaves,  
Comes no murmur from the mill.

---

### VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

AS one who long hath fled with  
panting breath  
Before his foe, bleeding and near  
to fall,  
I turn and set my back against  
the wall,  
And look thee in the face,  
triumphant Death.  
I call for aid, and no one answereth;  
I am alone with thee, who con-  
querest all;  
Yet me thy threatening form  
doth not appal,  
For thou art but a phantom and  
a wraith.

Wounded and weak, sword broken  
at the hilt,  
With armour shattered, and with-  
out a shield,  
I stand unmoved; do with me  
what thou wilt;  
I can resist no more, but will not  
yield.  
This is no tournament where  
cowards tilt;  
The vanquished here is victor  
of the field.

MEMORIES.

OFT I remember those whom I  
have known  
In other days, to whom my heart  
was led  
As by a magnet, and who are  
not dead,  
But absent, and their memories  
overgrown  
With other thoughts and troubles  
of my own,  
As graves with grasses are, and  
at their head  
The stone with moss and lichens  
so o'erspread,  
Nothing is legible but the name  
alone.  
And is it so with them? After  
long years,  
Do they remember me in the  
same way,  
And is the memory pleasant as  
to me?  
I fear to ask; yet wherefore are  
my fears?  
Pleasures, like flowers, may  
wither and decay,  
And yet the root perennial may  
be.

MY BOOKS.

SADLY as some old mediaeval  
knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no  
longer wield,  
The sword two-handed and the  
shining shield  
Suspended in the hall, and full  
in sight,  
While secret longings for the lost  
delight  
Of tourney or adventure in the  
field  
Came over him, and tears but  
half concealed  
Trembled and fell upon his beard  
of white,  
So I behold these books upon their  
shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other  
days;  
Not wholly useless, though no  
longer used,  
For they remind me of my other  
self,  
Younger and stronger, and the  
pleasant ways  
In which I walked, now clouded  
and confused.

## L'Envoy.

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### POSSIBILITIES.

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong  
The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts were sent  
Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,  
But with the utmost tension of the thong?  
Where are the stately argosies of song,  
Whose rushing keels made music as they went  
Sailing in search of some new continent,  
With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?  
Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught  
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,  
Who shall become a master of the art,  
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,  
Fearless and first and steering with his fleet  
For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

# Michael Angelo.

Michel, più che mortal, Angel divino.

ARIOSTO.

Similamente operando all' artista

Ch' a l' abito dell' arte e man che trema.

DANTE, *Par.* xiii, st. 77.

## DEDICATION.

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,  
But perish only to revive again  
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain  
The exhalations of the land and sea.  
Men build their houses from the masonry  
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain  
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain  
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.  
So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust  
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,  
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust  
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,  
Which to this end I fashion as I must.  
Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

## PART I.

### I.

#### PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA.

*The Castle Terrace.* VITTORIA  
COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

*Vittoria.* Will you then leave me,  
Julia, and so soon,  
To pace alone this terrace like a  
ghost?

*Julia.* To-morrow, dearest.

*Vittoria.* Do not say to-morrow.

A whole month of to-morrows were  
too soon.

You must not go. You are a part  
of me.

*Julia.* I must return to Fondi.

*Vittoria.* The old castle  
Needs not your presence. No one  
waits for you.

Stay one day longer with me.

They who go

Feel not the pain of parting; it is  
they



Who stay behind that suffer. I  
was thinking  
But yesterday how like and how  
unlike

Have been, and are, our destinies.  
Your husband,  
The good Vespasian, an old man,  
who seemed

A father to you rather than a hus-  
band,

Died in your arms; but mine, in  
all the flower

And promise of his youth, was  
taken from me

As by a rushing wind. The breath  
of battle

Breathed on him, and I saw his  
face no more,

Save as in dreams it haunts me.  
As our love

Was for these men, so is our sorrow  
for them.

Yours a child's sorrow, smiling  
through its tears;

But mine the grief of an impas-  
sioned woman,

Who drank her life up in one  
draught of love.

*Julia.* Behold this locket. This  
is the white hair

Of my Vespasian. This is the  
flower-of-love,

This amaranth, and beneath it the  
device

*Non moritura.* Thus my heart  
remains

True to his memory; and the  
ancient castle,

Where we have lived together,  
where he died,

Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

*Vittoria.* I did not mean to  
chide you.

*Julia.* Let your heart  
Find, if it can, some poor apology

For one who is too young, and  
feels too keenly

The joy of life, to give up all her days

To sorrow for the dead. While I  
am true

To the remembrance of the man I  
loved

And mourn for still, I do not make  
a show

Of all the grief I feel, nor live  
secluded

And, like Veronica da Gámbara,  
Drape my whole house in mourn-

ing, and drive forth  
In coach of sable drawn by sable

horses,  
As if I were a corpse. Ah, one

to-day  
Is worth for me a thousand yester-

days.  
*Vittoria.* Dear Julia! Friend-

ship has its jealousies  
As well as love. Who waits for

you at Fondi?

*Julia.* A friend of mine and  
yours; a friend and friar.

You have at Naples your Fra  
Bernadino;

And I at Fondi have my Fra  
Bastiano,

The famous artist, who has come  
from Rome

To paint my portrait. That is not  
a sin.

*Vittoria.* Only a vanity.  
*Julia.* He painted yours.

*Vittoria.* Do not call up to me  
those days departed

When I was young, and all was  
bright about me,

And the vicissitudes of life were  
things

But to be read of in old histories,  
Though as pertaining unto me or

mine  
Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed

your dreams,  
And now, grown older, I look back

and see  
They were illusions.

*Julia.* Yet without illusions

What would our lives become, what  
we ourselves?

Dreams or illusions, call them  
what you will,

They lift us from the commonplace  
of life

To better things.

*Vittoria.* Are there no brighter  
dreams,

No higher aspirations, than the  
wish

To please and to be pleased?

*Julia.* For you there are :  
I am no saint ; I feel the world we  
live in

Comes before that which is to be  
hereafter,

And must be dealt with first.

*Vittoria.* But in what way?

*Julia.* Let the soft wind that  
wafts to us the odour

Of orange blossoms, let the laugh-  
ing sea

And the bright sunshine bathing  
all the world,

Answer the question.

*Vittoria.* And for whom  
is meant

This portrait that you speak of?

*Julia.* For my friend  
The Cardinal Ippolito.

*Vittoria.* For him?

*Julia.* Yes, for Ippolito the  
Magnificent.

'Tis always flattering to a woman's  
pride

To be admired by one whom all  
admire.

*Vittoria.* Ah, Julia, she that makes  
herself a dove

Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your  
guard.

He is a Cardinal ; and his adora-  
tion

Should be elsewhere directed.

*Julia.* You forget  
The horror of that night, when  
Barbarossa,

The Moorish corsair, landed on  
our coast

To seize me for the Sultan Soliman ;  
How in the dead of night, when all  
were sleeping,

He scaled the castle wall ; how I  
escaped,

And in my night-dress, mounting  
a swift steed,

Fled to the mountains, and took  
refuge there

Among the brigands. Then of all  
my friends

The Cardinal Ippolito was first  
To come with his retainers to my  
rescue.

Could I refuse the only boon he  
asked

At such a time—my portrait?

*Vittoria.* I have heard  
Strange stories of the splendours of  
his palace,

And how, appalled like a Spanish  
Prince,

He rides through Rome with a  
long retinue

Of Ethiopians and Numidians  
And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic  
dresses,

Making a gallant show. Is this  
the way

A Cardinal should live?

*Julia.* He is so young ;  
Hardly of age, or little more than  
that ;

Beautiful, generous, fond of arts  
and letters,

A poet, a musician, and a scholar ;  
Master of many languages, and a  
player

On many instruments. In Rome,  
his palace

Is the asylum of all men dis-  
tinguished

In art or science, and all Florentines  
Escaping from the tyranny of his  
cousin,

Duke Alessandro,

# Michael Angelo.

*Vittoria.* I have seen his  
portrait,  
Painted by Titian. You have  
painted it  
In brighter colours.

*Julia.* And my Cardinal,  
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,  
Keeps a tame lion!

*Vittoria.* And so counterfeits  
St. Mark, the Evangelist!

*Julia.* Ah, your tame lion  
Is Michael Angelo.

*Vittoria.* You speak a name  
That always thrills me with a noble  
sound,

As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!  
A lion all men fear and none can  
tame;

A man that all men honour, and the  
model

That all should follow; one who  
works and prays,  
For work is prayer, and consecrates  
his life

To the sublime ideal of his art,  
Till art and life are one; a man  
who holds

Such place in all men's thoughts,  
that when they speak

Of great things done, or to be done,  
his name

Is ever on their lips.

*Julia.* You too can paint  
The portrait of your hero, and in  
colours

Brighter than Titian's; I might  
warn you also

Against the dangers that beset your  
path;

But I forbear.

*Vittoria.* If I were made of  
marble,

Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,  
He might admire me: being but  
flesh and blood,

I am no more to him than other  
women;

That is, am nothing.

*Julia.* Does he ride through  
Rome

Upon his little mule, as he was  
wont,

With his slouched hat, and boots  
of Cordovan,

As when I saw him last?

*Vittoria.* Pray do not jest.  
I cannot couple with his noble  
name

A trivial word! Look, how the  
setting sun

Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sor-  
rento,

And changes Capri to a purple  
cloud!

And there Vesuvius with its plume  
of smoke,

And the great city stretched upon  
the shore

As in a dream!

*Julia.* Parthenope the Siren!

*Vittoria.* And yon long line of  
lights, those sunlit windows

Blaze like the torches carried in  
procession

To do her honour! It is beautiful!

*Julia.* I have no heart to feel the  
beauty of it!

My feet are weary, pacing up and  
down

These level flags, and wearier still  
my thoughts

Treading the broken pavement of  
the Past.

It is too sad. I will go in and rest,  
And make me ready for to-mor-  
row's journey.

*Vittoria.* I will go with you; for  
I would not lose

One hour of your dear presence.  
'Tis enough

Only to be in the same room with  
you.

I need not speak to you, nor hear  
you speak;

If I but see you, I am satisfied.

[*They go in.*]

II.

MONOLOGUE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*. *He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.*

*Michael A.* Why did the Pope  
and his ten Cardinals  
Come here to lay this heavy task  
upon me?

Were not the paintings on the  
Sistine ceiling  
Enough for them? They saw the  
Hebrew leader  
Waiting, and clutching his tem-  
pestuous beard,  
But heeded not. The bones of  
Julius  
Shook in their sepulchre. I heard  
the sound;  
They only heard the sound of their  
own voices.

Are there no other artists here in  
Rome  
To do this work, that they must  
needs seek me?

Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian,  
might have done it;  
But he is lost to art. The Papal  
Seals,

Like leaden weights upon a dead  
man's eyes,  
Press down his lids; and so the  
burden falls

On Michael Angelo, Chief Archi-  
tect

And Painter of the Apostolic  
Palace.

That is the title they cajole me with,  
To make me do their work and  
leave my own;

But having once begun, I turn not  
back.

Blow, ye bright angels, on your  
golden trumpets

To the four corners of the earth,  
and wake

The dead to judgment! Ye record-  
ing angels,  
Open your books and read! Ye  
dead, awake!

Rise from your graves, drowsy and  
drugged with death,  
As men who suddenly aroused from  
sleep

Look round amazed, and know not  
where they are!

In happy hours, when the imagina-  
tion

Wakes like a wind at midnight, and  
the soul

Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy  
To be uplifted on its wings, and  
listen

To the prophetic voices in the air  
That call us onward. Then the  
work we do

Is a delight, and the obedient hand  
Never grows weary. But how  
different is it

In the disconsolate, discouraged  
hours,

When all the wisdom of the world  
appears

As trivial as the gossip of a nurse  
In a sick-room, and all our work  
seems useless.

What is it guides my hand, what  
thoughts possess me,

That I have drawn her face among  
the angels,

Where she will be hereafter? O  
sweet dreams,

That through the vacant chambers  
of my heart

Walk in the silence, as familiar  
phantoms

Frequent an ancient house, what  
will ye with me?

'Tis said that Emperors write their  
names in green

When under age, but when of age  
in purple.

So Love, the greatest Emperor of  
 them all,  
 Writes his in green at first, but  
 afterwards  
 In the imperial purple of our blood.  
 First love or last love,—which of  
 these two passions  
 Is more omnipotent? Which is  
 more fair,  
 The star of morning or the evening  
 star?  
 The sunrise or the sunset of the  
 heart?  
 The hour when we look forth to the  
 unknown,  
 And the advancing day consumes  
 the shadows,  
 Or that when all the landscape of  
 our lives  
 Lies stretched behind us, and  
 familiar places  
 Gleam in the distance, and sweet  
 memories  
 Rise like a tender haze, and  
 magnify  
 The objects we behold, that soon  
 must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose coun-  
 tenance  
 Is like the Laocoön's, full of pain;  
 whose forehead  
 Is a ploughed harvest-field, where  
 three-score years  
 Have sown in sorrow and have  
 reaped in anguish;  
 To me, the artisan, to whom all  
 women  
 Have been as if they were not, or  
 at most  
 A sudden rush of pigeons in the  
 air,  
 A flutter of wings, a sound, and  
 then a silence?  
 I am too old for love; I am too  
 old  
 To flatter and delude myself with  
 visions

Of never-ending friendship with fair  
 women,  
 Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,  
 In which the things that cannot be  
 take shape,  
 And seem to be, and for the moment  
 are. [Convent bells ring.

Distant and near and low and loud  
 the bells,  
 Dominican, Benedictine, and Fran-  
 ciscan,  
 Jangle and wrangle in their airy  
 towers,  
 Discordant as the brotherhoods  
 themselves  
 In their dim cloisters. The de-  
 scending sun  
 Seems to caress the city that he  
 loves,  
 And crowns it with the aureole of  
 a saint.  
 I will go forth and breathe the air  
 a while.

### III.

#### SAN SILVESTRO.

*A Chapel in the Church of San  
 Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.*  
 VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO  
 TOLOMMEI, and others.

*Vittoriu.* Here let us rest a while,  
 until the crowd  
 Has left the church. I have already  
 sent  
 For Michael Angelo to join us here.  
*Claudio.* After Fra Bernardino's  
 wise discourse  
 On the Pauline Epistles, certainly  
 Some words of Michael Angelo on  
 Art  
 Were not amiss, to bring us back to  
 earth.  
*Michael A. (at the door).* How  
 like a Saint or Goddess she  
 appears;

## Michael Angelo.

Diana or Madonna, which I know  
not !

In attitude and aspect formed  
to be

At once the artist's worship and  
despair !

*Vittoria.* Welcome, Maestro.

We were waiting for you.

*Michael A.* I met your messenger upon the way,  
And hastened hither.

*Vittoria.* It is kind of you  
To come to us, who linger here like  
gossips

Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.  
These are all friends of mine and  
friends of yours.

*Michael A.* If friends of yours,  
then are they friends of mine.  
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when  
I entered

I saw but the Marchesa.

*Vittoria.* Take this seat  
Between me and Ser Claudio  
Tolommei,

Who still maintains that our Italian  
tongue

Should be called Tuscan. But for  
that offence

We will not quarrel with him.

*Michael A.* Eccellenza—

*Vittoria.* Ser Claudio has banished  
Eccellenza

And all such titles from the Tuscan  
tongue.

*Claudio.* 'Tis the abuse of them  
and not the use

I deprecate.

*Michael A.* The use or the abuse  
It matters not. Let them all go together,

As empty phrases and frivolities,  
And common as gold-lace upon the  
collar

Of an obsequious lackey.

*Vittoria.* That may be,  
But something of politeness would  
go with them ;

We should lose something of the  
stately manners  
Of the old school.

*Claudio.* Undoubtedly.

*Vittoria.* But that  
Is not what occupies my thoughts  
at present,

Nor why I sent for you, Messer  
Michele.

It was to counsel me. His Holiness  
Has granted me permission, long  
desired,

To build a convent in this neighbour-  
hood,

Where the old tower is standing,  
from whose top

Nero looked down upon the burning  
city.

*Michael A.* It is an inspiration !

*Vittoria.* I am doubtful  
How I shall build ; how large to  
make the convent,

And which way fronting.

*Michael A.* Ah, to build, to build !  
That is the noblest art of all the arts.  
Painting and sculpture are but  
images,

Are merely shadows cast by out-  
ward things

On stone or canvas, having in  
themselves

No separate existence. Architec-  
ture,

Existing in itself, and not in seem-  
ing

A something it is not, surpasses  
them

As substance shadow. Long, long  
years ago,

Standing one morning near the  
Baths of Titus,

I saw the statue of Laocoon

Rise from its grave of centuries,  
like a ghost

Writhing in pain ; and as it tore  
away

The knotted serpents from its  
limbs, I heard,

Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony  
From its white, parted lips. And  
still I marvel  
At the three Rhodian artists, by  
whose hands  
This miracle was wrought. Yet he  
beholds  
Far nobler works who looks upon  
the ruins  
Of temples in the Forum here in  
Rome.  
If God should give me power in  
my old age  
To build for Him a temple half as  
grand  
As those were in their glory, I  
should count  
My age more excellent than youth  
itself,  
And all that I have hitherto accom-  
plished  
As only vanity.

*Vittoria.* I understand you.  
Art is the gift of God, and must  
be used  
Unto His glory. That in Art is  
highest  
Which aims at this. When Saint  
Hilarion blessed  
The horses of Italicus, they won  
The race at Gaza, for his benedic-  
tion  
O'erpowered all magic; and the  
people shouted  
That Christ had conquered Marnas.  
So that art  
Which bears the consecration and  
the seal  
Of holiness upon it will prevail  
Over all others. Those few words  
of yours  
Inspire me with new confidence to  
build.  
What think you? The old walls  
might serve, perhaps,  
Some purpose still. The tower can  
hold the bells.

*Michael A.* If strong enough.

*Vittoria.* If not, it can be  
strengthened.

*Michael A.* I see no bar nor  
drawback to this building,  
And on our homeward way, if it  
shall please you,  
We may together view the site.

*Vittoria.* I thank you.  
I do not venture to request so much.

*Michael A.* Let us now go to the  
old walls you spake of,  
Vossignoria—

*Vittoria.* What, again, Maestro?

*Michael A.* Pardon me, Messer  
Claudio, if once more  
I use the ancient courtesies of  
speech.

I am too old to change.

IV.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

*A richly furnished apartment in  
the Palace of CARDINAL IPPO-  
LITO. Night. JACOPO NARDI,  
an old man, alone.*

*Nardi.* I am bewildered. These  
Numidian slaves,  
In strange attire; these endless  
antechambers;  
This lighted hall, with all its golden  
splendours,  
Pictures, and statues! Can this  
be the dwelling  
Of a disciple of that lowly Man  
Who had not where to lay his head?  
These statues  
Are not of Saints; nor is this a  
Madonna,  
This lovely face, that with such  
tender eyes—  
Looks down upon me from the  
painted canvas.  
My heart begins to fail me. What  
can he

Who lives in boundless luxury at  
Rome  
Care for the imperilled liberties of  
Florence,  
Her people, her Republic? Ah, the  
rich  
Feel not the pangs of banishment.  
All doors  
Are open to them, and all hands  
extended.  
The poor alone are outcasts; they  
who risked  
All they possessed for liberty, and  
lost;  
And wander through the world  
without a friend,  
Sick, comfortless, distressed, un-  
known, uncared for.

*Enter CARDINAL IPPOLITO, in  
Spanish cloak and slouched hat.*

*Ippolito.* I pray you pardon me  
that I have kept you  
Waiting so long alone.

*Nardi.* I wait to see  
The Cardinal.

*Ippolito.* I am the Cardinal;  
And you?

*Nardi.* Jacopo Nardi.

*Ippolito.* You are welcome.  
I was expecting you. Filippo  
Strozzi

Had told me of your coming.

*Nardi.* 'Twas his son  
That brought me to your door.

*Ippolito.* Pray you, be seated.  
You seem astonished at the garb I  
wear;

But at my time of life, and with my  
habits,

The petticoats of a Cardinal would  
be—

Troublesome; I could neither ride  
nor walk,

Nor do a thousand things, if I were  
dressed

Like an old dowager. It were  
putting wine

Young as the young Astyanax into  
goblets

As old as Priam.

*Nardi.* Oh, your Eminence  
Knows best what you should wear.

*Ippolito.* Dear Messer Nardi,  
You are no stranger to me. I have  
read

Your excellent translation of the  
books

Of Titus Livius, the historian

Of Rome, and model of all his-  
torians

That shall come after him. It does  
you honour;

But greater honour still the love you  
bear

To Florence, our dear country,  
and whose annals

I hope your hand will write, in  
happier days

Than we now see.

*Nardi.* Your Eminence will  
pardon

The lateness of the hour.

*Ippolito.* The hours  
I count not

As a sun-dial; but am like a  
clock,

That tells the time as well by night  
as day.

So, no excuse. I know what brings  
you here.

You come to speak of Florence.

*Nardi.* And her woes.

*Ippolito.* The Duke, my cousin,  
the black Alessandro,

Whose mother was a Moorish slave,  
that fed

The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm,  
still lives

And reigns.

*Nardi.* Alas, that such a  
scourge

Should fall on such a city!

*Ippolito.* When he dies,  
The Wild Boar in the gardens of

Lorenzo,



The beast obscene, should be the  
monument

Of this bad man.

*Nardi.* He walks the streets  
at night

With revellers, insulting honest  
men.

No house is sacred from his lusts.  
The convents

Are turned by him to brothels,  
and the honour

Of women and all ancient pious  
customs

Are quite forgotten now. The  
offices

Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri  
Have been abolished. All the

magistrates  
Are now his creatures. Liberty is

dead.  
The very memory of all honest

living  
Is wiped away, and even our Tus-

can tongue  
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

*Ippolito.* And worst of all, his  
impious hand has broken

The Martinella,—our great battle  
bell,

That, sounding through three cen-  
turies, has led

The Florentines to victory,—lest  
its voice

Should waken in their souls some  
memory

Of far-off times of glory.

*Nardi.* What a change  
Ten little years have made! We

all remember  
Those better days, when Niccolò

Capponi,  
The Gonfaloniere, from the windows

Of the Old Palace, with the blast  
of trumpets,

Proclaimed to the inhabitants that  
Christ

Was chosen King of Florence; and  
already

Christ is dethroned, and slain, and  
in his stead

Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for  
Florence!

*Ippolito.* Lilies with lilies, said  
Savonarola;

Florence and France! But I say  
Florence only,

Or only with the Emperor's hand  
to help us

In sweeping out the rubbish.

*Nardi.* Little hope  
Of help is there from him. He has

betrothed  
His daughter Margaret to this

shameless Duke.  
What hope have we from such an

Emperor?  
*Ippolito.* Baccio Valori and Phi-

lippo Strozzi,  
Once the Duke's friends and in-

timates, are with us,  
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.

We shall soon see, then, as Valori  
says,

Whether the Duke can best spare  
honest men,

Or honest men the Duke.  
*Nardi.* We have determined

To send ambassadors to Spain, and  
lay

Our griefs before the Emperor,  
though I fear

More than I hope.  
*Ippolito.* The Emperor is busy

With this new war against the  
Algerines,

And has no time to listen to com-  
plaints

From our ambassadors; nor will  
I trust them,

But go myself. All is in readiness  
For my departure, and to-morrow

morning  
I shall go down to Itri, where I

meet  
Dante da Castiglione and some  
others

Republicans and fugitives from  
Florence,  
And then take ship at Gaëta, and go  
To join the Emperor in his new  
crusade  
Against the Turk. I shall have  
time enough  
And opportunity to plead our cause.

*Nardi (rising).* It is an inspira-  
tion, and I hail it

As of good omen. May the power  
that sends it

Bless our beloved country, and  
restore

Its banished citizens. The soul of  
Florence

Is now outside its gates. What  
lies within

Is but a corpse, corrupted and  
corrupting.

Heaven help us all. I will not  
tarry longer,

For you have need of rest. Good-  
night.

*Ippolito.* Good-night.

*Enter FRA SEBASTIANO ; Turkish  
attendants.*

*Ippolito.* Fra Bastiano, how your  
portly presence  
Contrasts with that of the spare  
Florentine

Who has just left me !

*Fra Seb.* As we passed  
each other,

I saw that he was weeping.

*Ippolito.* Poor old man !

*Fra Seb.* Who is he ?

*Ippolito.* Jacopo Nardi.

A brave soul ;

One of the Fuoruseiti, and the best  
And noblest of them all ; but he  
has made me

Sad with his sadness. As I look  
on you

My heart grows lighter. I behold  
a man

Who lives in an ideal world, apart

From all the rude collisions of our  
life,

In a calm atmosphere.

*Fra Seb.* Your Eminence  
Is surely jesting. If you knew the  
life

Of artists as I know it, you might  
think

Far otherwise.

*Ippolito.* But wherefore should  
I jest ?

The world of art is an ideal world,—  
The world I love, and that I fain  
would live in ;

So speak to me of artists and of art,  
Of all the painters, sculptors, and  
musicians

That now illustrate Rome.

*Fra Seb.* Of the musicians,  
I know but Goudimel, the brave  
maestro

And chapel-master of his Holiness,  
Who trains the Papal choir.

*Ippolito.* In church this morning,  
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,  
Divinely chanted. In the Incar-  
natus,

In lieu of Latin words, the tenor  
sang

With infinite tenderness, in plain  
Italian,

A Neapolitan love-song.

*Fra Seb.* You amaze me  
Was it a wanton song ?

*Ippolito.* Not a divine one.  
I am not over-scrupulous, as you  
know,

In word or deed, yet such a song  
as that,

Sung by the tenor of the Papal  
choir,

And in a Papal mass, seemed out  
of place ;

There's something wrong in it.

*Fra Seb.* There's  
something wrong

In everything. We cannot make  
the world

## Michael Angelo.

Go right. 'Tis not my business  
to reform

The Papal choir.

*Ippolito.* Nor mine, thank  
Heaven!

Then tell me of the artists.

*Fra Seb.* Naming one  
I name them all; for there is only  
one:

His name is Messer Michael An-  
gelo.

All art and artists of the present  
day

Centre in him.

*Ippolito.* You count yourself  
as nothing?

*Fra Seb.* Or less than nothing,  
since I am at best

Only a portrait-painter; one who  
draws

With greater or less skill, as best  
he may,

The features of a face.

*Ippolito.* And you have had  
The honour, nay, the glory, of por-  
traying

Julia Gonzaga! Do you count as  
nothing

A privilege like that? See there  
the portrait

Rebuking you with its divine ex-  
pression.

Are you not penitent? He whose  
skilful hand

Painted that lovely picture has  
not right

To vilipend the art of portrait-  
painting.

But what of Michael Angelo?

*Fra Seb.* But lately,  
Strolling together down the crowded  
Corso,

We stopped, well pleased, to see  
your Eminence

Pass on an Arab steed, a noble  
creature,

Which Michael Angelo, who is a  
lover

Of all things beautiful, especially  
When they are Arab horses, much  
admired,

And could not praise enough.

*Ippolito (to an attendant).* Has-  
san, to-morrow,

When I am gone, but not till I am  
gone,—

Be careful about that,—take Barba-  
rossa

To Messer Michael Angelo, the  
sculptor,

Who lives there at Macello dei  
Corvi,

Near to the Capitol; and take  
besides

Some ten mule-loads of provender,  
and say

Your master sends them to him as  
a present.

*Fra Seb.* A princely gift. Though  
Michael Angelo

Refuses presents from his Holiness,  
Yours he will not refuse.

*Ippolito.* You think him like  
Thymcetes, who received the  
wooden horse

Into the walls of Troy. That book  
of Virgil

Have I translated in Italian verse,  
And shall, some day, when we have

leisure for it,  
Be pleased to read you. When I

speak of Troy  
I am reminded of another town

And of a lovelier Helen, our dear  
Countess

Julia Gonzaga. You remember,  
surely,

The adventure with the corsair  
Barbarossa,

And all that followed?

*Fra Seb.* A most strange  
adventure;

A tale as marvellous and full of  
wonder

As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti;  
Almost incredible!

*Ippolito.* Were I a painter  
I should not want a better theme  
than that :  
The lovely lady fleeing through  
the night  
In wild disorder ; and the brigands'  
camp  
With the red fire-light on their  
swarthy faces.

Could you not paint it for me ?

*Fra Seb.* No, not I.  
It is not in my line.

*Ippolito.* Then you shall paint  
The portrait of the corsair, when  
we bring him

A prisoner chained to Naples ; for  
I feel

Something like admiration for a  
man

Who dared this strange adventure.

*Fra Seb.* I will do it ;  
But catch the corsair first.

*Ippolito.* You may begin  
To-morrow with the sword. Has-  
san, come hither ;

Bring me the Turkish scimitar that  
hangs

Beneath the picture yonder. Now  
unsheathe it.

'Tis a Damascus blade ; you see  
the inscription

In Arabic : *La Allah illa Allah*,—  
There is no God but God.

*Fra Seb.* How beautiful  
In fashion and in finish ! It is  
perfect.

The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast  
A finer sword.

*Ippolito.* Youlikeit ? It is yours.

*Fra Seb.* You do not mean it.

*Ippolito.* I am not  
a Spaniard

To say that it is yours and not to  
mean it.

I have at Itri a whole armoury  
Full of such weapons. When you  
paint the portrait

Of Barbarossa it will be of use.

You have not been rewarded as you  
should be

For painting the Gonzaga. Throw  
this bauble

Into the scale, and make the  
balance equal.

Till then suspend it in your studio ;  
You artists like such trifles.

*Fra Seb.* I will keep it  
In memory of the donor. Many  
thanks.

*Ippolito.* Fra Bastian, I am  
growing tired of Rome,  
The old dead city, with the old  
dead people ;

Priests everywhere, like shadows  
on a wall,

And morning, noon, and night the  
ceaseless sound

Of convent bells. I must be gone  
from here ;

Though Ovid somewhere says that  
Rome is worthy

To be the dwelling-place of all the  
Gods,

I must be gone from here. To-  
morrow morning

I start for Itri, and go thence by sea  
To join the Emperor, who is making

war  
Upon the Algerines ; perhaps to  
sink

Some Turkish galleys, and bring  
back in chains

The famous corsair. Thus would  
I avenge

The beautiful Gonzaga.

*Fra Seb.* An achievement  
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of  
Orlando.

Berni and Ariosto both shall add  
A canto to their poems, and describe

you  
As Furioso and Innamorato.

Now I must say good-night.

*Ippolito.* You must not go ;  
First you shall sup with me. My  
seneschal,

Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolcro,—

I like to give the whole sonorous name,

It sounds so like a verse of the *Æneid*,—

Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi,

And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells :

These, with red Fondi wine, the *Caecuban*

That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys

Kept safe, until the heir of *Posthumus*

Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast

Fit for *Lucullus*, or *Fra Bastian* even ;

So we will go to supper, and be merry.

*Fra Seb.* Beware ! Remember that *Bolsena's* eels

And *Vernage* wine once killed a Pope of Rome !

*Ippolito.* 'Twas a French Pope ; and then so long ago ;

Who knows ?—perhaps the story is not true.

V.

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES.

*Room in the Palace of* JULIA GONZAGA. *Night.* JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

*Julia.* Do not go yet.

*Valdesso.* The night is far advanced ;

I fear to stay too late, and weary you

With these discussions.

*Julia.* I have much to say. I speak to you, *Valdesso*, with that frankness

Which is the greatest privilege of friendship.—

Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,

Such is my confidence in you.

*Valdesso.* Dear Countess, If loyalty to friendship be a claim Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

*Julia.* Then sit again, and listen unto things

That nearer are to me than life itself.

*Valdesso.* In all things I am happy to obey you, And happiest then when you command me most.

*Julia.* Laying aside all useless rhetoric,

That is superfluous between us two, I come at once unto the point, and say,

You know my outward life, my rank and fortune ;

Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,

A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand

In marriage princes ask, and ask it only

To be rejected. All the world can offer

Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it,

It is not in the way of idle boasting, But only to the better understanding

Of what comes after.

*Valdesso.* God hath given you also

Beauty and intellect ; and the signal grace

To lead a spotless life amid temptations

That others yield to.

*Julia.* But the inward life,— That you know not ; 'tis known but to myself,

And is to me a mystery and a pain.

A soul disquieted, and ill at ease,  
A mind perplexed with doubts and  
apprehensions,  
A heart dissatisfied with all around  
me,  
And with myself, so that sometimes  
I weep,  
Discouraged and disgusted with  
the world.

*Valdesso.* Whene'er we cross a  
river at a ford,  
If we would pass in safety, we  
must keep  
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the  
shore beyond,  
For if we cast them on the flowing  
stream  
The head swims with it; so if we  
would cross  
The running flood of things here  
in the world,  
Our souls must not look down, but  
fix their sight  
On the firm land beyond.

*Julia.* I comprehend you.  
You think I am too worldly; that  
my head  
Swims with the giddy whirl of  
life about me.

Is that your meaning?

*Valdesso.* Yes; your meditations  
Are more of this world and its  
vanities

Than of the world to come.

*Julia.* Between the two  
I am confused.

*Valdesso.* Yet have I seen you  
listen  
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino  
preached  
Of faith and hope and charity.

*Julia.* I listen,  
But only as to music without  
meaning.

It moves me for the moment, and  
I think

How beautiful it is to be a saint,  
As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak

And wayward, and I soon fall back  
again

To my old ways so very easily.

There are too many week-days for  
one Sunday.

*Valdesso.* Then take the Sunday  
with you through the week,  
And sweeten with it all the other  
days.

*Julia.* In part I do so; for to put  
a stop

To idle tongues, what men might  
say of me

If I lived all alone here in my palace,  
And not from a vocation that I feel  
For the monastic life, I now am  
living

With Sister Caterina at the convent  
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here  
only

On certain days, for my affairs, or  
visits

Of ceremony, or to be with friends.  
For I confess, to live among my  
friends

Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory  
Is living among people I dislike.  
And so I pass my life in these two  
worlds,

This palace and the convent.

*Valdesso.* It was then  
The fear of man, and not the love  
of God,

That led you to this step. Why  
will you not

Give all your heart to God?

*Julia.* If God commands it,  
Wherefore hath He not made me  
capable

Of doing for Him what I wish to do  
As easily as I could offer Him  
This jewel from my hand, this  
gown I wear,

Or aught else that is mine?

*Valdesso.* The hindrance lies  
In that original sin, by which all fell.

*Julia.* Ah me, I cannot bring my  
troubled mind

## Michael Angelo.

To wish well to that Adam, our  
first parent,

Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,  
And brought such ills upon us.

*Valdesso.* We ourselves,  
When we commit a sin, lose Para-  
dise

As much as he did. Let us think  
of this,

And how we may regain it.

*Julia.* Teach me, then,  
To harmonize the discord of my  
life,

And stop the painful jangle of these  
wires.

*Valdesso.* That is a task impos-  
sible, until

You tune your heart-strings to a  
higher key

Than earthly melodies.

*Julia.* How shall I do it?  
Point out to me the way of this  
perfection,

And I will follow you; for you  
have made

My soul enamoured with it, and I  
cannot

Rest satisfied until I find it out.

But lead me privately, so that the  
world

Hear not my steps; I would not  
give occasion

For talk among the people.

*Valdesso.* Now at last  
I understand you fully. Then,  
what need

Is there for us to beat about the  
bush?

I know what you desire of me.

*Julia.* What rudeness!  
If you already know it, why not  
tell me?

*Valdesso.* Because I rather wait  
for you to ask it  
With your own lips.

*Julia.* Do me the kindness, then,  
To speak without reserve; and  
with all frankness,

If you divine the truth, will I con-  
fess it.

*Valdesso.* I am content.

*Julia.* Then speak.

*Valdesso.* You would be free  
From the vexatious thoughts that  
come and go

Through your imagination, and  
would have me

Point out some royal road and  
lady-like

Which you may walk in, and not  
wound your feet;

You would attain to the divine  
perfection,

And yet not turn your back upon  
the world;

You would possess humility within,  
But not reveal it in your outward

actions;

You would have patience, but with-  
out the rude

Occasions that require its exercise;  
You would despise the world, but in

such fashion  
The world should not despise you  
in return;

Would clothe the soul with all the  
Christian graces,

Yet not despoil the body of its  
gauds;

Would feed the soul with spiritual  
food,

Yet not deprive the body of its  
feasts;

Would seem angelic in the sight of  
God,

Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of  
men;

In short, would lead a holy Chris-  
tian life

In such a way that even your  
nearest friend

Would not detect therein one  
circumstance

To show a change from what it was  
before.

Have I divined your secret?

Michael Angelo.

*Julia.* You have drawn  
The portrait of my inner self as truly  
As the most skilful painter ever  
painted  
A human face.

*Valdesso.* This warrants me in  
saying  
You think you can win heaven by  
compromise,  
And not by verdict.

*Julia.* You have often told me  
That a bad compromise was better  
even

Than a good verdict.  
*Valdesso.* Yes, in suits at law;  
Not in religion. With the human  
soul

There is no compromise. By faith  
alone  
Can man be justified.

*Julia.* Hush, dear Valdesso;  
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray  
you,  
Proclaim it from the house-top, but  
preserve it  
As something precious, hidden in  
your heart,  
As I, who half believe and tremble  
at it.

*Valdesso.* I must proclaim the  
truth.

*Julia.* Enthusiast!  
Why must you? You imperil both  
yourself  
And friends by your imprudence.  
Pray, be patient.  
You have occasion now to show  
that virtue  
Which you lay stress upon. Let  
us return  
To our lost pathway. Show me by  
what steps  
I shall walk in it.

[Convent bells are heard.]

*Valdesso.* Hark! the convent  
bells  
Are ringing; it is midnight; I  
must leave you.

And yet I linger. Pardon me,  
dear Countess,  
Since you to-night have made me  
your confessor,  
If I so far may venture, I will warn  
you  
Upon one point.

*Julia.* What is it? Speak,  
I pray you,  
For I have no concealments in  
my conduct;  
All is as open as the light of day.  
What is it you would warn me of?  
*Valdesso.* Your friendship  
With Cardinal Ippolito.

*Julia.* What is there  
To cause suspicion or alarm in  
that,  
More than in friendships that I  
entertain  
With you and others? I ne'er sat  
with him  
Alone at night, as I am sitting now  
With you, Valdesso.

*Valdesso.* Pardon me; the  
portrait  
That Fra Bastiano painted was for  
him.  
Is that quite prudent?

*Julia.* That is the same question  
Vittoria put to me, when I last saw  
her.

I make you the same answer. That  
was not  
A pledge of love, but of pure grati-  
tude.

Recall the adventure of that dread-  
ful night

When Barbarossa with two  
thousand Moors

Landed upon the coast, and in the  
darkness

Attacked my castle. Then, with-  
out delay,

The Cardinal came hurrying down  
from Rome

To rescue and protect me. Was  
it wrong



Michael Angelo.

That in an hour like that I did not weigh

Too nicely this or that, but granted him

A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me?

*Valdesso.* Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship

Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,

Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm

But strategy. And now I take my leave.

*Julia.* Farewell; but ere you go look forth and see

How night hath hushed the clamour and the stir

Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon

Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver;

The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps;

And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts

His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is! [*Voices in the street.*]

*Giovan Andrea.* Poisoned at Itri.

*Another Voice.* Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

*Giovan Andrea.* The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.

Call it malaria. It was very sudden. [*Julia swoons.*]

VI.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

*A room in the Torre Argentina.*

VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

*Vittoria.* Come to my arms and to my heart once more;

My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,

For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.

I know what you have suffered.

*Julia.* Name it not.

Let me forget it.

*Vittoria.* I will say no more.

Let me look at you. What a joy it is

To see your face, to hear your voice again!

You bring with you a breath as of the morn,

A memory of the far-off happy days When we were young. When did

you come from Fondi?

*Julia.* I have not been at Fondi since—

*Vittoria.* Ah me! You need not speak the word; I

understand you.

*Julia.* I came from Naples by the lovely valley,

The Terra di Lavoro.

*Vittoria.* And you find me But just returned from a long

journey northward.

I have been staying with that noble woman

Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

*Julia.* Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard

Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth

That I am eager to hear more of her

And of her brilliant court.

*Vittoria.* You shall hear all. But first sit down and listen

patiently

While I confess myself.

*Julia.* What deadly sin Have you committed?

*Vittoria.* Not a sin; a folly. I chid you once at Ischia, when

you told me That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

## Michael Angelo.

*Julia.* Well I remember it.  
*Vittoria.* Then chide me now,  
For I confess to something still more strange.  
Old as I am, I have at last consented  
To the entreaties and the supplications  
Of Michael Angelo—  
*Julia.* To marry him?  
*Vittoria.* I pray you, do not jest with me! You know,  
Or you should know, that never such a thought  
Entered my breast. I am already married.  
The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,  
And death has not divorced us.  
*Julia.* Pardon me.  
Have I offended you?  
*Vittoria.* No, but have hurt me.  
Unto my buried lord I give myself,  
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,—  
My portrait. It is not from vanity,  
But for the love I bear him.  
*Julia.* I rejoice  
To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait  
Worthy of both of you! [*A knock.*]  
*Vittoria.* Hark! he is coming.  
*Julia.* And shall I go or stay?  
*Vittoria.* By all means stay.  
The drawing will be better for your presence;  
You will enliven me.  
*Julia.* I shall not speak;  
The presence of great men doth take from me  
All power of speech. I only gaze at them  
In silent wonder, as if they were gods,  
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

*Enter* MICHAEL ANGELO.  
*Vittoria.* Come in.  
*Michael A.* I fear my visit is ill-timed;  
I interrupt you.  
*Vittoria.* No; this is a friend  
Of yours as well as mine,—the Lady Julia,  
The Duchess of Trajetto.  
*Michael A. (to JULIA).* I salute you.  
'Tis long since I have seen your face, my lady;  
Pardon me if I say that having seen it,  
One never can forget it.  
*Julia.* You are kind  
To keep me in your memory.  
*Michael A.* It is  
The privilege of age to speak with frankness.  
You will not be offended when I say  
That never was your beauty more divine.  
*Julia.* When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter  
Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.  
*Vittoria.* Now this is gallantry enough for one;  
Show me a little.  
*Michael A.* Ah, my gracious lady,  
You know I have not words to speak your praise.  
I think of you in silence. You conceal  
Your manifold perfections from all eyes,  
And make yourself more saint-like day by day,  
And day by day men worship you the more.  
But now your hour of martyrdom has come.  
You know why I am here.

*Vittoria.* Ah yes, I know it ;  
And meet my fate with fortitude.

You find me  
Surrounded by the labours of your  
hands :

The Woman of Samaria at the  
Well,

The Mater Dolorosa, and the  
Christ

Upon the Cross, beneath which  
you have written

Those memorable words of Ali-  
ghieri,

'Men have forgotten how much  
blood it costs.'

*Michael A.* And now I come to  
add one labour more,

If you will call that labour which is  
pleasure,

And only pleasure.

*Vittoria.* How shall I be  
seated ?

*Michael A.* (*opening his port-  
folio*). Just as you are. The  
light falls well upon you.

*Vittoria.* I am ashamed to steal  
the time from you

That should be given to the Sistine  
Chapel.

How does that work go on ?

*Michael A.* (*drawing*). But  
tardily.

Old men work slowly. Brain and  
hand alike

Are dull and torpid. To die young  
is best,

And not to be remembered as old  
men

Tottering about in their decrepi-  
tude.

*Vittoria.* My dear Maestro !  
have you, then, forgotten

The story of Sophocles in his old  
age ?

*Michael A.* What story is it ?

*Vittoria.* When his  
sons accused him,

Before the Areopagus, of dotage,

For all defence he read there to his  
Judges

The Tragedy of *Ædipus Colo-  
neus*—

The work of his old age.

*Michael A.* 'Tis an illusion,  
A fabulous story, that will lead old  
men

Into a thousand follies and conceits.

*Vittoria.* So you may show to  
cavillers your painting

Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine  
Chapel.

*Michael A.* Now you and Lady  
Julia shall resume

The conversation that I inter-  
rupted.

*Vittoria.* It was of no great im-  
port ; nothing more

Nor less than my late visit to  
Ferrara,

And what I saw there in the ducal  
palace.

Will it not interrupt you ?

*Michael A.* Not the least.

*Vittoria.* Well, first, then, of  
Duke Ercole : a man

Cold in his manners, and reserved  
and silent,

And yet magnificent in all his  
ways ;

Not hospitable unto new ideas,  
But from state policy, and certain  
reasons

Concerning the investiture of the  
duchy,

A partisan of Rome, and con-  
sequently

Intolerant of all the new opinions.

*Julia.* I should not like the  
Duke. These silent men,

Who only look and listen, are like  
wells

That have no water in them, deep  
and empty.

How could the daughter of a king of  
France

Wed such a duke ?

*Michael A.* The men that women marry,  
And why they marry them, will always be  
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

*Vittoria.* And then the Duchess,  
—how shall I describe her,  
Or tell the merits of that happy nature,  
Which pleases most when least it thinks of pleasing?  
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,  
Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through  
Each look and attitude and word and gesture;  
A kindly grace of manner and behaviour,  
A something in her presence and her ways  
That makes her beautiful beyond the reach  
Of mere external beauty; and in heart  
So noble and devoted to the truth,  
And so in sympathy with all who strive  
After the higher life.

*Julia.* She draws me to her  
As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

*Vittoria.* Then the devout and honourable women  
That grace her court, and make it good to be there;  
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted,  
Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini,  
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,  
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly;  
All lovely women, full of noble thoughts  
And aspirations after noble things.

*Julia.* Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

*Vittoria.* No; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas  
Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni;

I fear he hardly would have comprehended

The women that I speak of.

*Michael A.* Yet he wrote  
The story of Griselda. That is something

To set down in his favour.

*Vittoria.* With these ladies  
Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,  
Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,

Famous in all the universities;  
A marvellous child, who at the spinning-wheel,

And in the daily round of household cares,

Hath learned both Greek and Latin; and is now

A favourite of the Duchess and companion

Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho

Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes

That she had written, with a voice whose sadness

Thrilled and o'er-mastered me, and made me look

Into the future time, and ask myself

What destiny will be hers.

*Julia.* A sad one, surely.  
Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season;

And these precocious intellects portend

A life of sorrow or an early death.

*Vittoria.* About the court were many learned men;

Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps,

And Celio Curione, and Manzolli.

The Duke's physician ; and a pale  
young man,

Charles d'Espeville of Geneva,  
whom the Duchess

Doth much delight to talk with  
and to read,

For he hath written a book of  
Institutes

The Duchess greatly praises, though  
some call it

The Koran of the heretics.

*Julia.* And what poets

Were there to sing you madrigals,  
and praise

Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's  
tresses?

*Vittoria.* No; for great Ariosto  
is no more.

The voice that filled those halls  
with melody

Has long been hushed in death.

*Julia.* You should  
have made

A pilgrimage unto the poet's  
tomb,

And laid a wreath upon it, for the  
words

He spake of you.

*Vittoria.* And of yourself  
no less,

And of our master, Michael Angelo.

*Michael A.* Of me?

*Vittoria.* Have you  
forgotten that he calls you

Michael, less man than angel, and  
divine?

You are ungrateful.

*Michael A.* A mere play on  
words.

That adjective he wanted for a  
rhyme,

To match with Gian Bellino and  
Urbino.

*Vittoria.* Bernardo Tasso is no  
longer there,

Nor the gay troubadour of Gas-  
cony,

Clement Marot, surnamed by flat-  
terers

The Prince of Poets and the Poet  
of Princes,

Who, being looked upon with much  
disfavour

By the Duke Ercole, has fled to  
Venice.

*Michael A.* There let him stay  
with Pietro Aretino,

The Scourge of Princes, also called  
Divine.

The title is so common in our  
mouths,

That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,  
Who play their bag-pipes in the

streets of Rome

At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,  
And will deserve it better than

some poets.

*Vittoria.* What bee hath stung  
you?

*Michael A.* One that  
makes no honey ;

One that comes buzzing in through  
every window,

And stabs men with his sting. A  
bitter thought

Passed through my mind, but it is  
gone again ;

I spake too hastily.

*Julia.* I pray you, show me  
What you have done.

*Michael A.* Not yet ; it is  
not finished.

PART SECOND.

I.

MONOLOGUE.

*A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S house.*

*Michael A.* Fled to Viterbo,  
the old Papal city  
Where once an Emperor, humbled  
in his pride,  
Held the Pope's stirrup, as his  
Holiness  
Alighted from his mule! A fugitive  
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who  
hurls  
His thunders at the house of the  
Colonna,  
With endless bitterness!—Among  
the nuns  
In Santa Catarina's convent hid-  
den,  
Herself in soul a nun! And now  
she chides me  
For my too frequent letters, that  
disturb  
Her meditations, and that hinder  
me  
And keep me from my work; now  
graciously  
She thanks me for the crucifix I  
sent her,  
And says that she will keep it:  
with one hand  
Inflicts a wound, and with the  
other heals it.

*(Reading.)*

'Profoundly I believed that God  
would grant you  
A supernatural faith to paint this  
Christ;  
I wished for that which I now see  
fulfilled  
So marvellously, exceeding all my  
wishes.

Nor more could be desired, or even  
so much.

And greatly I rejoice that you  
have made

The angel on the right so beautiful;  
For the Archangel Michael will  
place you,

You, Michael Angelo, on that new  
day,

Upon the Lord's right hand! And  
waiting that,

How can I better serve you than  
to pray

To this sweet Christ for you, and  
to beseech you

To hold me altogether yours in all  
things.'

Well, I will write less often, or no  
more,

But wait her coming. No one  
born in Rome

Can live elsewhere; but he must  
pine for Rome,

And must return to it. I, who am  
born

And bred a Tuscan and a Floren-  
tine,

Feel the attraction, and I linger here  
As if I were a pebble in the pave-

ment  
Trodden by priestly feet. This I  
endure,

Because I breathe in Rome an at-  
mosphere

Heavy with odours of the laurel  
leaves

That crowned great heroes of the  
sword and pen,

In ages past. I feel myself exalted  
To walk the streets in which a

Virgil walked,  
Or Trajan rode in triumph; but

far more,

And most of all, because the great  
Colonna

Breathes the same air I breathe, and  
is to me

An inspiration. Now that she is gone,  
Rome is no longer Rome till she  
return.

This feeling overmasters me. I  
know not

If it be love, this strong desire to be  
Forever in her presence; but I know

That I, who was the friend of  
solitude,

And ever was best pleased when  
most alone,

Now weary grow of my own com-  
pany.

For the first time old age seems  
lonely to me.

(*Opening the Divina Commedia.*)

I turn for consolation to the leaves  
Of the great master of our Tuscan  
tongue,

Whose words, like coloured garnet-  
shirls in lava,

Betray the heat in which they were  
engendered.

A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread  
Of others, but repaid their meagre  
gifts

With immortality. In courts of  
princes

He was a by-word, and in streets  
of towns

Was mocked by children, like the  
Hebrew prophet,

Himself a prophet. I too know the  
cry,

Go up, thou bald head! from a  
generation

That, wanting reverence, wanteth  
the best food

The soul can feed on. There's not  
room enough

For age and youth upon this little  
planet.

Age must give way. There was  
not room enough

Even for this great poet. In his  
song

I hear reverberate the gates of  
Florence,

Closing upon him, never more to  
open;

But mingled with the sound are  
melodies

Celestial from the gates of paradise.  
He came, and he is gone. The

people knew not  
What manner of man was passing

by their doors,  
Until he passed no more; but in

his vision  
He saw the torments and beatitudes

Of souls condemned or pardoned,  
and hath left

Behind him this sublime Apo-  
calypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the  
margin

The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,  
But the Colonna's. Each hath his

ideal,  
The image of some woman excellent,

That is his guide. No Grecian art,  
nor Roman,

Hath yet revealed such loveliness  
as hers.

II.

VITERBO.

VITTORIA COLONNA *at the Convent  
window.*

*Vittoria.* Parting with friends is  
temporary death,

As all death is. We see no more  
their faces,

Nor hear their voices, save in  
memory;

But messages of love give us as-  
surance

That we are not forgotten. Who  
shall say

## Michael Angelo.

That from the world of spirits comes  
no greeting,  
No message of remembrance? It  
may be  
The thoughts that visit us, we know  
not whence,  
Sudden as inspiration, are the  
whispers  
Of disembodied spirits, speaking  
to us  
As friends, who wait outside a prison  
wall,  
Through the barred windows speak  
to those within. [*A pause.*]

As quiet as the lake that lies  
beneath me,  
As quiet as the tranquil sky above  
me,  
As quiet as a heart that beats no  
more,  
This convent seems. Above, below,  
all peace!  
Silence and solitude, the soul's best  
friends,  
Are with me here, and the tumult-  
uous world  
Makes no more noise than the  
remotest planet.  
O gentle spirit, unto the third circle  
Of heaven among the blessed souls  
ascended,  
Who, living in the faith and dying  
for it,  
Have gone to their reward, I do  
not sigh  
For thee as being dead, but for my-  
self  
That I am still alive. Turn those  
dear eyes,  
Once so benignant to me, upon  
mine,  
That open to their tears such uncon-  
trolled  
And such continual issue. Still  
awhile  
Have patience; I will come to thee  
at last.

A few more goings in and out these  
doors,  
A few more chimings of these con-  
vent bells,  
A few more prayers, a few more  
sighs and tears,  
And the long agony of this life will  
end,  
And I shall be with thee. If I am  
wanting  
To thy well-being, as thou art to  
mine,  
Have patience; I will come to thee  
at last.  
Ye minds that loiter in these cloister  
gardens,  
Or wander far above the city walls,  
Bear unto him this message, that  
I ever  
Or speak or think of him, or weep  
for him.  
By unseen hands uplifted in the  
light  
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud  
Floats, with its white apparel  
blown abroad,  
And wafted up to heaven. It fades  
away,  
And melts into the air. Ah, would  
that I  
Could thus be wafted unto thee,  
Francesco,  
A cloud of white, an incorporeal  
spirit!

### III.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BEN-  
VENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO; BENVENUTO  
CELLINI *in gay attire.*

*Benvenuto.* A good day and good  
year to the divine  
Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculp-  
tor!  
*Michael A.* Welcome, my Ben-  
venuto.



## Michael Angelo.

*Benvenuto.* That is what  
My father said, the first time he  
beheld

This handsome face. But say  
farewell, not welcome.

I come to take my leave. I start  
for Florence

As fast as horse can carry me.  
I long

To set once more upon its level flags  
These feet, made sore by your vile  
Roman pavements.

Come with me ; you are wanted  
there in Florence.

The Sacristy is not finished.

*Michael A.* Speak not of it !  
How damp and cold it was ! How  
my bones ached

And my head reeled, when I was  
working there !

I am too old. I will stay here in  
Rome,

Where all is old and crumbling, like  
myself,

To hopeless ruin. All roads lead  
to Rome.

*Benvenuto.* And all lead out of it.

*Michael A.* There is a charm,  
A certain something in the atmo-  
sphere,

That all men feel and no man can  
describe.

*Benvenuto.* Malaria?

*Michael A.* Yes, malaria  
of the mind,

Out of this tomb of the majestic  
Past ;

The fever to accomplish some great  
work

That will not let us sleep. I must  
go on

Until I die.

*Benvenuto.* Do you ne'er think  
of Florence ?

*Michael A.* Yes ; whenever  
I think of anything beside my work,  
I think of Florence. I remember,  
too,

The bitter days I passed among the  
quarries

Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta ;  
Road-building in the marshes ;

stupid people,  
And cold and rain incessant, and  
mad gusts

Of mountain wind, like howling  
dervishes,

That spun and whirled the eddying  
snow about them

As if it were a garment ; aye, vexa-  
tions

And troubles of all kinds, that ended  
only

In loss of time and money.

*Benvenuto.* True, Maestro ;  
But that was not in Florence. You  
should leave

Such work to others. Sweeter  
memories

Cluster about you, in the pleasant  
city

Upon the Arno.

*Michael A.* In my waking  
dreams

I see the marvellous dome of  
Brunelleschi,

Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and  
Giotto's tower ;

And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci  
glides

With folded hands amid my troubled  
thoughts,

A splendid vision ! Time rides with  
the old

At a great pace. As travellers on  
swift steeds

See the near landscape fly and flow  
behind them,

While the remoter fields and dim  
horizons

Go with them, and seem wheeling  
round to meet them,

So in old age things near us slip  
away,

And distant things go with us.  
Pleasantly

Come back to me the days when, as  
a youth,  
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the  
gardens  
Of Medici, and saw the antique  
statues,  
The forms august of gods and god-  
like men,  
And the great world of art revealed  
itself  
To my young eyes. Then all that  
man hath done  
Seemed possible to me. Alas !  
how little  
Of all I dreamed of has my hand  
achieved !

*Benvenuto.* Nay, let the Night  
and Morning, let Lorenzo  
And Julian in the Sacristy at Flor-  
ence,  
Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine  
Chapel,  
And the Last Judgment answer.  
Is it finished ?

*Michael A.* The work is nearly  
done. But this Last Judgment  
Has been the cause of more vexation  
to me  
Than it will be of honour. Ser  
Biagio,  
Master of ceremonies at the Papal  
court,  
A man punctilious and over nice,  
Calls it improper ; says that those  
nude forms,  
Showing their nakedness in such  
shameless fashion,  
Are better suited to a common  
bagnio,  
Or wayside wine-shop, than a  
Papal Chapel.  
To punish him I painted him as  
Minos,  
And leave him there as master of  
ceremonies  
In the Infernal Regions. What  
would you  
Have done to such a man ?

*Benvenuto.* I would have  
killed him.

When any one insults me, if I can,  
I kill him, kill him.

*Michael A.* Oh, you gentlemen,  
Who dress in silks and velvets, and  
wear swords,  
Are ready with your weapons, and  
have all  
A taste for homicide.

*Benvenuto.* I learned that lesson  
Under Pope Clement at the siege  
of Rome,  
Some twenty years ago. As I was  
standing

Upon the ramparts of the Campo  
Santo

With Alessandro Bene, I beheld  
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,  
And hid from us the foe ; when sud-  
denly,

A misty figure, like an apparition,  
Rose up above the fog, as if on  
horseback.

At this I aimed my arquebus, and  
fired.

The figure vanished ; and there  
rose a cry

Out of the darkness, long and fierce  
and loud,

With imprecations in all languages.  
It was the Constable of France,  
the Bourbon,

That I had slain.

*Michael A.* Rome should be  
grateful to you.

*Benvenuto.* But has not been ;  
you shall hear presently.

During the siege I served as bom-  
bardier,

There in Saint Angelo. His Holi-  
ness,

One day, was walking with his Car-  
dinals

On the round bastion, while I stood  
above

Among my falconets. All thought  
and feeling,

## Michael Angelo.

All skill in art and all desire of fame,  
Were swallowed up in the delightful music

Of that artillery. I saw far off,  
Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,

A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak;  
And firing at him with due aim and range,

I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.  
The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.

His Holiness, delighted beyond measure

With such display of gunnery, and amazed

To see the man in scarlet cut in two,

Gave me his benediction, and absolved me

From all the homicides I had committed

In service of the Apostolic Church,  
Or should commit thereafter. From that day

I have not held in very high esteem  
The life of man.

*Michael A.* And who absolved  
Pope Clement?

Now let us speak of Art.

*Benvenuto.* Of what you will.

*Michael A.* Say, have you seen  
our friend Fra Bastian lately,  
Since by a turn of fortune he became  
Friar of the Signet?

*Benvenuto.* Faith, a pretty artist,  
To pass his days in stamping leaden  
seals

On Papal bulls!

*Michael A.* He has grown fat  
and lazy,

As if the lead clung to him like a  
sinker.

He paints no more, since he was  
sent to Fondi

By Cardinal Ippolito to paint  
The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should  
have seen him

As I did, riding through the city gate,  
In his brown hood, attended by  
four horsemen,

Completely armed, to frighten the  
banditti.

I think he would have frightened  
them alone,

For he was rounder than the O of  
Giotto.

*Benvenuto.* He must have looked  
more like a sack of meal

Than a great painter.

*Michael A.* Well, he is not great,  
But still I like him greatly. *Ben-*

*venuto,*  
Have faith in nothing but in in-

dustry.

Be at it late and early; persevere,  
And work right on through censure

and applause,  
Or else abandon Art.

*Benvenuto.* No man works  
harder

Than I do. I am not a moment idle.

*Michael A.* And what have you  
to show me?

*Benvenuto.* This gold ring,  
Made for his Holiness, — my latest  
work,

And I am proud of it. A single dia-  
mond,

Presented by the Emperor to the  
Pope.

Targhetta of Venice set and tinted  
it;

I have reset it, and retinted it  
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers

Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

*Michael A.* Let me see it.  
A pretty jewel!

*Benvenuto.* That is not the ex-  
pression.

Pretty is not a very pretty word  
To be applied to such a precious

stone,  
Given by an Emperor to a Pope,

and set  
By Benvenuto!

*Michael A.* Messer Benvenuto,  
I lose all patience with you; for  
the gifts  
That God hath given you are of  
such a kind  
They should be put to far more  
noble uses  
Than setting diamonds for the Pope  
of Rome.  
You can do greater things.

*Benvenuto.* The God  
who made me  
Knows why he made me what I  
am,—a goldsmith,  
A mere artificer.

*Michael A.* Oh no; an artist,  
Richly endowed by nature, but who  
wraps  
His talent in a napkin, and con-  
sumes  
His life in vanities.

*Benvenuto.* Michael Angelo  
May say what Benvenuto would  
not bear  
From any other man. He speaks  
the truth.

I know my life is wasted and con-  
sumed  
In vanities; but I have better hours  
And higher aspirations than you  
think.

Once, when a prisoner at Saint An-  
gelo,

Fasting and praying in the mid-  
night darkness,

In a celestial vision I beheld  
A crucifix in the sun, of the same  
substance

As is the sun itself. And since  
that hour

There is a splendour round about  
my head,

That may be seen at sunrise and  
at sunset

Above my shadow on the grass.  
And now

I know that I am in the grace of  
God,

And none henceforth can harm me.

*Michael A.* None but one,—  
None but yourself, who are your  
greatest foe.

He that respects himself is safe  
from others;

He wears a coat of mail that none  
can pierce.

*Benvenuto.* I always wear one.

*Michael A.* O incorrigible!  
At least, forget not the celestial  
vision.

Man must have something higher  
than himself

To think of.

*Benvenuto.* That I know full well.  
Now listen.

I have been sent for into France,  
where grow

The Lilies that illumine heaven  
and earth,

And carry in mine equipage the  
model

Of a most marvellous golden salt-  
cellar

For the king's table; and here in  
my brain

A statue of Mars Armipotent for  
the fountain

Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonder-  
ful.

I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.  
And so farewell, great Master.

Think of me

As one who, in the midst of all his  
follies,

Had also his ambition, and aspired  
To better things.

*Michael A.* Do not forget the  
vision.

(*Sitting down again to the Divina  
Commedia.*)

Now in what circle of his poem  
sacred

Would the great Florentine have  
placed this man?

Whether in Phlegethon, the river of  
blood,

## Michael Angelo.

Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,  
I know not, but most surely not  
with those  
Who walk in leaden cloaks.  
Though he is one  
Whose passions, like a potent  
alkahest,  
Dissolve his better nature, he is not  
That despicable thing, a hypocrite ;  
He doth not cloak his vices, nor  
deny them.  
Come back, my thoughts, from him  
to Paradise.

### IV.

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO ; FRA SEBAS-  
TIANO DEL PIOMBO.

*Michael A. (not turning round).*  
Who is it ?

*Fra Seb.* Wait, for I am out  
of breath  
In climbing your steep stairs.

*Michael A.* Ah, my Bastiano,  
If you went up and down as many  
stairs  
As I do still, and climbed as many  
ladders,  
It would be better for you. Pray  
sit down.

Your idle and luxurious way of living  
Will one day take your breath away  
entirely,  
And you will never find it.

*Fra Seb.* Well, what then ?  
That would be better, in my appre-  
hension,  
Than falling from a scaffold.

*Michael A.* That was  
nothing.  
It did not kill me ; only lamed me  
slightly ;  
I am quite well again.

*Fra Seb.* But why, dear  
Master,  
Why do you live so high up in your  
house,  
When you could live below and  
have a garden,  
As I do ?

*Michael A.* From this window  
I can look  
On many gardens ; o'er the city  
roofs  
See the Campagna and the Alban  
hills :  
And all are mine.

*Fra Seb.* Can you sit down  
in them  
On summer afternoons, and play  
the lute,  
Or sing, or sleep the time away ?

*Michael A.* I never  
Sleep in the day-time ; scarcely  
sleep at night.

I have not time. Did you meet  
Benvenuto  
As you came up the stair ?

*Fra Seb.* He ran against me  
On the first landing, going at full  
speed ;  
Dressed like the Spanish captain in  
a play,  
With his long rapier and his short  
red cloak.  
Why hurry through the world at  
such a pace ?

Life will not be too long.  
*Michael A.* It is his  
nature,—

A restless spirit, that consumes  
itself  
With useless agitations. He o'er-  
leaps  
The goal he aims at. Patience is a  
plant  
That grows not in all gardens.  
You are made  
Of quite another clay.

*Fra Seb.* And thank God  
for it.

And now, being somewhat rested,  
I will tell you

Why I have climbed these formidable stairs.

I have a friend, Francesco Berni,  
here,

A very charming poet and companion,

Who greatly honours you and all your doings,

And you must sup with us.

*Michael A.* Not I, indeed. I know too well what artists' suppers are.

You must excuse me.

*Fra Seb.* I will not excuse you.

You need repose from your incessant work ;

Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

*Michael A.* To me, what you and other men call pleasure is only pain. Work is my recreation,

The play of faculty ; a delight like that

Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish in darting through the water,—nothing more.

I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life

Grow precious now, when only few remain.

I cannot go.

*Fra Seb.* Berni, perhaps, will read

A canto of the Orlando Inamorato.

*Michael A.* That is another reason for not going.

If aught is tedious and intolerable, It is a poet reading his own verses.

*Fra Seb.* Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses

Than you of his. He says that you speak things,

And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

*Michael A.* If it were now the Improvisatore,

Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear With Benvenuto, in the streets of

Florence,

I might be tempted. I was younger then,

And singing in the open air was pleasant.

*Fra Seb.* There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,

Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,

And secretary to the embassy :

A learned man, who speaks all languages,

And wittiest of men ; who wrote a book

Of the Adventures of Gargantua,

So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter

At every page ; a jovial boon-companion

And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

*Michael A.* Then you will not want me, who am not witty,

And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.

I should be like a dead man at your banquet.

Why should I seek this Frenchman Rabelais ?

And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,

When I have Dante Alighieri here, The greatest of all poets ?

*Fra Seb.* And the dullest ; And only to be read in episodes.

His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

*Michael A.* Petrarca is for women and for lovers,

And for those soft Abati, who delight To wander down long garden walks

in summer,

Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,

As lap-dogs do their bells.

*Fra Seb.* I love Petrarca.  
How sweetly of his absent love he  
sings  
When journeying in the forest of  
Ardennes!  
'I seem to hear her, hearing the  
boughs and breezes  
And leaves and birds lamenting,  
and the waters  
Murmuring flee along the verdant  
herbage.'

*Michael A.* Enough. It is all  
seeming, and no being.  
If you would know how a man  
speaks in earnest,  
Read here this passage, where  
Saint Peter thunders  
In Paradise against degenerate  
Popes  
And the corruptions of the Church,  
till all  
The heaven about him blushes like  
a sunset.  
I beg you to take note of what he  
says  
About the Papal seals, for that  
concerns  
Your office and yourself.

*Fra Seb. (reading).* Is this the  
passage?  
'Nor I be made the figure of a seal  
To privileges venal and menda-  
cious;  
Whereat I often redden and flash  
with fire!'—  
That is not poetry.

*Michael A.* What is it, then?

*Fra Seb.* Vituperation; gall  
that might have spouted  
From Aretino's pen.

*Michael A.* Name not that  
man!  
A profligate, whom your Francesco  
Berni  
Describes as having one foot in  
the brothel  
And the other in the hospital; who  
lives

By flattering or maligning, as best  
serves  
His purpose at the time. He writes  
to me  
With easy arrogance of my Last  
Judgment,  
In such familiar tone that one  
would say  
The great event already had oc-  
curred,  
And he was present, and from  
observation  
Informed me how the picture  
should be painted.

*Fra Seb.* What unassuming,  
unobtrusive men  
These critics are! Now, to have  
Aretino  
Aiming his shafts at you brings  
back to mind  
The Gascon archers in the square  
of Milan,  
Shooting their arrows at Duke  
Sforza's statue,  
By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble  
Of envious Florentines, that at  
your David  
Threw stones at night. But Are-  
tino praised you.

*Michael A.* His praises were  
ironical. He knows  
How to use words as weapons, and  
to wound  
While seeming to defend. But  
look, Bastiano,  
See how the setting sun lights up  
that picture!

*Fra Seb.* My portrait of Vittoria  
Colonna.

*Michael A.* It makes her look  
as she will look hereafter,  
When she becomes a saint!

*Fra Seb.* A noble woman!  
*Michael A.* Ah, these old hands  
can fashion fairer shapes  
In marble, and can paint diviner  
pictures,  
Since I have known her.

*Fra Seb.* And you like this picture;  
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

*Michael A.* When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered  
The use of oil in painting, he degraded  
His art into a handicraft, and made it  
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn  
Or wayside wine-shop. 'Tis an art for women,  
Or for such leisurely and idle people  
As you, *Fra Bastiano*. Nature paints not  
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven  
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds  
And flying vapours.

*Fra Seb.* And how soon they fade!  
Behold yon line of roofs and belfries painted  
Upon the golden background of the sky,  
Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait  
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,  
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.  
Yet that is Nature.

*Michael A.* She is always right.  
The picture that approaches sculpture nearest  
Is the best picture.

*Fra Seb.* Leonardo thinks  
The open air too bright. We ought to paint  
As if the sun were shining through a mist.  
'Tis easier done in oil than in distemper.

*Michael A.* Do not revive again the old dispute;  
I have an excellent memory for forgetting,  
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed  
By the unbending of the bow that made them.

*Fra Seb.* So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

*Michael A.* But that is past.  
Now I am angry with you,  
Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat  
And indolent, you do not paint at all.

*Fra Seb.* Why should I paint?  
Why should I toil and sweat,  
Who now am rich enough to live at ease,  
And take my pleasure?

*Michael A.* When Pope Leo died,  
He who had been so lavish of the wealth  
His predecessors left him, who received  
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,  
Which every night was empty, left behind  
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

*Fra Seb.* I care for banquets, not for funerals,  
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden  
All tapers at my burial, and procession  
Of priests and friars and monks; and have provided  
The cost thereof be given to the poor!

*Michael A.* You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.  
Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children;  
But who to-day would know that he had lived,



If he had never made those gates  
of bronze

In the old Baptistry,—those gates  
of bronze,

Worthy to be the gates of Para-  
dise.

His wealth is scattered to the winds;  
his children

Are long since dead; but those  
celestial gates

Survive, and keep his name and  
memory green.

*Fra Seb.* But why should I  
fatigue myself? I think

That all things it is possible to  
paint

Have been already painted; and  
if not,

Why, there are painters in the  
world at present

Who can accomplish more in two  
short months

Than I could in two years; so it  
is well

That some one is contented to do  
nothing,

And leave the field to others.

*Michael A.* O blasphemer!  
Not without reason do the people

call you  
Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead

Of all the Papal bulls is heavy  
upon you,

And wraps you like a shroud.

*Fra Seb.* Misericordia!  
Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine,

and sharp  
The words you speak, because the

heart within you  
Is sweet unto the core.

*Michael A.* How changed  
you are

From the Sebastiano I once knew,  
When poor, laborious, emulous to

excel,  
You strove in rivalry with Bada-

sare

And Raphael Sanzio.

*Fra Seb.* Raphael is dead;  
He is but dust and ashes in his

grave,  
While I am living and enjoying

life,  
And so am victor. One live Pope

is worth  
A dozen dead ones.

*Michael A.* Raphael is not  
dead;

He doth but sleep; for how can  
he be dead

Who lives immortal in the hearts  
of men?

He only drank the precious wine  
of youth,

The outbreak of the grapes, before  
the vintage

Was trodden to bitterness by the  
feet of men.

The gods have given him sleep.  
We never were

Nor could be foes, although our  
followers,

Who are distorted shadows of our-  
selves,

Have striven to make us so; but  
each one worked

Unconsciously upon the other's  
thoughts,

Both giving and receiving. He  
perchance

Caught strength from me, and I  
some greater sweetness

And tenderness from his more  
gentle nature.

I have but words of praise and ad-  
miration

For his great genius; and the  
world is fairer

That he lived in it.

*Fra Seb.* We at least are  
friends;

So come with me.  
*Michael A.* No, no; I am

best pleased

When I'm not asked to banquets.  
I have reached

A time of life when daily walks are  
shortened,  
And even the houses of our dearest  
friends,

That used to be so near, seem far  
away.

*Fra Seb.* Then we must sup with-  
out you. We shall laugh

At those who toil for fame, and  
make their lives

A tedious martyrdom, that they  
may live

A little longer in the mouths of  
men!

And so, good-night.

*Michael A.* Good-night, my  
Fra Bastiano.

[*Returning to his work.*]

How will men speak of me when I  
am gone,

When all this colourless, sad life is  
ended,

And I am dust? They will remem-  
ber only

The wrinkled forehead, the marred  
countenance,

The rudeness of my speech, and  
my rough manners,

And never dream that underneath  
them all

There was a woman's heart of  
tenderness.

They will not know the secret of  
my life,

Locked up in silence, or but vaguely  
hinted

In uncouth rhymes, that may per-  
chance survive

Some little space in memories of  
men!

Each one performs his life-work,  
and then leaves it;

Those that come after him will  
estimate

His influence on the age in which  
he lived.

V.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TITIAN.

*Palazzo Belvedere.* TITIAN'S  
*studio. A painting of Danaë*  
*with a curtain before it.* TITIAN,  
MICHAEL ANGELO, and GIORGIO  
VASARI.

*Michael A.* So you have left at  
last your still lagoons,  
Your City of Silence floating in the  
sea,

And come to us in Rome.

*Titian.* I come to learn,  
But I have come too late. I should  
have seen

Rome in my youth, when all my  
mind was open

To new impressions. Our Vasari  
here

Leads me about, a blind man,  
groping darkly

Among the marvels of the past.  
I touch them,

But do not see them.

*Michael A.* There are things  
in Rome

That one might walk bare-footed  
here from Venice

But to see once, and then to die  
content.

*Titian.* I must confess that these  
majestic ruins

Oppress me with their gloom. I  
feel as one

Who in the twilight stumbles  
among tombs,

And cannot read the inscriptions  
carved upon them.

*Michael A.* I felt so once; but I  
have grown familiar

With desolation, and it has become  
No more a pain to me, but a de-  
light.

*Titian.* I could not live here. I  
must have the sea,

## Michael Angelo.

And the sea-mist, with sunshine  
interwoven

Like cloth of gold; must have  
beneath my windows

The laughter of the waves, and at  
my door

Their pattering footsteps, or I am  
not happy.

*Michael A.* Then tell me of your  
city in the sea,

Paved with red basalt of the Paduan  
hills.

Tell me of art in Venice. Three  
great names,

Giorgione, Titian, and the Tinto-  
retto,

Illustrate your Venetian school, and  
send

A challenge to the world. The  
first is dead,

But Tintoretto lives.

*Titian.* And paints  
with fire,

Sudden and splendid, as the light-  
ning paints

The cloudy vault of heaven.

*Giorgio.* Does he still keep  
Above his door the arrogant in-  
scription

That once was painted there,—  
'The colour of Titian,

With the design of Michael An-  
gelo'?

*Titian.* Indeed, I know not.

'Twas a foolish boast,

And does no harm to any but himself.

Perhaps he has grown wiser.

*Michael A.* When you two  
Are gone, who is there that remains  
behind

To seize the pencil falling from  
your fingers?

*Giorgio.* Oh, there are many  
hands upraised already

To clutch at such a prize, which  
hardly wait

For death to loose your grasp,—a  
hundred of them :

Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,  
Moretto, and Moroni; who can  
count them,

Or measure their ambition?

*Titian.* When we are gone,  
The generation that comes after  
us

Will have far other thoughts than  
ours. Our ruins

Will serve to build their palaces or  
tombs.

They will possess the world that  
we think ours,

And fashion it far otherwise.

*Michael A.* I hear  
Your son Orazio and your nephew

Marco  
Mentioned with honour.

*Titian.* Ay, brave lads,  
brave lads.

But time will show. There is a  
youth in Venice,

One Paul Cagliari, called the  
Veronese,

Still a mere stripling, but of such  
rare promise

That we must guard our laurels, or  
may lose them.

*Michael A.* These are good  
tidings; for I sometimes fear

That, when we die, with us all art  
will die.

'Tis but a fancy. Nature will  
provide

Others to take our places. I rejoice  
To see the young spring forward

in the race,  
Eager as we were, and as full of  
hope

And the sublime audacity of youth.

*Titian.* Mendicant are forgotten.  
The great world

Goes on the same. Among the  
myriads

Of men that live, or have lived, or  
shall live,

What is a single life, or thine or  
mine,

## Michael Angelo.

That we should think all Nature  
would stand still  
If we were gone? We must make  
room for others.

*Michael A.* And now, Maestro,  
pray unveil your picture  
Of Danaë, of which I hear such  
praise.

*Titian (drawing back the curtain).*  
What think you?

*Michael A.* That Acrisius did  
well  
To lock such beauty in a brazen  
tower,  
And hide it from all eyes.

*Titian.* The model truly  
Was beautiful.

*Michael A.* And more, that  
you were present,  
And saw the showery Jove from  
high Olympus  
Descend in all his splendour.

*Titian.* From your lips  
Such words are full of sweetness.

*Michael A.* You have caught  
These golden hues from your  
Venetian sunsets.

*Titian.* Possibly.

*Michael A.* Or from sunshine  
through a shower  
On the lagoons, or the broad  
Adriatic.

Nature reveals herself in all our  
arts.

The pavements and the palaces of  
cities

Hint at the nature of the neigh-  
bouring hills.

Red lavas from the Euganean  
quarries

Of Padua pave your streets ; your  
palaces

Are the white stones of Istria, and  
gleam

Reflected in your waters and your  
pictures.

And thus the works of every artist  
show

Something of his surroundings and  
his habits.

The uttermost that can be reached  
by colour

Is here accomplished. Warmth  
and light and softness

Mingle together. Never yet was  
flesh

Painted by hand of artist, dead or  
living,

With such divine perfection.

*Titian.* I am grateful  
For so much praise from you, who  
are a master ;

While mostly those who praise and  
those who blame

Know nothing of the matter, so  
that mainly

Their censure sounds like praise,  
their praise like censure.

*Michael A.* Wonderful ! won-  
derful ! The charm of colour  
Fascinates me the more that in my-  
self

The gift is wanting. I am not a  
painter.

*Giorgio.* Messer Michele, all  
the arts are yours,

Not one alone ; and therefore I  
may venture

To put a question to you.

*Michael A.* Well, speak on.

*Giorgio.* Two nephews of the  
Cardinal Farnese

Have made me umpire in dispute  
between them

Which is the greater of the sister  
arts,

Painting or sculpture. Solve for  
me the doubt.

*Michael A.* Sculpture and paint-  
ing have a common goal,

And whosoever would attain to it,  
Whichever path he take, will find

that goal

Equally hard to reach.

*Giorgio.* No doubt, no doubt ;  
But you evade the question.

*Michael A.* When I stand  
In presence of this picture, I con-  
cede

That painting has attained its utter-  
most ;

But in the presence of my sculp-  
tured figures

I feel that my conception soars be-  
yond

All limit I have reached.

*Giorgio.* You still  
evade me. .

*Michael A.* Giorgio Vasari, I  
often said

That I account that painting as the  
best

Which most resembles sculpture.  
Here before us

We have the proof. Behold those  
rounded limbs !

How from the canvas they detach  
themselves,

Till they deceive the eye, and one  
would say,

It is a statue with a screen behind  
it !

*Titian.* Signori, pardon me ;  
but all such questions

Seem to me idle.

*Michael A.* Idle as the wind.  
And now, Maestro, I will say once  
more

How admirable I esteem your  
work,

And leave you, without further in-  
terruption.

*Titian.* Your friendly visit hath  
much honoured me.

*Giorgio.* Farewell.

*Michael A. (to GIORGIO, going  
out).* If the Venetian painters  
knew

But half as much of drawing as of  
colour,

They would indeed work miracles  
in art,

And the world see what it hath  
never seen.

VI.

PALAZZO CESARINI.

VITTORIA COLONNA *seated in an  
arm-chair ;* JULIA GONZAGA  
*standing near her.*

*Julia.* It grieves me that I find  
you still so weak

And suffering.

*Vittoria.* No, not suffering ; only  
dying.

Death is the chillness that precedes  
the dawn ;

We shudder for a moment, then  
awake

In the broad sunshine of the other  
life.

I am a shadow, merely, and these  
hands,

These cheeks, these eyes, these  
tresses that my husband

Once thought so beautiful, and I  
was proud of

Because he thought them so, are  
faded quite,—

All beauty gone from them.

*Julia.* Ah no, not that.  
Paler you are, but not less beau-  
tiful.

*Vittoria.* Hand me the mirror.  
I would fain behold

What change comes o'er our fea-  
tures when we die.

Thank you. And now sit down  
beside me here.

How glad I am that you have come  
to-day,

Above all other days, and at the  
hour

When most I need you !

*Julia.* Do you ever need me ?

*Vittoria.* Always, and most of  
all to-day and now.

Do you remember, Julia, when we  
walked,

One afternoon, upon the castle ter-  
race

At Ischia, on the day before you left me?

*Julia.* Well I remember; but it seems to me Something unreal, that has never been,— Something that I have read of in a book, Or heard of some one else.

*Vittoria.* Ten years and more Have passed since then; and many things have happened In those ten years, and many friends have died:

Marco Flamini, whom we all admired And loved as our Catullus; dear Valdesso, The noble champion of free thought and speech; And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

*Julia.* Oh, do not speak of him! His sudden death O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.

Let me forget it; for my memory Serves me too often as an unkind friend, And I remember things I would forget, While I forget the things I would remember.

*Vittoria.* Forgive me; I will speak of him no more. The good Fra Bernardino has departed, Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps, Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught That He who made us all without our help Could also save us without aid of ours. Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara, That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds

That blow from Rome; Olympia Morata

Banished from court because of this new doctrine.

Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought Locked in your breast.

*Julia.* I will be very prudent. But speak no more, I pray; it wearies you.

*Vittoria.* Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

*Julia.* Most willingly. What shall I read?

*Vittoria.* Petrarca's Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table; Beside the casket there. Read where you find The leaf turned down. 'Twas there I left off reading.

*Julia (reads).*  
'Not as a flame that by some force is spent,  
But one that of itself consumeth quite,  
Departed hence in peace the soul content,  
In fashion of a soft and lucent light  
Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,  
Keeping until the end its lustre bright.  
Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows  
That without wind on some fair hill-top lies,  
Her weary body seemed to find repose.  
Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,  
When now the spirit was no longer there,  
Was what is dying called by the unwise.  
E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair.'—  
Is it of Laura that he here is speaking?—

## Michael Angelo.

She doth not answer, yet is not asleep ;

Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something

Above her in the air. I can see naught

Except the painted angels on the ceiling.

Vittoria ! speak ! What is it ? Answer me !—

She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.

[*The mirror falls and breaks.*]

Vittoria. Not disobedient to the heavenly vision !

Pescara ! my Pescara ! [*Dies.*]  
Julia. Holy Virgin !

Her body sinks together,—she is dead !

[*Kneels, and hides her face in VITTORIA'S lap.*]

*Enter* MICHAEL ANGELO.

Julia. Hush ! make no noise.

Michael A. How is she ?

Julia. Never better.

Michael A. Then she is dead !

Julia. Alas ! yes, she is dead !

Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

Michael A. How wonderful ! The light upon her face

Shines from the windows of another world.

Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels !

Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest !

[*Kisses VITTORIA'S hand.*]

### PART THIRD.

#### I.

#### MONOLOGUE.

*Macello de' Corvi. A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S house. MICHAEL ANGELO standing before a model of St. Peter's.*

Michael A. Better than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,

And less than thou I will not ! If the thought

Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones,

And swing them to their places ; if a breath

Could blow this rounded dome into the air,

As if it were a bubble, and these statues

Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,

As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,

Then were my task completed. Now, alas !

Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding

Upon his hand the model of a church,

As German artists paint him ; and what years,

What weary years, must drag themselves along,

Ere this be turned to stone ! What hindrances

Must block the way ; what idle interferences

Of Cardinals and Canons of Saint Peter's,

Who nothing know of art beyond the colour

Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building

Save that of their own fortunes ! And what then ?

I must then the shortcoming of my means

Piece out by stepping forward, as  
the Spartan  
Was told to add a step to his short  
sword. [A pause.

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all  
that light  
Gone out, that sunshine darkened ;  
all that music  
And merriment, that used to make  
our lives  
Less melancholy, swallowed up in  
silence,  
Like madrigals sung in the street  
at night  
By passing revellers? It is strange  
indeed  
That he should die before me. 'Tis  
against  
The laws of nature that the young  
should die,  
And the old live ; unless it be that  
some  
Have long been dead who think  
themselves alive,  
Because not buried. Well, what  
matters it,  
Since now that greater light, that  
was my sun,  
Is set, and all is darkness, all is  
darkness!  
Death's lightnings strike to right  
and left of me,  
And, like a ruined wall, the world  
around me  
Crumbles away, and I am left alone.  
I have no friends, and want none.  
My own thoughts  
Are now my sole companions,—  
thoughts of her,  
That like a benediction from the  
skies  
Come to me in my solitude and  
soothe me.  
When men are old, the incessant  
thought of Death  
Follows them like their shadow ;  
sits with them

At every meal ; sleeps with them  
when they sleep ;  
And when they wake already is  
awake,  
And standing by their bedside.  
Then, what folly  
It is in us to make an enemy  
Of this importunate follower, not  
a friend !  
To me a friend, and not an enemy,  
Has he become since all my friends  
are dead.

II.

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO.

POPE JULIUS III, *seated by the  
Fountain of Acqua Vergine, sur-  
rounded by Cardinals.*

*Julius.* Tell me, why is it ye are  
discontent,  
You, Cardinals Salviati and Mar-  
cello,  
With Michael Angelo? What has  
he done,  
Or left undone, that ye are set  
against him?  
When one Pope dies, another is soon  
made ;  
And I can make a dozen Cardinals,  
But cannot make one Michael An-  
gelo.

*Card. Salviati.* Your Holiness,  
we are not set against him ;  
We but deplore his incapacity.  
He is too old.

*Julius.* You, Cardinal Salviati,  
Are an old man. Are you incapa-  
ble?

'Tis the old ox that draws the  
straightest furrow.

*Card. Marcello.* Your Holiness  
remembers he was charged  
With the repairs upon Saint Mary's  
bridge ;



Made cofferdams, and heaped up  
load on load

Of timber and travertine; and yet  
for years

The bridge remained unfinished,  
till we gave it

To Baccio Bigio.

*Julius.* Always Baccio Bigio!  
Is there no other architect on earth?  
Was it not he that sometime had in  
charge

The harbour of Ancona?

*Card. Marcello.* Ay, the same.

*Julius.* Then let me tell you that  
your Baccio Bigio

Did greater damage in a single day  
To that fair harbour than the sea  
had done

Or would do in ten years. And  
him you think

To put in place of Michael An-  
gelo

In building the Basilica of Saint  
Peter!

The ass that thinks himself a stag  
discovers

His error when he comes to leap  
the ditch.

*Card. Marcello.* He does not  
build; he but demolishes

The labours of Bramante and San  
Gallo.

*Julius.* Only to build more  
grandly.

*Card. Marcello.* But time passes:  
Year after year goes by, and yet  
the work

Is not completed. Michael Angelo  
Is a great sculptor, but no archi-  
tect.

His plans are faulty.

*Julius.* I have seen his model,  
And have approved it. But here  
comes the artist.

Beware of him. He may make  
Persians of you,

To carry burdens on your backs  
for ever.

*The same:* MICHAEL ANGELO.

*Julius.* Come forward, dear  
Maestro! In these gardens  
All ceremonies of our court are  
banished.

Sit down beside me here.

*Michael A. (sitting down).* How  
graciously

Your Holiness commiserates old age  
And its infirmities!

*Julius.* Say its privileges.  
Art I respect. The building of this  
palace

And laying out these pleasant  
garden walks

Are my delight, and if I have not  
asked

Your aid in this, it is that I forbear  
To lay new burdens on you at an age  
When you need rest. Here I escape  
from Rome

To be at peace. The tumult of the  
city

Scarce reaches here.

*Michael A.* How beautiful it is,  
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

*Julius.* We live as hermits here;  
and from these heights

O'erlook all Rome, and see the  
yellow Tiber

Cleaving in twain the city like a  
sword,

As far below there as Saint Mary's  
bridge.

What think you of that bridge?

*Michael A.* I would advise  
Your Holiness not to cross it, or  
not often;

It is not safe.

*Julius.* It was repaired of late.

*Michael A.* Some morning you  
will look for it in vain;  
It will be gone. The current of the  
river

Is undermining it.

*Julius.* But you repaired it.

*Michael A.* I strengthened all its  
piers, and paved its road  
With travertine. He who came  
after me  
Removed the stone, and sold it,  
and filled in  
The space with gravel.

*Julius.* Cardinal Salviati  
And Cardinal Marcello, do you  
listen?  
This is your famous Nanni Baccio  
Bigio.

*Michael (aside).* There is some  
mystery here. These Cardinals  
Stand lowering at me with un-  
friendly eyes.

*Julius.* Now let us come to what  
concerns us more  
Than bridge or gardens. Some  
complaints are made  
Concerning the Three Chapels in  
Saint Peter's;  
Certain supposed defects or imper-  
fections,  
You doubtless can explain.

*Michael A.* This is no longer  
The golden age of art. Men have  
become  
Iconoclasts and critics. They de-  
light not  
In what an artist does, but set them-  
selves  
To censure what they do not com-  
prehend.  
You will not see them bearing a  
Madonna  
Of Cimabue to the church in  
triumph,  
But tearing down the statue of a  
Pope  
To cast it into cannon. Who are  
they  
That bring complaints against me?  
*Julius.* Deputies  
Of the commissioners; and they  
complain  
Of insufficient light in the Three  
Chapels.

*Michael A.* Your Holiness, the  
insufficient light  
Is somewhere else, and not in the  
Three Chapels.

Who are the deputies that make  
complaint?

*Julius.* The Cardinals Salviati  
and Marcello,  
Here present.

*Michael A. (rising).* With per-  
mission, Monsignori,  
What is it ye complain of?

*Card. Marcello.* We regret  
You have departed from Bramante's  
plan,  
And from San Gallo's.

*Michael A.* Since the  
ancient time  
No greater architect has lived on  
earth  
Than Lazzari Bramante. His de-  
sign,  
Without confusion, simple, clear,  
well-lighted,  
Merits all praise, and to depart  
from it  
Would be departing from the truth.  
San Gallo,  
Building about with columns, took  
all light  
Out of this plan; left in the choir  
dark corners  
For infinite ribaldries, and lurking  
places  
For rogues and robbers; so that  
when the church  
Was shut at night, not five and  
twenty men  
Could find them out. It was San  
Gallo, then,  
That left the church in darkness,  
and not I.

*Card. Marcello.* Excuse me; but  
in each of the Three Chapels  
Is but a single window.

*Michael A.* Monsignore,  
Perhaps you do not know that in  
the vaulting

## Michael Angelo.

Above there are to go three other windows.

*Card. Salviati.* How should we know? You never told us of it.

*Michael A.* I neither am obliged, nor will I be,

To tell your Eminence or any other What I intend or ought to do.

Your office

Is to provide the means, and see that thieves

Do not lay hands upon them. The designs

Must all be left to me.

*Card. Marcello.* Sir architect, You do forget yourself, to speak thus rudely

In presence of his Holiness, and to us

Who are his cardinals.

*Michael A. (putting on his hat).*

I do not forget

I am descended from the Counts Conossa,

Linked with the Imperial line, and with Matilda,

Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patrimony.

I, too, am proud to give unto the Church

The labour of these hands, and what of life

Remains to me. My father Buonarrotti

Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese. I am not used to have men speak to me

As if I were a mason, hired to build A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays

So much an hour.

*Card. Salviati (aside).* No wonder that Pope Clement

Never sat down in presence of this man,

Lest he should do the same; and always bade him

Put on his hat, lest he unasked should do it!

*Michael A.* If any one could die of grief and shame,

I should. This labour was imposed upon me;

I did not seek it; and if I assumed it,

'Twas not for love of fame or love of gain,

But for the love of God. Perhaps old age

Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition;

I maybe doing harm instead of good. Therefore, I pray your Holiness,

release me;

Take off from me the burden of this work;

Let me go back to Florence.

*Julius.* Never, never, While I am living.

*Michael A.* Doth your Holiness Remember what the Holy Scriptures say

Of the inevitable time, when those Who look out of the windows shall

be darkened,

And the almond-tree shall flourish?

*Julius.* That is in Ecclesiastes.

*Michael A.* And the grasshopper Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,

Because man goeth unto his long home.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all

Is vanity.

*Julius.* Ah, were to do a thing As easy as to dream of doing it,

We should not want for artists. But the men

Who carry out in act their great designs

Are few in number; ay, they may be counted

Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place

Is at Saint Peter's.

## Michael Angelo.

*Michael A.* I have had my dream,  
And cannot carry out my great conception,  
And put it into act.

*Julius.* Then who can do it?  
You would but leave it to some  
Baccio Bigio  
To mangle and deface.

*Michael A.* Rather than that,  
I will still bear the burden on my  
shoulders  
A little longer. If your Holiness  
Will keep the world in order, and  
will leave  
The building of the church to me,  
the work

Will go on better for it. Holy  
Father,  
If all the labours that I have endured,  
And shall endure, advantage not  
my soul,  
I am but losing time.

*Julius (laying his hands on MICHAEL ANGELO'S shoulders).*

You will be gainer  
Both for your soul and body.

*Michael A.* Not events  
Exasperate me, but the funest conclusions

I draw from these events; the sure  
decline  
Of art, and all the meaning of that  
word;

All that embellishes and sweetens  
life,

And lifts it from the level of low  
cares

Into the purer atmosphere of  
beauty;

The faith in the Ideal; the inspiration

That made the canons of the church  
of Seville

Say, 'Let us build, so that all men  
hereafter

Will say that we were madmen.'  
Holy Father,

I beg permission to retire from  
here.

*Julius.* Go; and my benediction  
be upon you.

[MICHAEL ANGELO goes out.  
My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo  
Must not be dealt with as a common  
mason.

He comes of noble blood, and for  
his crest

Bears two bulls' horns; and he has  
given us proof

That he can toss with them. From  
this day forth

Unto the end of time, let no man  
utter

The name of Baccio Bigio in my  
presence.

All great achievements are the  
natural fruits

Of a great character. As trees bear  
not

Their fruits of the same size and  
quality,

But each one in its kind with equal  
ease,

So are great deeds as natural to  
great men

As mean things are to small ones.  
By his work

We know the master. Let us not  
perplex him.

### III.

BINDO ALTOVITI.

*A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, standing at the door of his house. MICHAEL ANGELO, passing.*

*Bindo.* Good-morning, Messer  
Michael Angelo!

*Michael A.* Good morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti!

*Bindo.* What brings you forth so  
early?

## Michael Angelo.

*Michael A.* The same reason  
That keeps you standing sentinel at  
your door,—

The air of this delicious summer  
morning.

What news have you from Florence?

*Bindo.* Nothing new;  
The same old tale of violence and  
wrong.

Since the disastrous day at Monte  
Murlo,

When in procession, through San  
Gallo's gate,

Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on  
sorry steeds,

Philipppo Strozzi and the good  
Valori

Were led as prisoners down the  
streets of Florence,

Amid the shouts of an ungrateful  
people,

Hope is no more, and liberty no  
more.

Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns  
supreme.

*Michael A.* Florence is dead:  
her houses are but tombs;

Silence and solitude are in her  
streets.

*Bindo.* Ah yes; and often I repeat  
the words

You wrote upon your statue of the  
Night,

There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo:  
'Grateful to me is sleep; to be of  
stone

More grateful, while the wrong and  
shame endure;

To see not, feel not, is a benediction;  
Therefore awake me not; oh, speak  
in whispers.'

*Michael A.* Ah, Messer Bindo,  
the calamities,

The fallen fortunes, and the desola-  
tion

Of Florence are to me a tragedy  
Deeper than words, and darker than  
despair.

I, who have worshipped freedom  
from my cradle,

Have loved her with the passion of  
a lover,

And clothed her with all lovely at-  
tributes

That the imagination can conceive,  
Or the heart conjure up, now see  
her dead,

And trodden in the dust beneath  
the feet

Of an adventurer! It is a grief  
Too great for me to bear in my  
old age.

*Bindo.* I say no news from  
Florence: I am wrong,

For Benvenuto writes that he is  
coming

To be my guest in Rome.

*Michael A.* Those are  
good tidings.

He hath been many years away  
from us.

*Bindo.* Pray you, come in.

*Michael A.* I have  
not time to stay,

And yet I will. I see from here  
your house

Is filled with works of art. That  
bust in bronze

Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the  
master

That works in such an admirable  
way,

And with such power and feeling?  
*Bindo.* Benvenuto.

*Michael A.* Ah? Benvenuto?  
'Tis a masterpiece!

It pleases me as much, and even  
more,

Than the antiques about it; and  
yet they

Are of the best one sees. But you  
have placed it

By far too high. The light comes  
from below,

And injures the expression. Were  
these windows

Above and not beneath it, then indeed  
It would maintain its own among  
these works  
Of the old masters, noble as they  
are.  
I will go in and study it more  
closely  
I always prophesied that Benvenuto,  
With all his follies and fantastic  
ways,  
Would show his genius in some  
work of art  
That would amaze the world, and  
be a challenge  
Unto all other artists of his time.  
[*They go in.*]

IV.

IN THE COLISEUM.

MICHAEL ANGELO and TOMASO  
DE' CAVALIERI.

*Cavalieri.* What have you here  
alone, Messer Michele?

*Michael A.* I come to learn.

*Cavalieri.* You are  
already master,  
And teach all other men.

*Michael A.* Nay, I know  
nothing;  
Not even my own ignorance, as  
some

Philosopher hath said. I am a  
schoolboy

Who hath not learned his lesson,  
and who stands

Ashamed and silent in the awful  
presence

Of the great master of antiquity  
Who built these walls cyclopean.

*Cavalieri.* Gaudentius  
His name was, I remember. His  
reward

Was to be thrown alive to the wild  
beasts

Here where we now are standing.

*Michael A.* Idle tales,  
*Cavalieri.* But you are greater  
than Gaudentius was,  
And your work nobler.

*Michael A.* Silence, I beseech  
you.

*Cavalieri.* Tradition says that  
fifteen thousand men

Were toiling for ten years incessantly

Upon this amphitheatre.

*Michael A.* Behold  
How wonderful it is! The queen  
of flowers,

The marble rose of Rome! Its  
petals torn

By wind and rain of thrice five  
hundred years;

Its mossy sheath half rent away,  
and sold

To ornament our palaces and  
churches,

Or to be trodden under feet of man  
Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what  
remains

Still opening its fair bosom to the  
sun,

And to the constellations that at  
night

Hang poised above it like a swarm  
of bees.

*Cavalieri.* The rose of Rome,  
but not of Paradise;

Not the white rose our Tuscan poet  
saw,

With saints for petals. When this  
rose was perfect,

Its hundred thousand petals were  
not saints,

But senators in their Thessalian  
caps,

And all the roaring populace of  
Rome;

And even an Empress and the  
Vestal Virgins,

Who came to see the gladiators die,  
Could not give sweetness to a rose  
like this.

*Michael A.* I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

*Cavalieri.* The sand beneath our feet is saturate With blood of martyrs; and these rifted stones Are awful witnesses against a people Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

*Michael A.* Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word, You should have been a preacher, not a painter! Think you that I approve such cruelties, Because I marvel at the architects Who built these walls, and curved these noble arches? Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider How mean our work is, when compared with theirs! Look at these walls about us and above us! They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made A fortress, and been battered by long sieges; The iron clamps, that held the stones together, Have been wrenched from them; but they stand erect And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed Out of the solid rock, and were a part Of the foundations of the world itself.

*Cavalieri.* Your work, I say again, is nobler work, In so far as its end and aim are nobler; And this is but a ruin, like the rest. Its vaulted passages are made the caverns Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts Of murdered men.

*Michael A.* A thousand wild flowers bloom From every chink, and the birds build their nests Among the ruined arches, and suggest New thoughts of beauty to the architect. Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead Into the corridors above, and study The marvel and the mystery of that art In which I am a pupil, not a master. All things must have an end; the world itself Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it. There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss; The forests and the fields slid off, and floated Like wooded islands in the air. The dead Were hurled forth from their sepulchres; the living Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead,— All being dead; and the fair, shining cities Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown. Naught but the core of the great globe remained, A skeleton of stone. And over it The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud, And then recoiled upon itself, and fell Back on the empty world, that with the weight Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong plunged Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck

By a great sea, throws off the waves  
at first

On either side, then settles and  
goes down

Into the dark abyss, with her dead  
crew.

*Cavalieri.* But the earth does  
not move.

*Michael A.* Who knows?  
who knows?

There are great truths that pitch  
their shining tents

Outside our walls, and though but  
dimly seen

In the gray dawn, they will be  
manifest

When the light widens into perfect  
day.

A certain man, Copernicus byname,  
Sometime professor here in Rome,  
has whispered

It is the earth, and not the sun,  
that moves.

What I beheld was only in a dream,  
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate  
events,

Being unsubstantial images of  
things

As yet unseen.

V.

BENVENUTO AGAIN.

*Macello de' Corvi.* MICHAEL  
ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

*Michael A.* So, Benvenuto, you  
return once more

To the Eternal City. 'Tis the  
centre

To which all gravitates. One finds  
no rest

Elsewhere than here. There may  
be other cities

That please us for a while, but  
Rome alone

Completely satisfies. It becomes  
to all

A second native land by predi-  
lection,

And not by accident of birth alone.

*Benvenuto.* I am but just arrived,  
and am now lodging

With Bindo Altoviti. I have been  
To kiss the feet of our most Holy

Father,

And now am come in haste to kiss  
the hands

Of my miraculous Master.

*Michael A.* And to find him  
Grown very old.

*Benvenuto.* You know that  
precious stones

Never grow old.

*Michael A.* Half sunk beneath  
the horizon,

And yet not gone. Twelve years  
are a long while.

Tell me of France.

*Benvenuto.* It were too long  
a tale

To tell you all. Suffice in brief  
to say

The King received me well, and  
loved me well;

Gave me the annual pension that  
before me

Our Leonardo had, nor more nor  
less,

And for my residence the Tour de  
Nesle,

Upon the river-side.

*Michael A.* A princely lodging.

*Benvenuto.* What in return I did  
now matters not,

For there are other things, of  
greater moment,

I wish to speak of. First of all,  
the letter

You wrote me, not long since,  
about my bust

Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome.

You said,

'My Benvenuto, I for many years  
Have known you as the greatest  
of all goldsmiths.



## Michael Angelo.

And now I know you as no less a sculptor.'

Ah, generous Master! How shall I e'er thank you

For such kind language?

*Michael A.* By believing it. I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,

And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,

And said so. That is all.

*Benvenuto.* It is too much; And I should stand abashed here in your presence,

Had I done nothing worthier of your praise

Than Bindo's bust.

*Michael A.* What have you done that's better?

*Benvenuto.* When I left Rome for Paris, you remember

I promised you that if I went a goldsmith

I would return a sculptor. I have kept

The promise I then made.

*Michael A.* Dear Benvenuto, I recognized the latent genius in you, But feared your vices.

*Benvenuto.* I have turned them all

To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,

That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me

Where meekness could not, and where patience could not,

As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze

A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft

In his left hand the head of the Medusa,

And in his right the sword that severed it;

His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;

His face superb and pitiful, with eyes

Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

*Michael A.* I see it as it should be.

*Benvenuto.* As it will be

When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,

Half-way between your David and the Judith

Of Donatello.

*Michael A.* Rival of them both!

*Benvenuto.* But ah, what infinite trouble have I had

With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,

The major-domo of Duke Cosimo, Francesco Ricci, and their wretched

agent

Gorini, who came crawling round about me

Like a black spider, with his whining voice

That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito!

Oh, I have wept in utter desperation, And wished a thousand times I had

not left

My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence,

Or thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods

They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work,

And make me desperate!

*Michael A.* The nimble lie

Is like the second-hand upon a clock;

We see it fly; while the hour-hand of truth

Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,

And wins at last, for the clock will not strike

Till it has reached the goal.

*Benvenuto.* My obstinacy

Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'ercome

The hindrances that envy and ill-will Put in my way.

## Michael Angelo.

*Michael A.* When anything  
is done.  
People see not the patient doing of it,  
Nor think how great would be the  
loss to man  
If it had not been done. As in  
a building  
Stone rests on stone, and wanting  
the foundation  
All would be wanting, so in human  
life  
Each action rests on the foregone  
event,  
That made it possible, but is for-  
gotten  
And buried in the earth.  
*Benvenuto.* Even Bandinello,  
Who never yet spake well of any-  
thing,  
Speaks well of this ; and yet he told  
the Duke  
That, though I cast small figures  
well enough,  
I never could cast this.  
*Michael A.* But you have  
done it,  
And proved Ser Bandinello a false  
prophet.  
That is the wisest way.  
*Benvenuto.* And ah, that  
casting !  
What a wild scene it was, as late at  
night,  
A night of wind and rain, we heaped  
the furnace  
With pine of Serristori, till the  
flames  
Caught in the rafters over us, and  
threatened  
To send the burning roof upon our  
heads ;  
And from the garden side the wind  
and rain  
Poured in upon us, and half quenched  
our fires.  
I was beside myself with desperation.  
A shudder came upon me, then a  
fever ;

I thought that I was dying, and  
was forced  
To leave the workshop, and to  
throw myself  
Upon my bed, as one who has no  
hope.  
And as I lay there, a deformed old  
man  
Appeared before me, and with dis-  
mal voice,  
Like one who doth exhort a criminal  
Led forth to death, exclaimed,  
' Poor Benvenuto,  
Thy work is spoiled ! There is no  
remedy !'  
Then, with a cry so loud it might  
have reached  
The heaven of fire, I bounded to  
my feet,  
And rushed back to my workmen.  
They all stood  
Bewildered and desponding ; and  
I looked  
Into the furnace, and beheld the  
mass  
Half molten only, and in my despair  
I fed the fire with oak, whose ter-  
rible heat  
Soon made the sluggish metal shine  
and sparkle.  
Then followed a bright flash, and  
an explosion,  
As if a thunderbolt had fallen  
among us.  
The covering of the furnace had  
been rent  
Asunder, and the bronze was flowing  
over ;  
So that I straightway opened all  
the sluices  
To fill the mould. The metal ran  
like lava,  
Sluggish and heavy ; and I sent my  
workmen  
To ransack the whole house, and  
bring together  
My pewter plates and pans, two  
hundred of them,

And cast them one by one into the furnace

To liquefy the mass, and in a moment

The mould was filled! I fell upon my knees

And thanked the Lord; and then we ate and drank

And went to bed, all hearty and contented.

It was two hours before the break of day.

My fever was quite gone.

*Benvenuto.* As my workmen said, That could have happened to no man alive

But you, my Benvenuto.

*Benvenuto.* As my workmen said To major-domo Ricci afterward, When he inquired of them: "Twas not a man,

But an express great devil.'

*Michael A.* And the statue? *Benvenuto.* Perfect in every

part, save the right foot Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke.

There was just bronze enough to fill the mould;

Not a drop over, not a drop too little.

I looked upon it as a miracle Wrought by the hand of God.

*Michael A.* And now I see How you have turned your vices into virtues.

*Benvenuto.* But wherefore do I prate of this? I came To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo

Through me invites you to return to Florence,

And offers you great honours, even to make you

One of the Forty-Eight, his Senators.

*Michael A.* His Senators! That is enough. Since Florence

Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic

Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.

The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme;

All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me!

I hoped to see my country rise to heights

Of happiness and freedom yet un-reached

By other nations, but the climbing wave

Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again

Back to the common level, with a hoarse

Death rattle in its throat. I am too old

To hope for better days. I will stay here

And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow

Among the broken fragments of her ruins,

Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers

Of other cities; and the desolate ring

Of the Campagna round about her walls

Fairer than all the villas that encircle

The towns of Tuscany.

*Benvenuto.* But your old friends!

*Michael A.* All dead by violence. Baccio Valori

Has been beheaded; Guicciardini poisoned;

Philippo Strozzi strangled in his prison.

Is Florence then a place for honest men

To flourish in? What is there to prevent

My sharing the same fate?

*Benvenuto.* Why, this: if all

## Michael Angelo.

Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

*Michael A.* Is Aretino dead?

*Benvenuto.* He lives in Venice, And not in Florence.

*Michael A.* 'Tis the same to me.

This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers

Call the Divine, as if to make the word

Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it

And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me

A letter written for the public eye, And with such subtle and infernal malice,

I wonder at his wickedness. 'Tis he Is the express great devil, and not you.

Some years ago he told me how to paint

The scenes of the Last Judgment.

*Benvenuto.* I remember.

*Michael A.* Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,

He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom

With which I represent it.

*Benvenuto.* Hypocrite!

*Michael A.* He says I show mankind that I am wanting

In piety and religion, in proportion As I profess perfection in my art.

Profess perfection? Why, 'tis only men

Like Bugiardini who are satisfied With what they do. I never am content,

But always see the labours of my hand

Fall short of my conception.

*Benvenuto.* I perceive

The malice of this creature. He would taint you

With heresy, and in a time like this! 'Tis infamous!

*Michael A.* I represent the angels

Without their heavenly glory, and the saints

Without a trace of earthly modesty. *Benvenuto.* Incredible audacity!

*Michael A.* The heathen Veiled their Diana with some drapery,

And when they represented Venus naked

They made her by her modest attitude,

Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,

Do so subordinate belief to art That I have made the very violation

Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins

A spectacle at which all men would gaze

With half-averted eyes even in a brothel.

*Benvenuto.* He is at home there, and he ought to know

What men avert their eyes from in such places;

From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

*Michael A.* But divine Providence will never leave

The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished;

And the more marvellous it is, the more

'Tis sure to prove the ruin of my fame!

And finally, if in this composition I had pursued the instructions that

he gave me

Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,

In that same letter, known to all

the world,

Nature would not be forced, as she is now,

To feel ashamed that she invested me

## Michael Angelo.

With such great talent; that I  
stand myself

A very idol in the world of art.

He taunts me also with the Mausoleum

Of Julius, still unfinished, for the  
reason

That men persuaded the inane old  
man

It was of evil augury to build

His tomb while he was living; and  
he speaks

Of heaps of gold this I'ope be-  
queathed to me,

And calls it robbery;— that is what  
he says.

What prompted such a letter?

*Benvenuto.* Vanity.

He is a clever writer, and he  
likes

To draw his pen, and flourish it in  
the face

Of every honest man, as swordsmen  
do

Their rapiers on occasion, but to  
show

How skilfully they do it. Had you  
followed

The advice he gave, or even  
thanked him for it,

You would have seen another style  
of fence.

'Tis but his wounded vanity, and  
the wish

To see his name in print. So give  
it not

A moment's thought; it soon will  
be forgotten.

*Michael A.* I will not think of  
it, but let it pass

For a rude speech thrown at me in  
the street,

As boys threw stones at Dante.

*Benvenuto.* And what answer  
Shall I take back to Grand Duke  
Cosimo?

He does not ask your labour or  
your service;

Only your presence in the city of  
Florence,

With such advice upon his work in  
hand

As he may ask, and you may choose  
to give.

*Michael A.* You have my an-  
swer. Nothing he can offer

Shall tempt me to leave Rome.

My work is here,

And only here, the building of Saint  
Peter's.

What other things I hitherto have  
done

Have fallen from me, are no longer  
mine;

I have passed on beyond them, and  
have left them

As milestones on the way. What  
lies before me,

That is still mine, and while it is  
unfinished

No one shall draw me from it, or  
persuade me,

By promises of ease, or wealth, or  
honour,

Till I behold the finished dome  
uprise

Complete, as now I see it in my  
thought.

*Benvenuto.* And will you paint  
no more?

*Michael A.* No more.

*Benvenuto.* 'Tis well.

Sculpture is more divine, and more  
like Nature,

That fashions all her works in high  
relief,

And that is sculpture. This vast  
ball, the Earth,

Was moulded out of clay, and baked  
in fire;

Men, women, and all animals that  
breathe

Are statues, and not paintings.

Even the plants,

The flowers, the fruits, the grasses,  
were first sculptured,

And coloured later. Painting is a lie,  
A shadow merely.

*Michael A.* Truly, as you say,  
Sculpture is more than painting.

It is greater  
To raise the dead to life than to  
create

Phantoms that seem to live. The  
most majestic

Of the three sister arts is that which  
builds ;

The eldest of them all, to whom the  
others

Are but the handmaids and the  
servitors,

Being but imitation, not creation.  
Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

*Benvenuto.* And no more from  
the marble hew those forms  
That fill us all with wonder ?

*Michael A.* Many statues  
Will there be room for in my  
work. Their station

Already is assigned them in my  
mind.

But things move slowly. There are  
hindrances,

Want of material, want of means,  
delays

And interruptions, endless inter-  
ference

Of Cardinal Commissioners, and  
disputes

And jealousies of artists, that annoy  
me.

But I will persevere until the work  
is wholly finished, or till I sink  
down

Surprised by death, that unexpected  
guest,

Who waits for no man's leisure,  
but steps in,

Unasked and unannounced, to put  
a stop

To all our occupations and designs.  
And then perhaps I may go back  
to Florence ;

This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

VI.

URBINO'S FORTUNE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*. MI-  
CHAEL ANGELO and URBINO.

*Michael A.* (*pausing in his  
work*). Urbino, thou and I  
are both old men.

My strength begins to fail me.

*Urbino.* Eccellenza,  
That is impossible. Do I not see  
you

Attack the marble blocks with the  
same fury

As twenty years ago ?

*Michael A.* 'Tis an old habit  
I must have learned it early from  
my nurse

At Setignano, the stone-mason's  
wife :

For the first sounds I heard were of  
the chisel

Chipping away the stone.

*Urbino.* At every stroke  
You strike fire with your chisel.

*Michael A.* Ay, because  
The marble is too hard.

*Urbino.* It is a block  
That Topolino sent you from Cai-  
rara.

He is a judge of marble.

*Michael A.* I remember.  
With it he sent me something of  
his making, —

A Mercury, with long body and  
short legs,

As if by any possibility  
A messenger of the gods could have  
short legs.

It was no more like Mercury than  
you are,

But rather like those little plaster  
figures

That peddlers hawk about the  
villages

As images of saints. But luckily

## Michael Angelo.

For Topolino, there are many people

Who see no difference between what is best

And what is only good, or not even good ;

So that poor artists stand in their esteem

On the same level with the best, or higher.

*Urbino.* How Eccellenza laughed!

*Michael A.* Poor Topolino ! All men are not born artists, nor will labour

E'er make them artists.

*Urbino.* No, no more Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.

One must be chosen for it. I have been

Your colour-grinder six and twenty years,

And am not yet an artist.

*Michael A.* Some have eyes That see not ; but in every block of marble

I see a statue, see it as distinctly As if it stood before me shaped and perfect

In attitude and action. I have only To hew away the stone walls that imprison

The lovely apparition, and reveal it To other eyes as mine already see it.

But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou do

When I am dead, *Urbino* ?

*Urbino.* Eccellenza, I must then serve another master.

*Michael A.* Never ! Bitter is servitude at best. Already

So many years hast thou been serving me ;

But rather as a friend than as a servant.

We have grown old together. Dost thou think

So meanly of this Michael Angelo As to imagine he would let thee serve,

When he is free from service ? Take this purse,

Two thousand crowns in gold.

*Urbino.* Two thousand crowns !

*Michael A.* Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not die

A beggar in a hospital.

*Urbino.* Oh, Master ! *Michael A.* I cannot have them with me on the journey

That I am undertaking. The last garment

That men will make for me will have no pockets.

*Urbino* (*kissing the hand of* MICHAEL ANGELO). My generous master !

*Michael A.* Hush !

*Urbino.* My Providence !

*Michael A.* Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.

Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,

Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

## VII.

### THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the woods.*

*Michael A.* How still it is among these ancient oaks !

Surges and undulations of the air Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall

With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes

Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,

That may have heard in infancy the trumpets

Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride  
 Man's brief existence, that with all  
 his strength  
 He cannot stretch beyond the  
 hundredth year.  
 This little acorn, turbaned like  
 the Turk,  
 Which with my foot I spurn, may  
 be an oak  
 Hereafter, feeding with its bitter  
 mast  
 The fierce wild boar, and tossing  
 in its arms  
 The cradled nests of birds, when all  
 the men  
 That now inhabit this vast universe,  
 They and their children, and their  
 children's children,  
 Shall be but dust and mould, and  
 nothing more.  
 Through openings in the trees I see  
 below me  
 The valley of Clitumnus, with its  
 farms  
 And snow-white oxen grazing in  
 the shade  
 Of the tall poplars on the river's  
 brink.  
 O Nature, gentle mother, tender  
 nurse!  
 I, who have never loved thee as I  
 ought,  
 But wasted all my years immured  
 in cities,  
 And breathed the stifling atmo-  
 sphere of streets,  
 Now come to thee for refuge.  
 Here is peace.  
 Yonder I see the little hermitages  
 Dotting the mountain side with  
 points of light,  
 And here St. Julian's convent, like  
 a nest  
 Of curls, clinging to some windy  
 cliff.  
 Beyond the broad, illimitable plain  
 Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's  
 quoit,

That, by the envious Zephyr blown  
 aside,  
 Struck Hyacinthus dead, and  
 stained the earth  
 With his young blood, that blos-  
 somed into flowers.  
 And now, instead of these fair deities,  
 Dread demons haunt the earth;  
 hermits inhabit  
 The leafy homes of sylvan Hama-  
 dryads;  
 And jovial friars, rotund and rubi-  
 cund,  
 Replace the old Silenus with his ass.  
 Here underneath these venerable  
 oaks,  
 Wrinkled and brown and gnarled  
 like them with age,  
 A brother of the monastery sits,  
 Lost in his meditations. What  
 may be  
 The questions that perplex, the  
 hopes that cheer him?  
 Good-evening, holy father.  
*Monk.* God be with you.  
*Michael A.* Pardon a stranger if  
 he interrupt  
 Your meditations.  
*Monk.* It was but a dream,—  
 The old, old dream, that never will  
 come true;  
 The dream that all my life I have  
 been dreaming,  
 And yet is still a dream.  
*Michael A.* All men have dreams.  
 I have had mine; but none of them  
 came true;  
 They were but vanity. Sometimes  
 I think  
 The happiness of man lies in pur-  
 suing,  
 Not in possessing; for the things  
 possessed  
 Lose half their value. Tell me of  
 your dream.  
*Monk.* The yearning of my heart,  
 my sole desire,



That like the sheaf of Joseph  
stands upright,  
While all the others bend and bow  
to it;  
The passion that torments me, and  
that breathes  
New meaning into the dead forms  
of prayer,  
Is that with mortal eyes I may  
behold  
The Eternal City.

*Michael A.* Rome?

*Monk.* There is but one;  
The rest are merely names. I  
think of it  
As the Celestial City, paved with  
gold,  
And sentinelled with angels.

*Michael A.* Would it were.  
I have just fled from it. It is  
beleagured  
By Spanish troops, led by the Duke  
of Alva.

*Monk.* But still for me 'tis the  
Celestial City,  
And I would see it once before  
I die.

*Michael A.* Each one must bear  
his cross.

*Monk.* Were it a cross  
That had been laid upon me, I  
could bear it,  
Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;  
I am nailed hand and foot, and  
I am dying!

*Michael A.* What would you see  
in Rome?

*Monk.* His Holiness.

*Michael A.* Him that was once  
the Cardinal Caraffa?  
You would but see a man of four-  
score years,  
With sunken eyes, burning like  
carbuncles,  
Who sits at table with his friends  
for hours,  
Cursing the Spaniards as a race of  
Jews

And miscreant Moors. And with  
what soldiery  
Think you he now defends the  
Eternal City?

*Monk.* With legions of bright  
angels.

*Michael A.* So he calls them;  
And yet in fact these bright angelic  
legions  
Are only German Lutherans.

*Monk (crossing himself).* Heaven  
protect us!

*Michael A.* What further would  
you see?

*Monk.* The Cardinals,  
Going in their gilt coaches to High  
Mass.

*Michael A.* Men do not go to  
Paradise in coaches.

*Monk.* The catacombs, the con-  
vents, and the churches;  
The ceremonies of the Holy Week  
In all their pomp, or, at the  
Epiphany,  
The Feast of the Santissima  
Bambino

At Ara Coeli. But I shall not see  
them.

*Michael A.* These pompous  
ceremonies of the Church  
Are but an empty show to him who  
knows

The actors in them. Stay here in  
your convent,  
For he who goes to Rome may see  
too much.

What would you further?

*Monk.* I would see  
the painting  
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine  
Chapel.

*Michael A.* The smoke of incense  
and of altar candles  
Has blackened it already.

*Monk.* Woe is me!  
Then I would hear Allegri's Mi-  
serere,  
Sung by the Papal choir.

## Michael Angelo.

*Michael A.* A dismal dirge !  
I am an old, old man, and I have  
lived  
In Rome for thirty years and more,  
and know  
The jarring of the wheels of that  
great world,  
Its jealousies, its discords, and its  
strife.  
Therefore I say to you, remain  
content  
Here in your convent, here among  
your woods,  
Where only there is peace. Go  
not to Rome.  
There was of old a monk of Wit-  
tenberg  
Who went to Rome; you may  
have heard of him;  
His name was Luther; and you  
know what followed.

[*The convent bell rings.*

*Monk (rising).* It is the convent  
bell; it rings for vespers.  
Let us go in; we both will pray for  
peace.

### VIII.

#### THE DEAD CHRIST.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S studio. MI-  
CHAEL ANGELO, *with a light,*  
*working upon the Dead Christ.*  
*Midnight.*

*Michael A.* O Death, why is it  
I cannot portray  
Thy form and features? Do I stand  
too near thee?  
Or dost thou hold my hand, and  
draw me back,  
As being thy disciple, not thy  
master?  
Let him who knows not what old  
age is like  
Have patience till it comes, and he  
will know.

I once had skill to fashion Life and  
Death  
And Sleep, which is the counterfeit  
of Death;  
And I remember what Giovanni  
Strozzi  
Wrote underneath my statue of the  
Night  
In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago!  
Grateful to me is sleep! More  
grateful now  
Than it was then; for all my friends  
are dead;  
And she is dead, the noblest of  
them all.  
I saw her face, when the great  
sculptor Death,  
Whom men should call Divine, had  
at a blow  
Stricken her into marble; and I  
kissed  
Her cold white hand. What was  
it held me back  
From kissing her fair forehead, and  
those lips,  
Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful  
to me is sleep!

*Enter* GIORGIO VASARI.

*Giorgio.* Good-evening, or good-  
morning, for I know not  
Which of the two it is.

*Michael A.* How came you in?

*Giorgio.* Why, by the door, as  
all men do.

*Michael A.* Ascanio  
Must have forgotten to bolt it.

*Giorgio.* Probably.  
Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,  
That I could slip through bolted  
door or window?

As I was passing down the street,  
I saw  
A glimmer of light, and heard the  
well-known chink  
Of chisel upon marble. So I en-  
tered,

## Michael Angelo.

---

To see what keeps you from your  
bed so late.

*Michael A. (coming forward  
with the lamp).* You have  
been revelling with your boon  
companions,

Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me  
At an untimely hour.

*Giorgio.* The Pope hath sent me.  
His Holiness desires to see again  
The drawing you once showed him  
of the dome

Of the Basilica.

*Michael A.* We will look for it.

*Giorgio.* What is the marble  
group that glimmers there  
Behind you?

*Michael A.* Nothing, and yet  
everything,—

As one may take it. It is my own  
tomb,

That I am building.

*Giorgio.* Do not hide it  
from me.

By our long friendship and the love  
I bear you,

Refuse me not!

*Michael A. (letting fall the  
lamp).* Life hath become  
to me

An empty theatre,— its lights extin-  
guished,

The music silent, and the actors  
gone;

And I alone sit musing on the  
scenes

That once have been. I am so old  
that Death

Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come  
with him;

And some day, like this lamp, shall  
I fall down,

And my last spark of life will be  
extinguished.

Ah me! ah me! what darkness of  
despair!

So near to death, and yet so far  
from God!

## Miscellaneous Poems.

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### CURFEW.

#### I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
And put out the light ;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire ;  
Sound fades into silence,—  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall !  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all !

#### II.

The book is completed,  
And closed, like the day ;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies,  
Forgotten they lie ;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall ;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all !

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### THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads  
Beneath the golden skies,  
And but a narrow strip between  
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like  
clouds,  
Dissolved in glory float,  
And midway of the radiant flood,  
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,  
The sky a sea as well,  
And which is earth and which is  
heaven,  
The eye can scarcely tell.

## Miscellaneous Poems.

So when for us life's evening hour,  
Soft fading shall descend,  
May glory, born of earth and heaven,  
The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with peace the spirits float,  
With silent rapture glow,  
Till where earth ends and heaven  
begins,  
The soul shall scarcely know.



### VIA SOLITARIA.

ALONE I walk the peopled city,  
Where each seems happy with  
his own ;  
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity--  
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,  
Though moved by loving airs of  
June ;  
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping  
voices  
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches  
Its plumes in many a feathery  
spray ;  
In vain the evening's starry marches  
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer  
flowers ;  
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes ;  
They gaze on other fields than ours,  
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,  
The blade is stolen from the  
sheath ;  
Life has but one more boon to offer,  
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,  
And, therefore, life and health  
must crave,  
Though she who gave the world its  
beauty  
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living  
Who drew their earliest life from  
thee,  
And wait, until with glad thanks-  
giving  
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station  
Wherein apart a traveller stands,  
One absent long from home and  
nation  
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,  
Amid the twilight's chill and  
gloom,  
To hear, approaching in the dis-  
tance,  
The train for home.

For death shall bring another  
mating,  
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
On yonder shores a bride is waiting  
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,  
And there—oh! vision of de-  
light!—  
I see the child and mother straying  
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that  
breakest,  
Stealing the treasures one by one,  
I'll call Thee blessed when thou  
makest  
The parted—one.



### THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas  
To the ships that southward pass  
From the harbour of Mazatlan?  
To them it is nothing more  
Than the sound of surf on the  
shore,—  
Nothing more to master or man.

## Miscellaneous Poems.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,  
To whom what is and what seems  
Are often one and the same,  
The Bells of San Blas to me  
Have a strange, wild melody,  
And are something more than  
a name.

For bells are the voice of the Church;  
They have tones that touch and  
search

The hearts of young and old;  
One sound to all, yet each  
Lends a meaning to their speech,  
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,  
Of an age that is fading fast,  
Of a power austere and grand;  
When the flag of Spain unfurled  
Its folds o'er this western world,  
And the Priest was lord of the  
land.

The chapel that once looked down  
On the little seaport town  
Has crumbled into the dust;  
And on oaken beams below  
The bells swing to and fro,  
And are green with mould and  
rust.

'Is, then, the old faith dead,'  
They say, 'and in its stead  
Is some new faith proclaimed,  
That we are forced to remain  
Naked to sun and rain,  
Unsheltered and ashamed?'

'Once in our tower aloof  
We rang over wall and roof  
Our warnings and our complaints;  
And round about us there  
The white doves filled the air,  
Like the white souls of the saints.

'The saints! Ah, have they grown  
Forgetful of their own?  
Are they asleep, or dead,  
That open to the sky  
Their ruined Missions lie,  
No longer tenanted?'

'Oh, bring us back once more  
The vanished days of yore,  
When the world with faith was  
filled;  
Bring back the fervid zeal,  
The hearts of fire and steel,  
The hands that believe and build.

'Then from our tower again  
We will send over land and main  
Our voices of command,  
Like exiled kings who return  
To their thrones, and the people  
learn  
That the Priest is lord of the  
land!'

O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the Past again!  
The Past is deaf to your prayer:  
Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere.

## Notes.

### Page 27. *Coplas de Manrique.*

This poem of Manrique is a great favourite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Closa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

'O World! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
Or dark despair;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs.

### Page 40. *King Christian.*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess re-

ceived the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thunder-shield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

### Page 46. *The Skeleton in Armour.*

This Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838-1839, says:—

'There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed,—the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century,—that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

'On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date

of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern.

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many a citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim, with Sancho: 'God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head.'

Page 47. *Skaal!*

In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Page 49. *The Luck of Edenhall.*

The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the 'shards of the Luck of Edenhall,' still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir

Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

Page 50. *The Elected Knight.*

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.

Page 52. *The Children of the Lord's Supper.*

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, 'God bless you!' The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the



pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarian peasant-women, travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little Garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks

from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, 'How quietly they rest, all the departed!'

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber;

and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. 'How many are you?' asks the bride's father. 'At least three hundred,' is the answer; and to this the host replies, 'Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome: and in token thereof receive this cup.' Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon

the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones,— 'I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave.'

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Lie long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant-girls throw straws at the timbered-roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with

apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jons Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga<sup>1</sup>.

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weather-cock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews and shadows and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants, -

'Ho! watchman, ho!  
Twelve is the clock!  
God keep our town  
From fire and brand  
And hostile hand!  
Twelve is the clock!

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

<sup>1</sup> Titles of Swedish popular tales.

Page 52. *The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions.*

In Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

Page 52. *Hörberg.*

The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Page 53. *Wallin.*

A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Page 73. *As Lope says.*

'La cólera  
de un Español sentado no se templa,  
sino le representan en dos horas  
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.'

*Lope de Vega.*

Page 75. *Abernuncio Satanas!*

'Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque.'—*Don Quixote*, Part II, ch. 35.

Page 81. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish epigram.

'Siempre Fray Carrillo estás  
cansándonos acá fuera;  
quien en tu celda estuviere  
para no verte jamás!'

*Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 611.*

Page 81. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

"Padre Francesco,  
Padre Francesco!"  
—Cosa volete del Padre Francesco?—  
"V'è una bella ragazzina  
Che si vuole confessar!"  
Fatte l'entrare, fatte l'entrare!  
Che la voglio confessare."

*Kopisch. Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen  
Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln,*  
p. 194.

Page 82. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Page 86. *The gold of the Busné.*  
Busné is the name given by the Gipsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 88. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gipsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain*. London, 1841.

Page 89. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

'¿Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar los sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel día todos los enterrados), si resucitarían unos bolsones suyos?'—*El Sueño de las Calaveras*.

Page 89. *And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid*.

'Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador.'

Line 3044.

Page 89. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante:

'Si che chiaro  
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.'

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 90. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer:

'Porque casó Mari Franca  
quatro leguas de Salamanca.'

Page 90. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this colour of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known *Villancico*:

'Ay ojuelos verdes,  
ay los mis ojuelos,  
ay hagan los cielos  
que de mí te acuerdes!

Tengo confianza  
de mis verdes ojos.'

*Böhl de Faber, Floresta, No. 255.*

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds: *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, 'Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.'

Page 91. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient ballads of *El Infante Venjador*, and *Calayons*.

Page 91. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl de Faber, Floresta*, No. 282.

Page 99. *Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 107. *The evil eye.*

'In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

'The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville.'—BORROW'S *Zincali*, Vol. I. ch. ix.

Page 108. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali*; or an *Account of the Gipsies in Spain*.

The Gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted:

*John-Dorados*, pieces of gold.

*Pigeon*, a simpleton.

*In your morocco*, stripped.

*Doves*, sheets.

*Moon*, a shirt.

*Chirelin*, a thief.

*Murcigalleros*, those who steal at nightfall.

*Rastilleros*, footpads.

*Hermis*, highway-robber.

*Planets*, candles.

*Commandments*, the fingers.

*Saint Martin asleep*, to rob a person asleep.

*Lanterns*, eyes.

*Goblin*, police-officer.

*Papagayo*, a spy.

*Vineyards and Dancing John*, to take flight.

Page 113. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 114.

Page 117. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for

having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 117. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed: 'Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses, et des reines.'

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, 'We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner.'

Page 117. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 117. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the

princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfünz's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 117. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 117. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to

their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by labouring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 117. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, '*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*' 'My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.'

Page 120. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

'*Nürnberg's Hand  
Geht durch alle Land.*'

'*Nuremberg's hand  
Goes through every land.*'

Page 120. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Plinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Tuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See page 117.

Page 120. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who laboured upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 120. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colours.

Page 121. *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most

voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 121. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision :—

'An old man,  
Gray and white, and dove-like,  
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,  
And read in a fair, great book,  
Beautiful with golden clasps.'

Page 129. *Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder.*

'A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia, during the Revolution, on matters of business, after these had been discussed and settled in council, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country; and among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, "that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one

at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—JEFFERSON'S *Notes on Virginia*, Query VI.

Page 132. *Walter von der Vogelweid.*

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 136. *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, 'to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns.'

Page 142. The story of EVANGELINE is founded on a painful occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonization in the northern part of America.

In the year 1713, Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia, was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and they with great difficulty were induced to take the oaths of allegiance to the British Government. Some time after this, war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended, and connected by many ties of friendship, with provisions and ammunition, at the siege of Beau Séjour. Whether the accusation was



founded on fact or not, has not been satisfactorily ascertained: the result, however, was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes, and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much-loved land. This resolution was not communicated to the inhabitants till measures had been matured to carry it into immediate effect; when the Governor of the colony, having issued a summons calling the whole people to a meeting, informed them that their lands, tenements, and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the British crown, that he had orders to remove them in vessels to distant colonies, and they must remain in custody till their embarkation.

The poem is descriptive of the fate of some of the persons involved in these calamitous proceedings.

Page 178.

*Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully sparred and rigged. I have availed myself of the exception as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—

‘In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully sparred and rigged. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!’

Page 182. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

‘When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral

was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, “We are as near heaven by sea as by land.” In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.”—BELKNAP’S *American Biography*, I. 203.

Page 192. *A Christmas Carol.*

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault’s *Coup d’Œil sur les Noëls en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noëls Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnoye (Guil Barbazai)*, 1842.

‘Every year at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin preluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearth-stone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one

voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity, —*non qualitas, sed quantitas*; then (to finish at once with the minstrel, when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

‘More or less until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chest-nuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and group, as numerous as possible, are formed to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening: it is called the *Suche* (the Yule-log). “Look you,” say they to the children, “if you are good this evening, Noel” (for with children one must always personify) “will rain down sugar-plums in the night.” And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this final solemnity, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides: it seasons

every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o’clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colours (the Christmas Candle), goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o’-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less piety the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, *Rossignon*. The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite’s returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north-wind. *Rossignon* then goes on merrily,—sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, stomachs are filled, the Yule-log burns out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore-throat or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken

to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes of the children, the sugar-plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log.<sup>1</sup>

In the Glossary, the *Suche*, or Yule-log, is thus defined:—

'This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, *lai Suche de Noël*. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them.'

Page 194. *The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè*.

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d'auzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs, is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!<sup>1</sup>

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of 'Béarn and the Pyrenees,' by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

'At the entrance of the promenade, Du Gravier, is a row of small houses,—some *cafés*, others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades

in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag, bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of "Jasmin, Coiffeur." We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlour at the back of the shop.

'She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet; who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul*. Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honour, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring worn and presented by the lamented Duke of Orleans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quartie:—

"Braves Gascons!

A moum amou per hous nou dibes creyre :  
Benès ! benès ! ey plazé de hous beyre :  
Aproucha hous !"

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honour, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and knick-knacks and jewels of all descriptions offered to him by lady-ambassadors, and great lords; English "misses" and "miladis"; and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

'All this, though startling, was not convincing; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furor*, a caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself

<sup>1</sup> Jasmin died in 1864.

appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition; to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of "Me cal moui" as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil: it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of "L'Abuglo,"—a few verses of "Françouneto." "You will be charmed," said he; "but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not merely running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping,—I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido,—my pretty Françouneto!"

'He caught up two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him, he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player-king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he re-

covered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose; in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

'He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes, of intense expression; a fine, ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure; and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and, on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *jongleur* might be, and I look upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of Avignon, the friend of Cœur de Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Eleanor's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal: certain it is, that none of these troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems re-illuminated.

'We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology,—only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really labouring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our countrywomen of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain "misses," that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but, on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy, and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry of the troubadours;

asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. "I am, indeed, a troubadour," said he, with energy; "but I am far beyond them all: they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my *Francouneto*! there are no poets in France now,—there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach to the first floor of Gascon,—how can you get up to a height except by a ladder!"

• • • • •  
 'I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognized; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. "Ah!" cried Jasmin, "*enfin la voilà encore!*" I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account that I was thus welcomed, than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article headed "*Jasmin à Londres*"; being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honour done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion, that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over Modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired of me re-

specting Burns, to whom he had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

'He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him: she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told us all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

'He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *naïveté*; and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered impatiently, "Nonsense, don't you see they are in tears?" This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

'We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me he had been by some accused of vanity. "Oh," he rejoined, "what would you have! I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see."—*Bearn and the Pyrenees*, I. 369, *et seq.*

Page 202. THE SONG OF HIA-WATHA.

This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent

among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenawagon, and Hia-watha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algie Researches*, Vol. I. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Painted Rocks and the Grand Sable.

Page 202. *In the Vale of Tarwasentha.*

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 203. *On the Mountains of the Prairie.*

Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, Vol. II. p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Côteau des Prairies*, and the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. He says:—

‘Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and

soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

‘The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red,—that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place.’

Page 206. *Hark you, Bear! you are a coward.*

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the *Indian Nations*, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. ‘I was present,’ he says, ‘at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it. “Oh,” said he in answer, “the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?”’—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. I. p. 240.

Page 211. *Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!*

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. IV. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

'Their reports,' he says, 'run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white colour) naked. . . .

'The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: "Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you."'

Page 216. *Where the Falls of Minnehaha, &c.*

'The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the "Little Falls," forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Mine-hah-hah, or "laughing waters."—MRS. EASTMAN'S *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Introd. p. ii.

Page 236. *Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo.*

A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand-dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 131.

'The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert.'

Page 237.

*Onaway! Awake, beloved!*

The original of this song may be found in Littell's *Living Age*, Vol. XXV. p. 45.

Page 238. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying.*

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches*, Vol. II. p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game.

'They were to shoot no other animal,' so the legend says, 'but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways: Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bowstring up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brother's arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack

were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigour, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off toward the sinking of the sun.'—pp. 10-12.

Page 242. *When I think of my beloved.*

The original of this song may be found in *Oneëta*, p. 15.

Page 243. *Sing the mysteries of Mondamin.*

The Indians held the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. 'They esteem it so important and divine a grain,' says Schoolcraft, 'that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-damin, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

'It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labour is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equi-

valent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labour of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honour her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests.'—*Oneëta*, p. 82.

Page 243. *Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.*

'A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habillement*, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to ensure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line.'—*Oneëta*, p. 83.

Page 245. *With his prisoner-string he bound him.*

'These cords,' says Mr. Tanner, 'are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping.'—*Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.



## Page 246.

*Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear.*

'If one of the young female huskers finds a *red ear* of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked*, and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wage-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favourite *mondámin*. . . .

'The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

'This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*,—a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks, or the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term.'—*Oncéda*, p. 254.

Page 252. *Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.*

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in *Oncéda*, p. 85. 'This game,' he says, 'is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons,

clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society,—men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Iena-disse-wug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power.'

See also his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, Part II. p. 72.

Page 259. *To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.*

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract:—

'The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky

strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording, for miles, no place of refuge,—the lowering sky, the rising wind,—all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been coloured by bands of brilliant hues.

'It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ("Les Portails") is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

'The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colours on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . .

'Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bajou* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this Indian deity.'

Page 270. *Toward the sun his hands were lifted.*

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V.

Page 299.

*That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder.*

The words of St. Augustine are,—  
'Devitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus.' Sermon III. *De Ascensione.*

Page 300. *The Phantom Ship.*

A detailed account of this 'apparition of a Ship in the Air' is given by Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia Christi*, Book I. Ch. vi. It is contained in a letter from the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New Haven. To this account Mather adds these words:—

'Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen that were eyewitnesses of this wonderful thing, I venture to publish it for a thing as undoubted as 'tis wonderful.'

Page 303. *And the Emperor but a Macho.*

*Macho*, in Spanish, signifies a mule. *Golondrina* is the feminine form of *Golondrino*, a swallow, and also a cant name for a deserter.

Page 304. *The Two Angels.*

A child was born to Longfellow the same night that his friend Mr. Lowell's wife died: he commemorates both events in this poem.

Page 306. *Oliver Basselin.*

Oliver Basselin, the '*Père joyeux du Vaudeville*,' flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-vire. This name was afterwards corrupted into the modern *Vaudeville*.

Page 307. *Victor Galbraith.*

This poem is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry, and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says, 'Every bullet has its billet.'

Page 309. *I remember the sea-fight far away.*

This was the engagement between the Enterprise and Boxer, off the harbour of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.

Page 312. *Santa Filomena.*

'At Pisa the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatelli, representing the saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession.'—MRS. JAMESON, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, II. 298.

Page 459. THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

The old *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292.

He called his book simply 'Legends of the Saints.' The epithet of Golden was given it by his admirers; for, as Wynkin de Worde says, 'Like as passeth gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceedeth all other books.' But Edward Leigh, in much distress of mind, calls it 'a book written by a man of a leaden heart for the busynesse of the crouers, that are without wil or reason, and of a brazen forehead, for his impudent boldnesse in reporting things so fabulous and incredible.'

This work, the great text-book of the legendary lore of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourteenth century by Jean de Vignay, and in the fifteenth into English by William Caxton. It has lately been made more accessible by a new French translation: *La Légende Dorée, traduite du Latin, par M. G. B.* Paris, 1850. There is a copy of the original, with the *Gesta Longobardorum* appended, in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, printed

at Strasburg, 1496. The title-page is wanting; and the volume begins with the *Tabula Legendorum*.

I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailáth's *Altdeutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version. There is another in Marbach's *Volksbücher*, No. 32.

Page 459.

*For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water!*

The Consecration and Baptism of Bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as follows:—

'Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce his mercy by day, and his truth in their nocturnal vigils: that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The fathers have also maintained that demons affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; and when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure: that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated.'—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Bells*. See also Scheible's *Kloster*, VI. 776.

Page 473. *It is the malediction of Eve!*

'Nec esses plus quam femina, quæ nunc etiam viros transcendis, et quæ maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem

vertisti Mariæ.'—*Epistola Abaelardi Heloissæ*.

Page 483. *To come back to my text!*

In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the *Risus Paschales*, or street-preaching of the monks at Easter, I have exaggerated nothing. This very anecdote, offensive as it is, comes from a discourse of Father Barletta, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, whose fame as a popular preacher was so great, that it gave rise to the proverb,

'*Nescit predicare  
Qui nescit Barlettare.*'

'Among the abuses introduced in this century,' says Tiraboschi, 'was that of exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers; as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies.'

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in these popular sermons, he is referred to Scheible's *Kloster*, Vol. I, where he will find extracts from Abraham a Sancta Clara, Sebastian Frank, and others; and in particular an anonymous discourse called *Der Gräuel der Verwüstung*, The Abomination of Desolation, preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the license of language is carried to its utmost limit.

See also *Prædicatoriana, ou Révélations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs*; par G. P. Philomneste. (Menin.) This work contains extracts from the popular sermons of St. Vincent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulin, Valladier, De Besse, Camus, Père André, Benning, and the most eloquent of all, Jacques Brydaine.

My authority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, is Durandus, *Ration. Divin. Offic.* Lib. I. cap. 4.

Page 486. THE NATIVITY: a Miracle-Play.

A singular chapter in the history of the Middle Ages is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle-Plays, which were at first performed in churches, and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or movable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the lives of Saints; a distinction not always observed, however, for in Mr. Wright's *Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, the Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Moralities were plays in which the Virtues and Vices were personified.

The earliest religious play which has been preserved is the *Christos Paschon* of Gregory Nazianzen, written in Greek, in the fourth century. Next to this come the remarkable Latin Plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, which, though crude and wanting in artistic construction, are marked by a good deal of dramatic power and interest. A handsome edition of these plays, with a French translation, has been lately published, entitled *Théâtre de Roswitha, Religieuse allemande du X<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. Par Charles Magnin. Paris, 1845.

The most important collections of English Mysteries and Miracle-Plays are those known as the Townley, the Chesler, and the Coventry Plays. The first of these collections has been published by the Sutees Society, and the other two by the Shakespeare Society. In his Introduction to the Coventry Mysteries, the editor, Mr. Halliwell, quotes the following passage from Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire* :—

'Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants, that were played therein, upon Corpus-Christi Day; which, oc-

casioning very great confluence of people thither, from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theaters for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators: and contain'd the story of the New Testament, composed into old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. intituled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Conventriæ*. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eyewitnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city.

The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. A very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850 is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her *Art-Student in Munich*, Vol. I. Chap. iv. She says:—

‘We had come expecting to feel our souls revolt at so material a representation of Christ, as any representation of him we naturally imagined must be in a peasant’s Miracle-Play. Yet so far, strange to confess, neither horror, disgust, nor contempt was excited in our minds. Such an earnest solemnity and simplicity breathed throughout the whole of the performance, that to me, at least, anything like anger, or a perception of the ludicrous, would have seemed more irreverent on my part than was this simple childlike rendering of the sublime Christian tragedy. We felt at times as though the figures of Cimabue’s, Giotto’s, and Perugino’s pictures had become animated, and were moving before us; there was the same simple arrangement and brilliant colour of drapery,—the same earnest, quiet dignity about the heads, whilst the en-

tire absence of all theatrical effect wonderfully increased the illusion. There were scenes and groups so extraordinarily like the early Italian pictures, that you could have declared they were the works of Giotto and Perugino, and not living men and women, had not the figures moved and spoken, and the breeze stirred their richly-coloured drapery, and the sun cast long, moving shadows behind them on the stage. These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful; one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky.’

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his *Eldorado*, gives a description of a Mystery he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. See Vol. II. Chap. xi.

‘Against the wing-wall of the Hacienda del Mayo, which occupied one end of the plaza, was raised a platform, on which stood a table covered with scarlet cloth. A rude bower of cane-leaves, on one end of the platform, represented the manger of Bethlehem; while a cord, stretched from its top across the plaza to a hole in the front of the church, bore a large tinsel star, suspended by a hole in its centre. There was quite a crowd in the plaza, and very soon a procession appeared, coming up from the lower part of the village. The three kings took the lead; the Virgin, mounted on an ass that gloried in a gilded saddle and rose-besprinkled mane and tail, followed them, led by the angel; and several women, with curious masks of paper, brought up the rear. Two characters, of the harlequin sort—one with a dog’s head on his shoulders, and the other a bald-headed friar, with a huge hat hanging on his back—played all sorts of antics for the diversion of the crowd. After making the circuit of the plaza, the Virgin was taken to the platform, and entered the manger. King Herod took his seat at the scarlet table, with an attendant in blue coat and red sash, whom I took to be his Prime Minister.

The three kings remained on their horses in front of the church ; but between them and the platform, under the string on which the star was to slide, walked two men in long white robes and blue hoods, with parchment folios in their hands. These were the Wise Men of the East, as one might readily know from their solemn air, and the mysterious glances which they cast towards all quarters of the heavens.

'In a little while, a company of women on the platform, concealed behind a curtain, sang an angelic chorus to the tune of "O pescator dell' onda." At the proper moment, the Magi turned towards the platform, followed by the star, to which a string was conveniently attached, that it might be slid along the line. The three kings followed the star till it reached the manger, when they dismounted, and inquired for the sovereign whom it had led them to visit. They were invited upon the platform, and introduced to Herod, as the only king; this did not seem to satisfy them, and, after some conversation, they retired. By this time the star had receded to the other end of the line, and commenced moving forward again, they following. The angel called them into the manger, where, upon their knees, they were shown a small wooden box, supposed to contain the sacred infant; they then retired, and the star brought them back no more. After this departure, King Herod declared himself greatly confused by what he had witnessed, and was very much afraid this newly-found king would weaken his power. Upon consultation with his Prime Minister, the Massacre of the Innocents was decided upon, as the only means of security.

'The angel, on hearing this, gave warning to the Virgin, who quickly got down from the platform, mounted her bespangled donkey, and hurried off. Herod's Prime Minister directed all the children to be handed up for execution. A boy, in a ragged sarape, was caught and thrust forward; the Minister took him by the heels in spite of his kicking,

and held his head on the table. The little brother and sister of the boy, thinking he was really to be decapitated, yelled at the top of their voices, in an agony of terror, which threw the crowd into a roar of laughter. King Herod brought down his sword with a whack on the table, and the Prime Minister, dipping his brush into a pot of white paint which stood before him, made a flaring cross on the boy's face. Several other boys were caught and served likewise: and, finally, the two harlequins, whose kicks and struggles nearly shook down the platform. The procession then went off up the hill, followed by the whole population of the village. All the evening there were fandangos in the méson, bonfires and rockets on the plaza, ringing of bells, and high mass in the church, with the accompaniment of two guitars, tinkling to lively polkas.'

In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston; and I have now before me a copy of a playbill announcing the performance, on June 10, 1852, in Cincinnati, of the 'Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Christ,' with the characters and the names of the performers.

#### Page 496. *The Scriptorium.*

A most interesting volume might be written on the Calligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. These men were for the most part monks, who laboured, sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiplying copies of the classics and the Scriptures.

'Of all bodily labours, which are proper for us,' says Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, 'that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of homily to the others, whom these books may reach. It is preaching with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation;

in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces, without moving from the spot, and the labour of his hands is felt even where he is not.'

Nearly every monastery was provided with its Scriptorium. Nicolas de Clairvaux, St. Bernard's secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls Scriptorium, where he copied books. And Mabillon, in his *Études Monastiques*, says that in his time were still to be seen at Cîteaux 'many of those little cells, where the transcribers and bookbinders worked.'

Silvestre's *Paléographie Universelle* contains a vast number of fac-similes of the most beautifully illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries; and Montfaucon in his *Palæographia Græca* gives the names of over three hundred calligraphers. He also gives an account of the books they copied, and the colophons, with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, they closed their long-continued labours. Many of these are very curious: expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these I subjoin:—

'As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book.'

'Sweet is it to write the end of any book.'

'Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus.'

'As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! Amen.'

'If anything is well, praise the transcriber; if ill, pardon his unskilfulness.'

'Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake.'

'The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplication, O holy choir! I am called John, woe is me! I am called Hiererus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction.'

'Whoever shall carry away this book, without the permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, amen.'

'Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book.'

'Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toil, infirmity, and dangers many.'

'Bacchius Barbardorius and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend Vincentius Pinellus, and Petrus Nunnus, a most learned man.'

This last colophon Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. 'Other calligraphers,' he remarks, 'demand only the prayers of their readers, and the pardon of their sins: but these glory in their wantonness.'

Page 501. *Drink down to your peg!*

One of the canons of Archbishop Anselm, promulgated at the beginning of the twelfth century, ordains 'that priests go not to drinking-bouts, nor drink to pegs.' In the times of the hard-drinking Danes, King Edgar ordained that 'pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosoever should drink beyond those marks at one draught

should be obnoxious to a severe punishment.'

Sharpe, in his History of the Kings of England, says: 'Our ancestors were formerly famous for comotation; their liquor was ale, and one method of amusing themselves in this way was with the peg-tankard. I had lately one of them in my hand. It had on the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. It held two quarts, and was a noble piece of plate, so that there was a gill of ale, half a pint Winchester measure, between each peg. The law was, that every person that drank was to empty the space between pin and pin, so that the pins were so many measures to make the company all drink alike, and to swallow the same quantity of liquor. This was a pretty sure method of making all the company drunk, especially if it be considered that the rule was, that whoever drank short of his pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin.'

Page 502. *The convent of St. Gildas de Rhuy.*

Abelard, in a letter to his friend Philintus, gives a sad picture of this monastery. 'I live,' he says, 'in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. My walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. My monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. Could you see the abbey, Philintus, you would not call it one. The doors and walks are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds' feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. The cells are hung with the skins of deer. The monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. In short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault; or that their pleasures terminated there! I endeavour in vain to recall them to their duty;

they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. Sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. I make it my endeavour to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God. Sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see it again. Ah, Philintus, does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. In the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound.'—*Letters of the Celebrated Abelard and Heloise. Translated by Mr. John Hughes. Glasgow, 1751.*

Page 513. *Were it not for my magic garters and staff.*

The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in *Les Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert*, a French translation of *Alberti Parvi Lucii Libellus de Mirabilibus Naturae Arcanis*:—

'Gather some of the herb called motherwort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn; let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare; that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man on foot, who is furnished with these garters.'—p. 128.

'Gather, on the morrow of All-Saints, a strong branch of willow, of which you will make a staff, fashioned to your liking. Hollow it out, by removing the pith from within, after having furnished the lower end with an iron ferule. Put into the bottom of the staff the two eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows. These must



all be dried in the sun, between two papers, having been first sprinkled with finely pulverized saltpetre. Besides all these, put into the staff seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of St. John the Baptist, with a stone of divers colours, which you will find in the nest of the lapwing, and stop the end of the staff with a pomel of box, or of any other material you please, and be assured, that the staff will guarantee you from the perils and mishaps which too often befall travellers, either from robbers, wild beasts, mad dogs, or venomous animals. It will also procure you the good-will of those with whom you lodge.' —p. 130.

Page 516. *Saint Elmo's Stars.*

So the Italian sailors call the phosphescent gleams that sometimes play about the masts and rigging of ships.

Page 517. *The School of Salerno.*

For a history of the celebrated schools of Salerno and Monte-Cassino, the reader is referred to Sir Alexander Croke's Introduction to the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*; and to Kurt Sprengel's *Geschichte der Arzneikunde*, I. 463, or Jourdan's French translation of it, *Histoire de la Médecine*, II. 354.

Page 775. *The Children's Crusade.*

'The Children's Crusade' was left unfinished by Mr. Longfellow. It is founded upon an event which occurred in the year 1212. An army of twenty thousand children, mostly boys, under the lead of a boy of ten years, named Nicolas, set out from Cologne for the Holy Land. When they reached Genoa only seven thousand remained. There, as the sea did not divide to allow them to march dry-shod to the East, they broke up. Some got as far as Rome; two ship-loads sailed from Pisa, and were not heard of again; the rest straggled back to Germany.

Page 786. MICHAEL ANGELO.

Part First.

I.

Conditi, in his 'Vite di Michael Angelo Buonarroti,' describes him, when seventy-nine years old, as 'of middle height, with broad shoulders and thin legs, having a large head, a face small in proportion to the size of his skull, a square forehead, full temples, high cheek-bones, and a nose made flat by the fist of that beastly and proud man Torrigiano de' Tornigiani.' Tornigiani is said to have fled to England, and to have designed there, among other things, the tomb of Henry VIII. 'His lips,' continues Conditi, 'are thin, and the lower, being the larger, appears to protrude when the face is seen in profile. His eyebrows are sparse; his eyes gray, spotted with yellow and blue lights, and ever varying; his ears of just proportion; his hair, once black, is streaked with gray, as is his thin, forked beard, which is four or five fingers' breadth in length.' Vasari's description does not differ materially from this, so that the student is enabled to know with some certainty what the personal appearance of the great master was. These descriptions have unquestionably been of important service in the hands of artists who have studied to produce a satisfactory portrait of Michael Angelo. It is possible to find a large number of these portraits, and not easy to learn, even by a comparison of all the Lives of the artist, which are founded upon the best authority. Mr. C. D. E. Fortnum, who owns the original medalion portrait in wax by Leo Leone, which he discovered and identified, gives in an article on the portrait, published in the 'Archaeological Journal' for March, 1875, a list of the only likenesses which can be considered authentic, namely: 1. A bronze bust at the Capitol, referred to by Vasari as the work by Daniel of Volterra. 2. A bust in marble from a mask taken after death. 3. Leo Leone's medal. 4. A figure in the foreground

of the Assumption of the Virgin in the church of Santa Trinita at Rome. 5. A head painted by Marcello Venusti in his copy of 'The Last Judgment.' 6. A portrait ascribed to the same painter at Casa Buonarrotti. 7. The engraving (profile) by Buonasoni. Mr. C. C. Perkins, in his 'Raphael and Michael Angelo,' mentions a portrait which was reproduced in the 'Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst,' Vol. XI. page 64, with a short article by Mr. J. E. Wessely, who claims that it was drawn and engraved by Michael Angelo, and that it is the original from which Ghisi worked.

*Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa de Pescara*, was born in 1490, betrothed to the Marquis de Pescara in 1495, and married to him in 1509. Pescara was killed in fighting against the French under the walls of Ravenna in 1512. It is not known when or where Vittoria Colonna first met Michael Angelo, but all authorities agree that it must have been about the year 1536, when he was over sixty years of age. She did not escape the espionage of the Inquisition, but was compelled in 1541 to fly to the convent at Viterbo. Three years later, she went to the convent of Benedictines of St. Anne in Rome, and just before her death, in 1547, she was taken to the house of Giuliano Cesarino, the husband of Giulia Colonna, her only relative in Rome. It was after she fled to the convent that she began to write sonnets to and receive them from Michael Angelo, whose love for her was not capable of being concealed.

*Julia Gonzaga, Duchess of Trajetto*, was known as the most beautiful woman in all Italy, and as the intimate friend of Vittoria Colonna. She also spent the last of her days in a convent.

With regard to Sebastian's portraits of Julia Gonzaga, the following, from Crowe and Cavalcaselli's 'History of Painting in North Italy,' will be interesting:—

'The real portrait of Giulia Gonzaga is supposed to exist in two different collections. In the National Gallery, we have the likeness of a lady in the character of St. Agatha, as symbolized

by a nimbus and pincers. Natural pose and posture and dignified mien indicate rank. The treatment is free and bold, but the colours are not blended with the care which Sebastian would surely have bestowed in such a case. In the Stædel Museum at Frankfort, the person represented is of a noble and elegant carriage, seated, in rich attire, and holding a fan made of feathers. A pretty landscape is seen through an opening, and a rich green hanging falls behind the figure. The handling curiously reminds us of Bronzino. It is well known that the likeness of Giulia was sent to Francis the First in Paris, and was registered in Lepicie's catalogue. The canvas of the National Gallery was purchased from the Borghese Palace, the panel at Frankfort from the heirlooms of the late King of Holland. A third female portrait by Del Piombo deserves to be recorded in connection with this inquiry,—that of Lord Radnor at Longford Castle, in which a lady with a crimson mantle and pearl head-dress stands in profile, resting her hands on the back of a chair. On a shawl which falls from the chair we read, "*Sunt laquei veneris cave.*" The shape is slender as that of Vittoria Colonna in the Santangelo palace at Naples, but the colour is too brown in light and too red in shadow to yield a pleasing effect, and were it proved that this is really Giulia Gonzaga the picture would not deserve Vasari's eulogy.'

Page 789. *Brighter than Titian's.*

Titian's real name was Tiziano Vecelio, called Da Cadore. He was born in 1477 and died in 1576. He studied with Gio. Bellini, and succeeded Giorgione in his commissions.

11.

Page 790.

*Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals*

*Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?*

'The Last Judgment' was begun in

1534, when Paul III, Alessandro Farnese, was Pope.

Page 790. *The bones of Julius.*

This refers to Julius II, Julian della Rovere, who became Pope in 1503.

Page 790.

*Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it.*

Sebastian del Piombo, whose real name was Luciano, was born in 1485 and died in 1547. At one time he placed himself under the tutorship of Michael Angelo. He first studied with Gio. Bellini and Giorgione.

### III.

Page 791. *Vittoria Colonna, Claudio Tolommai, and others.*

Among the others was Francesco D'Ollanda, a miniature-painter, who was sent to Rome by the King of Portugal that he might study with the great artists. To him we are indebted for descriptions of two Sundays which he spent with Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo in the chapel of San Sylvestro.

### IV.

Page 794. *The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo.*

Lorenzo de' Medici.

Page 797. *And you have had the honour, nay, the glory, of portraying Julia Gonzaga!*

In 1533 Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, being madly in love with Julia Gonzaga, sent Sebastian with an armed force to paint her portrait. It was accomplished in a month, and the portrait is said to have been one of Sebastian's best. It was sent to Francis I of France.

## Part Second.

### I.

Page 808. *A fugitive from Cardinal Caraffa's hate.*

Cardinal Caraffa became Pope Paul IV in 1555.

### III.

Page 810. *Welcome, my Benvenuto.*

Benvenuto Cellini was born in 1500 and died in 1570. His life was full of incident. At one time he was employed by Clement VII as a musician as well as a sculptor.

Page 811. *I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi.*

Filippo Brunelleschi was born in 1377 and died in 1448. He is called the father of Renaissance. The dome of the cathedral at Florence, which he completed, is the one referred to in the text.

Page 811. *Ghiberti's gates of bronze.*

Lorenzo Ghiberti was born in 1370 and died in 1455. He was a goldsmith and sculptor. In 1400 he produced a design for the bronze gate to the baptistery at Florence, which was preferred to Brunelleschi's. Michael Angelo said, as Mr. Longfellow has made him say (p. 819), that these gates were 'worthy to be the gates of Paradise.'

Page 811. *Giotto's tower.*

Giotto di Bondone, born in 1276, died in 1336. He was a pupil of Cimabue, a painter as well as sculptor and architect. The bell tower of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence is the one meant in the text. He did not live to see it completed.

Page 811. *And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides.*

Domenico di Tomaso Curradi di Doffo Bigordi was born in 1449 and died in 1494. He was called Ghirlandajo from the fact that his father, a goldsmith, made beautiful garlands for the hair, so that the name signifying 'garland twister' was given to him.

Page 812. *Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome.*

Pope Clement VII, Giulio de' Medici, was made Pope in 1523.

IV.

Page 818. *When Pope Leo died.*

Leo X, Giovanni de' Medici, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was made Pope in 1513.

Page 819. *You strove in rivalry with Baldassare and Raphael Sanzio.*

Baldassare Peruzzi was born in 1481 and died in 1537. He succeeded Raphael as architect of St. Peter's.

Raphael Sanzio was born in 1483 and died in 1520. He studied under his father, and later with Perugino.

V.

Page 820. *Our Vasari here.*

Giorgio Vasari, born in 1512 and died in 1574. His reputation rests upon his 'Vite de più eccellenti Pittori, Scultori et Architette,' published in 1555.

Page 821. *Three great names, Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto.*

Giorgione di Castelfranco, whose real name was Barbarelli, was born in 1477 and died in 1511. He was the founder of the Venetian school.

The real name of Tintoretto was Jacopo Robusti. He was called Tintoretto from the fact that his father was a dyer. He was born in 1512 and died in 1594.

Page 821. *One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese.*

Paul Cagliari was born in 1528 and died in 1588. He was the son of a sculptor.

Part Third.

II.

Page 826.

*Pope Julius III,* Giovanni Maria Giocci, was elected in 1550.

Page 827. *The labour of Bramante and San Gallo.*

Donato Lazzari Bramante was born in 1444 and died about 1514. He was an architect, painter, engraver, and military engineer. He was a compatriot and perhaps relative of Raphael, and was his friend and guide. It is known that he designed for Raphael the portico that surrounds the 'School of Athens.' He received from Julius II the task of rebuilding St. Peter's, and on his death-bed designated Raphael as the fit successor.

Antonio San Gallo was a nephew of Giuliano San Gallo. He was born in 1482 and died in 1546. His real name was Picconi. In 1509 he was one of the contractors for the woodwork in the Vatican and St. Peter's. He next became head carpenter at the castle, assistant to Raphael in 1516, and chief architect in 1520.

III.

Page 830.

*Bindo Altoviti* was a wealthy banker in Rome. He was born in 1491, and was related to Pope Innocent III through his mother. He devoted his fortune to the encouragement of art. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Cellini, Sansovino, and Vasari were his intimate friends. Michael Angelo gave him the cartoon from the Sistine Chapel called the 'Intoxication of Noah,' Raphael painted for him a Holy Family called 'Madonna dell' Impannata,' now in the Pitti palace.

Page 831. *Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.*

Cosimo de' Medici, called The Great, was a son of Giovanni de' Medici. He was born in 1519, and on the death of Alexander in 1537 he was declared his successor.

Page 847. *The Bells of San Blas.*  
The last poem written by Longfellow.

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